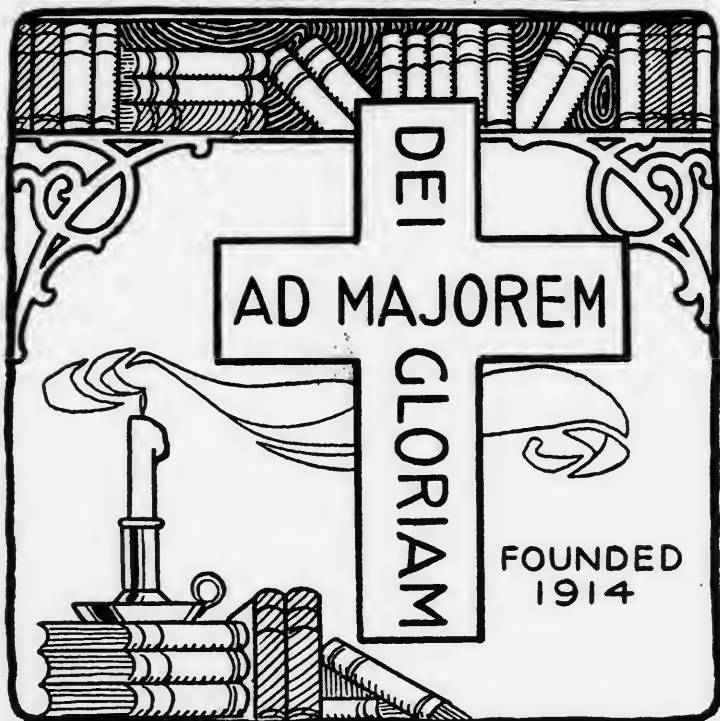


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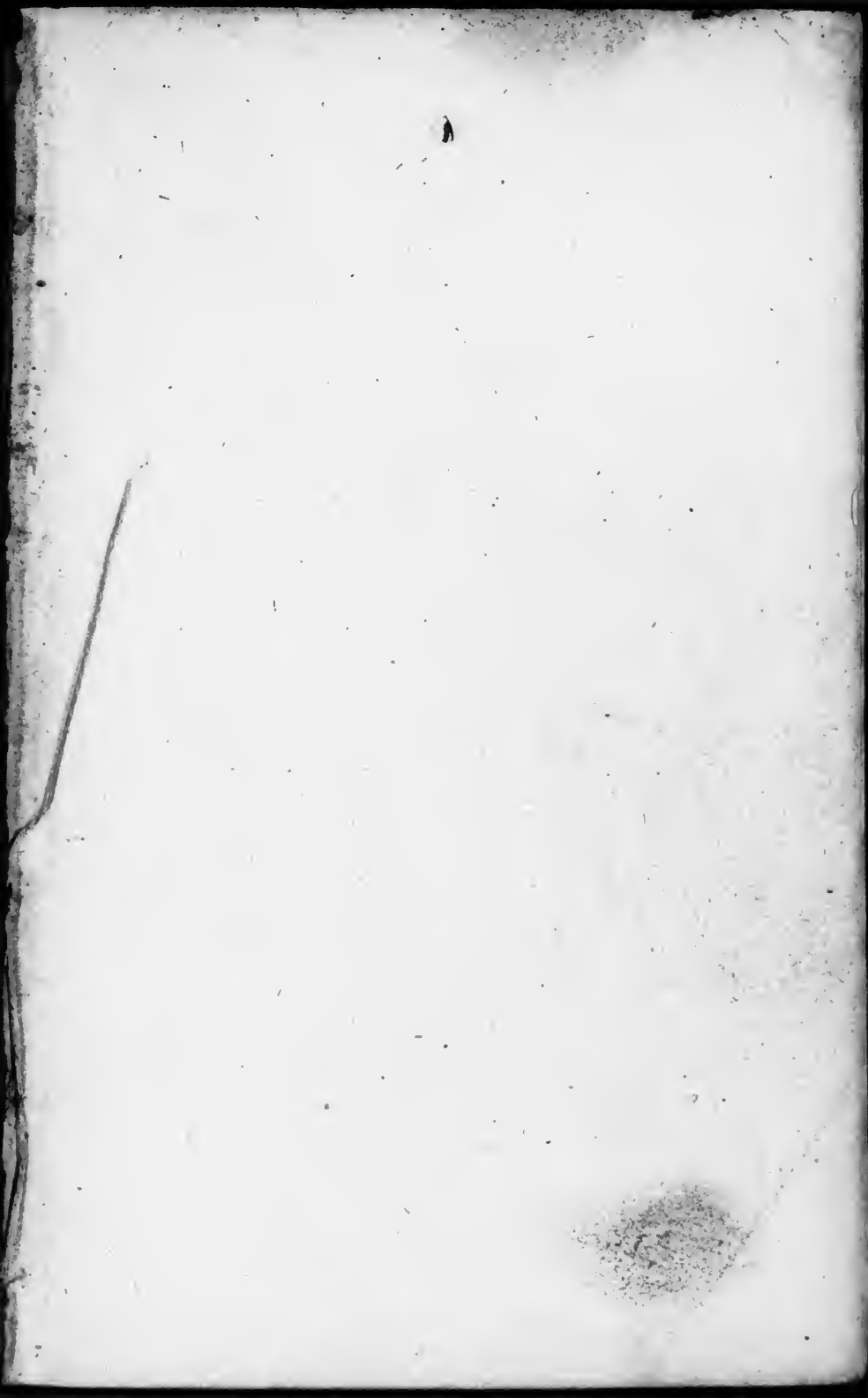
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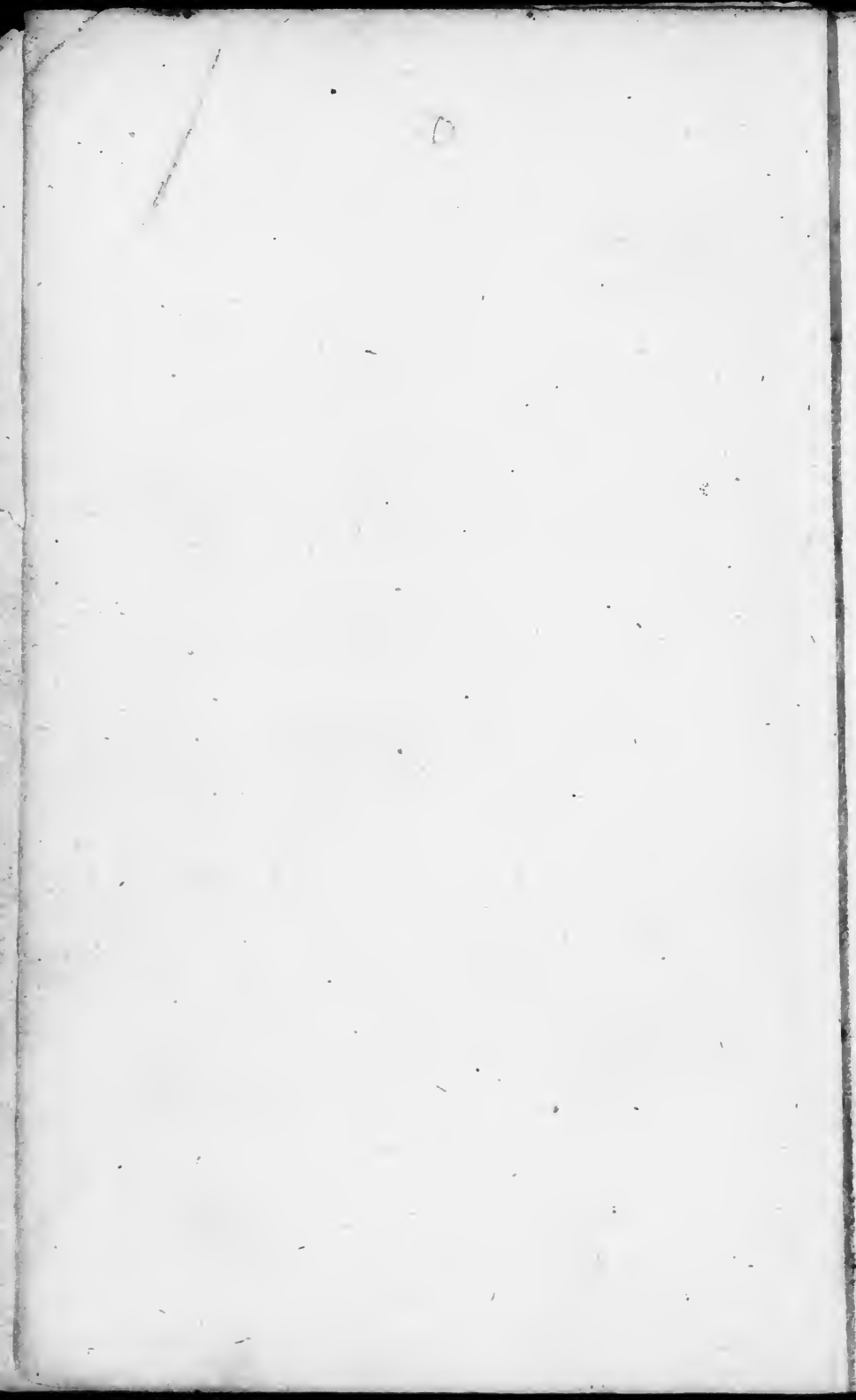
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EXPERIENCES

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AND

HAPPY DEATHS

OF SEVERAL

Methodist Preachers,

WHO LABOURED

IN CONNEXION WITH THE LATE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

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A New and Improved Edition.

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DUBLIN:

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## CONTENTS.

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|                        |   |   | Page |
|------------------------|---|---|------|
| MR. John Haime         | — | — | 1    |
| Mr. Thomas Lee         | — | — | 44   |
| Mr. Christopher Hopper | — | — | 62   |
| Mr. John Murlin        | — | — | 111  |
| Mr. Alexander Mather   | — | — | 155  |
| Mr. Thomas Mitchell    | — | — | 204  |
| Mr. Thomas Hanby       | — | — | 220  |
| Mr. Duncan Wright      | — | — | 242  |
| Mr. John Furz          | — | — | 268  |
| Mr. Peter Jacob        | — | — | 297  |
| Mr. John Valton        | — | — | 304  |
| Mr. Thomas Payne       | — | — | 358  |
| Mr. Thomas Walfh       | — | — | 374  |
| Mr. William Thompson   | — | — | 379  |
| Rev. Vincent Perronet  | — | — | 386  |
| Mr. Charles Perronet   | — | — | 395  |
| Mr. Thomas Olivers     | — | — | 422  |
| Mr. R. Boardman        | — | — | 460  |



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## P R E F A C E.

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SOME years ago, an Edition of the Preachers' Lives was published in this City, entitled, "The Experience of some of the most eminent Methodist Preachers," which met with great acceptance, and proved a blessing to many. That work being out of print, the Conference thought good, with permission of the Publisher, to reprint it in such a manner, as might entitle it to be called a "New and Improved Edition." No pains have been spared to render it so; and we humbly hope, that the Reader who has seen the first Edition, will not hesitate to give this the preference. Especially when he considers first, that the original Editor, though he displayed an excellent judgment in his choice of Experiences, yet at that early period had but few, comparatively, to select from.

Secondly, That several of the Lives he published, were living characters, which though highly esteemed in the Church, were still in a state of probation.

Thirdly, That though not less than ten new Experiences are added, none are inserted but such as finished their course in the Lord.

Fourthly, That to each Preacher's Life is subjoined an Account of his Death, which must make the Work peculiarly interesting.

And lastly, the Reader will have, in this Edition, a more enlarged view of the piety, sufferings and patience of the primitive Methodists.

The Reader, however, may enquire why we have not given some account of those great and blessed men, Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, and that great defender of the doctrines of Christ, the Rev. John Fletcher? We answer, an omission of this kind would be unpardonable indeed, were it not that Mr. Fletcher's Life was lately published by Mr. Benson, of London; and in this year, those of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, greatly improved, by Mr. John Jones, Dublin.

And now, having done our best to make this Edition as edifying as possible to all who love, or desire to love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, we send it forth in his name, beseeching him to accompany it with his special Blessing to all now travelling to Zion, and to the Children yet unborn.

*Book-Room,*  
*March 24, 1806.* }

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THE  
EXPERIENCE

OF

*Mr. John Haime.*

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*To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*

REV. SIR,

I WAS born at Shaftsbury, Dorsetshire, in 1710. My father followed Gardening, and brought me up in the same employment, for several years, but I did not like it, and longed for some business, that would allow me more liberty. In the mean time, I was very undutiful to my parents, and much given to cursing, swearing, lying, and sabbath-breaking. But I was not easy in this way, being often afraid, that the devil would carry me away.

I was then placed with my uncle to learn to make buttons. I liked this well at first, but was soon tired of it. However, I staid out the year. But my uncle then removing to Blandford, I was out of business. I wrought in many places,

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but



but staid in none, being like the troubled sea, that cannot rest. After some time, I went to my uncle at Blandford, and wrought with him about a quarter of a year. But still I found no satisfaction in any thing, neither in working, eating, drinking, nor even in sleeping; though neither I myself, nor any of my acquaintance could imagine what was the matter with me.

Some time after, as I was working alone, the devil broke in upon me, with reasonings concerning the being of a God, till my senses were almost gone. He then so strongly tempted me, to blaspheme God, that I could not withstand. He then told me, "Thou art inevitably damned." And I readily believed him. For I thought, though I have not cursed God outwardly, yet he looketh to the heart. This consideration made me sink into despair, as a stone into the mighty waters.

I now began to wander about by the river side, and through woods and solitary places, many times looking up to heaven with a heart ready to break, thinking I had no part there. I thought every one happy but myself: the devil continually telling me, there was no mercy for me. Yet I thought it was hard to be banished for ever from the presence of a merciful God. I cried to him for help; but I found no relief; it seemed to be all in vain. So I said, like the men of Judah, *There is no hope*; and then gave the reins to my evil desires; not caring which end went foremost, but giving myself up again to wicked company, and all their evil ways.

If at any time I grew uneasy again, I stifled it by drinking, swearing, card-playing, lewdness, and the like works of darkness, which I then pursued with all greediness. And I was hasten-  
ing

ing on when the great, tremendous God, met me as a lion in the way, and his holy Spirit whom I had been so long grieving, returned with greater force than ever. I had no rest day or night. I was afraid to go to bed, lest the devil should fetch me away before morning. I was afraid to shut my eyes, lest I should awake in hell. I was terrified when asleep; sometimes dreaming that many devils were in the room, ready to take me away; sometimes that the world was at an end, and I was not ready to appear before the Judge of quick and dead. At other times I thought I saw the world on fire, and the wicked left to burn therein, with myself among them, and when I awoke, my senses were almost gone.

I was often on the point of destroying myself, and was stopped, I know not how. Then did I weep bitterly: I moaned like a dove; I chattered like a swallow. But I thought, though my anguish is very great, it is not like those who are lifting up their eyes in torments. Then, for a few moments, I felt thankfulness to God. But still the thoughts of death and judgment followed me close for upwards of two years, till all my bodily strength was gone. Returning home one day, and sitting down in a chair, my mother observing my pale look and low voice, asked, "What is the matter with you?" But I durst not tell her: so I turned it off.

One night, as I was going to bed, I durst not lie down without prayer. So falling upon my knees I began to consider, "What can I pray for?" I have neither the will nor the power to do any good. Then it darted into my mind, "I will not pray; neither will I be beholden to God for mercy." I arose from my knees, with-

out prayer ; and laid me down ; but not in peace. I never had such a night before. I was as if my very body had been in a fire : and I had a hell in my conscience. I was thoroughly persuaded, the devil was in the room : and I fully expected every moment, that he would be let loose upon me. I judged myself to be one of the worst creatures that God ever made. I thought, I had sinned beyond the reach of mercy. Yet all this time I kept to the church, though I was often afraid to go, lest the church or the tower should fall upon me.

In Spring, I was employed by a tanner, to go with his carriage, and fetch dried bark. As I was returning by myself, I was violently tempted to blaspheme, yea, and hate God : till at length, having a stick in my hand, I threw it towards heaven against God, with the utmost enmity. Immediately I saw in the clear element, a creature like a Swan, but much larger, part black, part brown. It flew at me, and went just over my head. Then it went about forty yards, lighted on the ground and stood staring upon me. This was in a clear day, about twelve o'clock : I strove to pray, but could not. At length God opened my mouth. I hastened home, praying all the way, and earnestly resolving to sin no more. But I soon forgot my resolution, and multiplied my sins, as the sands on the sea-shore.

To complete all, I enlisted myself as a soldier, in the Queen's Regiment of Dragoons. When we marched for Gloucester, on Christmas-day in the morning, 1739 ; the thoughts of parting with all my friends, my wife, and children, were ready to break my heart. My sins likewise came all to my remembrance, and my troubles increased night and day. Nevertheless, when I came acquainted with my comrades, I soon returned as  
a dog

a dog to his vomit. Yet God soon renewed my good desires. I began to read, and pray, and go to church every day. But frequently I was so tempted there, that it was as much as I could do, to avoid blaspheming aloud. Satan suggested, "Curse him, curse him!" perhaps an hundred times. My heart as often replied, "No! No! No!" Then he suggested, "Thou hast sinned against the Holy Ghost." But I still cried unto God, though the deep waters flowed over me, and despair closed me in on every side.

Soon after we marched to camp at Kings-clear in Hampshire. Thence we removed to winter-quarters at Farrington. I was still deeply miserable through sin; but not conqueror over it. That was still my language,

"Here I repent, and sin again:

Now I revive, and now am slain!

Stain with the same unhappy dart,

Which Oh! too often wounds my heart!"

After this I quartered at Highworth in Wiltshire. Among many old books which were here I found one, intitled, "Grace abounding to the chief of sinners." I read it with the utmost attention, and found his case nearly resembled my own. Having soon after orders to march for Scotland, we marched the first day to Banbury, where I found again, in a Bookseller's shop, "Grace abounding to the chief of sinners." I bought it, and thought it the best book I ever saw: and again I felt some hope of mercy. In every town where we stayed, I went to church. But I did not hear what I wanted, *Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!*

Being come to Alnwick, Satan desired to have me, that he might sift me as wheat. And the hand of the Lord came upon me with such weight, as made me roar for very anguish of spirit. I could truly say, *The arrows of the Almighty are within me; the poison whereof drinketh my spirits.* Many times I stopped in the street, afraid to go one step farther, lest I should step into hell. Then I cried unto the Lord and said, "*Why hast thou set me as a mark? Let loose thy hand and cut me off, that I sin no more against thee,*" I said, "*Is thy mercy clean gone for ever? And must I perish at the last? Save, Lord, or I perish!*" But there was no answer. So all hope was cut off.

I now read, and fasted, and went to church, and prayed seven times a day. One day as I walked by the Tweed side, I cried out aloud, being all athirst for God, "Oh that thou wouldst hear my prayer, and let my cry come up before thee!" The Lord heard: he sent a gracious answer: he lifted me up out of the dungeon. He took away all my sorrow and fear, and filled my soul with peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The stream glided sweetly along, and all nature seemed to rejoice with me. I was truly free; and had I had any to guide me, I need never more have come into bondage. But I was so ignorant, I thought I should know war no more. I began to be at ease in Sion, and forgot to watch and pray, till God laid his hand upon me again. I then again went mourning all the day long: till one Sunday, as I was going to church, I stood still, like a condemned criminal before his judge and said, "Lord what am I going to church for. I have nothing to bring or offer thee, but sin and a deceitful heart." I had no sooner spoke than  
my

my heart melted within me, and I cried earnestly to him for mercy, till my strength failed me, and it was with difficulty I could walk out of the room.

The next morning as I was going to water my horse, just as he entered the river, in a moment I felt the love of God flowing into my soul. Instantly all pain and sorrow fled away. No fear of hell or the devil was left; but love to God and all mankind now filled my ravished soul. As the people with whom I quartered had often the bible and other good books in their hands, I told them what God had done for my soul: but they understood me not. However I doubted not, but my comrade would rejoice with me, being counted a religious man. But I was disappointed, again. His answer was, "Take care; for satan can transform himself into an angel of light." Thus finding none who was able to give me any instruction or direction, I soon got into unprofitable reasonings, which damped my fervour, so that in a little time, I was again in heaviness.

Soon after I was sent with the camp equipage to London. The next day I marched for Leith. I had scarce set out, when God was pleased to reveal himself in a most comfortable manner to my soul. And my comfort increased all the day, so that I hardly knew how I went. We waited for the ship seven days. During this time I was off my watch again: so that before we sailed, I was weak, and like another man. For two days we had pleasant weather: but on the third the wind suddenly rose, attended with furious rain. The seas frequently covered the ship, and in the midst of our distress, broke in the main hatches. I was not (as Jonah) *asleep in the sides*

*sides of the ship*, but was just at my wits' end. I prayed with many tears, expecting every moment the sea to be my grave. I was grieved, that I had so abused the goodness of God, and troubled beyond expression. The storm lasted two days and two nights: then God was pleased to still the winds and seas.

At our arrival in London I was somewhat refreshed in spirit, being truly thankful, that I was out of hell. But I was soon in the depth of despair again, afraid of dropping into hell every moment. Soon after I went to hear Mr. Cennick, (then one of Mr. Whitefield's Preachers) at Deptford. Coming back, I told him the distress of my soul. He said, "The work of the devil is upon you," and rode away! It was of the tender mercies of God, that I did not put an end to my life. I cried, O Lord, my punishment is greater than I can bear.

Yet, I thought, if I must be damned myself, I will do what I can that others may be saved. So I began to reprove open sin, whenever I saw or heard it, and to warn the ungodly, that if they did not repent, they would surely perish. But if I found any that were weary and heavy laden, I told them to wait upon the Lord, and he would renew their strength. Yet I found no strength myself, till reading one day, in what manner God manifested himself to Mr. Cennick, I cried out "Lord, if there be any mercy for me, reveal it to me!" I was answered by so strong an impression on my heart, as left me without a doubt, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Immediately my soul melted within me, and I was filled with joy unspeakable.

Having joined my regiment again, we marched to Colchester. Here I found much peace,  
and

and communion with God, which humbled me to the dust. Our next remove was to Brentford, where I had the happiness of hearing Mr. Charles Wesley preach. When the service was over I had a great desire of speaking to him, but knew not how to be so bold. Yet taking courage, I ventured to tell him my situation of mind. He gave me much encouragement, and bid me go on and not fear, neither be dismayed at any temptation. His words sunk deep, and were a great blessing to me, for several years after.

Soon after we had an order to march for Flanders. This threw me into fresh reasoning. The thought of my leaving my country, and the dangers ensuing by sea and land, sat heavy upon my spirit. I soon lost my peace, nay, and my hope too. I knew I had *tasted of the good word, and of the powers of the world to come*. Yet this gave me no comfort. Nay, it aggravated my sorrow, to think of losing all that God had done for me. But the more I struggled, the deeper I sunk, till I was quite swallowed up of sorrow. And though I called upon God, yea, with strong cries and tears, yet for a long time I had no comfortable answer.

For a long time I was so dejected and confused, that I had no heart to keep a regular account of any thing. In this state I was, when we embarked for Flanders, in June 1742, and as long as we stayed there. It was on February the 18th, 1743, that we began our march from Ghent to Germany. When I came to my quarters, my heart was ready to break, thinking I was upon the very brink of hell. We halted six days, and then marched again. The day following, as soon as I had mounted my horse, the love of God was shed abroad in my heart. I  
knew,



knew, God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven all my sins, and felt, *where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty*. This I enjoyed about three weeks, but then lost it, by grieving the holy Spirit of God. I then walked about, much cast down, and knew not what to do. But April 22, the Lord shewed me, that I did not live as became the Gospel of Christ. I was greatly ashamed before God. In the evening as I was walking in the fields with an heavy heart, I prayed earnestly to God, that he would smite the rock, and cause the waters to flow. He answered my prayer. My head was as waters, and my eyes as a fountain of tears. I wept: I sung. I had such a sense of the love of God, as surpasses all description. Well might Solomon say, *Love is strong as death*. Now I saw, I had a right to the tree of life: and knew, if I then put off the body, I should enter into life eternal.

Feeling I wanted help both from God and man, I wrote to Mr. Wesley: who sent me a speedy answer, as follows:

"It is a great blessing whereof God has already made you a partaker: but if you continue waiting upon him, you shall see greater things than these. This is only the beginning of the kingdom of heaven which he will set up in your heart. There is yet behind, the fulness of the mind that was in Christ, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. It is but a little thing that men should be against you, while you know God is on your side. If he gives you any companion in the narrow way it is well; and it is well if he does not. So much the more will he teach, and strengthen you by himself: he will instruct you in the secret of your heart. And by and by, he will raise up, as it were, out of the dust, those  
who

who shall say, "Come and let us magnify his name together." But by all means miss no opportunity. Speak and spare not; declare what God has done for your soul: regard not worldly prudence. Be not ashamed of Christ, or of his word, or of his work, or of his servants. Speak the truth in love, even in the midst of a crooked generation; and all things shall work together for good, until the work of God is perfect in your soul."

We now marched on through a pleasant country: and my soul was full of peace. I did speak, and not spare, with little interruption. Only at one time, when I was speaking of the goodness of God, one of our officers, (and one that was accounted a very religious man!) told me, "I deserved to be cut in pieces, and to be given to the devil." But I was enabled (blessed be God!) to love, pity, and pray for him.

After a long and tiresome march, we arrived at Dettingen. Here we lay in camp for some time, very near the French: only the river Mayne ran between us. June 16, I was ordered out on the Grand Guard with all expedition. When we came to the place appointed, I saw many of the French army marching on the other side the river. It was not long, before I heard the report of a French cannon. I said, "We shall have a battle to-day;" but my comrades did not believe me. Presently I heard another, and then a third; the ball came along by us. Many of the French had crossed the river, and many more were in full march toward it. We had orders to return with all speed. The firing increased very fast: and several were killed or wounded, some by the cannon balls, some by the limbs of the trees which the balls cut off. Meantime we marched on one side  
of

of the river ; part of the French army on the other. The battle was soon joined with small arms, as well as cannon, on both sides: It was very bloody : thousands on each side were sent to their long home. I had no sooner joined the regiment, than my left-hand man was shot dead. I cried to God and said, *In thee have I trusted ! Let me never be confounded !* My heart was filled with love, peace, and joy, more than tongue can express. I was in a new world ! I could truly say, *Unto you that believe he is precious.* I stood the fire of the enemy seven hours. And when the battle was over, I was sent out with a party of men to find the baggage waggons, but returned without success. In the mean while the army was gone and I knew not which way. I went to the field where the battle was fought ; but such a scene of human misery, did I never behold ! It was enough to melt the most obdurate heart. I knew not now, which way to take, being afraid of falling into the hands of the enemy. But as it began to rain hard, I set out, though not knowing where to go ; till hearing the beat of a drum, I went toward it, and soon rejoined the army. But I could not find the tent which I belonged to, nor persuade them to take me in, any other. So being very wet and much fatigued, I wrapt me up in my cloak, and lay down and fell asleep. And though it still rained hard upon me, and the water ran under me, I had as sweet a night's rest as ever in my life.

We had now to return from Germany to Flanders, to take up our winter quarters. In our march we were some time near the river Mayne, twenty miles from the field of battle. We saw the dead men lie in the river, and on the bank as *dung for the earth.* Many of the French, attempting

tempting to pass the river, after we had broken down the bridge, were drowned, and many cast upon the banks, where there was none to bury them.

Being in Ghent, I went one Sunday morning, to the English Church at the usual time. But neither Minister nor people came. As I was walking in the church, two men belonging to the Train came in, John Evans and Pitman Stag. One of them said, "The people are long in coming." I said, "Yet they think, however they live, of going to heaven when they die. But most of them, I fear will be sadly disappointed." They stared at me, and asked what I meant? I told them, "Nothing unholy can dwell with a holy God." We had a little more talk, and appointed to meet in the evening. I found John Evans a strict Pharisee, *doing justly and loving mercy*, but knowing nothing of *walking humbly with his God*. But the cry of Pitman Stag was, *God be merciful to me a sinner!* We took a room without delay, and met every night, to pray and read the holy Scriptures. In a little time we were as speckled birds, as *men wondered at*. But some began to listen under the window, and soon after desired to meet with us. Our meetings were soon sweeter than our food: and I found therein such an enlargement, of soul, and such an increase in spiritual knowledge, that I resolved to go, come life, come death.

We had now twelve joined together, several of whom had already found peace with God; the others were earnestly following after it: and it was not long before they attained. Hereby new love and zeal were kindled in us all: and although satan assaulted us various ways, yet were we enabled to discern all his wiles, and to

withstand all his power. Several of them are now safely landed on the blissful shore of a glorious immortality: where, as a weather-beaten bark, worn out with storms, may I at last happily arrive, and find the children whom God has been graciously pleased to give me, through the word of his power.

One night, after our meeting, I told the people, We should have the room full, before we left the city. We soon increased to about twenty members. And love increased so, that shame and fear vanished away. Our singing was heard afar off, and we regarded not those who made no account of our labours. Such was the increase of our faith, love and joy in the Holy Ghost, that we had no barren meetings. Such our love to each other, that even the sight of each other, filled our hearts with divine consolation. And as love increased among us, so did convictions among others; and in a little time we had a Society. So that now (as I had told them before) the room was too small to hold the people.

May 1, 1744, we marched from Ghent, and encamped near Brussels. Our camp lay on the side of a hill: we set up our standing on a hill just opposite. We were easily heard by the soldiers in the camp: who soon began to *fly as a cloud, and as doves to the windows*. Here I gathered together my scattered sheep and lambs. They were the joy of my heart, and I trust to find them again, among that *great multitude that no man can number*. Oh what a work did God put into my hands! And who is sufficient for these things? But God had given me such faith, that had I continued steadfast in the grace of God, neither things present, nor things to come, nor any creature, could have hindered my growing  
in

in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, unto my dying hour.

I took great delight in the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews. I read it over and over, and prayed much for faith. This was first in the day, and last at night in my mind : and I had no more doubt of the promises contained therein, than if God had called to me from heaven, and said, " This is my word, and it shall stand for ever." When I began preaching, I did not understand one text in the Bible, so as to speak from it in (what is called) a regular manner, yet I never wanted either matter or words. So hath God in all ages, *chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty.* I usually had a thousand hearers, officers, common soldiers and others. Was there ever so great a work before, in so abandoned an army ! But we can only say, There is nothing too hard for God ! He worketh what, and by whom he pleaseth.

I was now put to a stand. I had so much duty to do, the Society to take care of, and to preach four or five times a day, that it was more than I could well perform. But God soon took care for this also. I looked for no favour from man : I wanted nothing from man : I feared nothing : God so increased my love and zeal. Light and heat filled my soul, and it was my meat and drink to do the will of my heavenly Father. I cried earnestly to him, to clear my way, and remove all hinderances. Glory be to his name, he did so : for two years after this time, I was entirely at my liberty. I found means of hiring others to do my duty, which proved an unspeakable advantage. The work was great before ; but we soon found a greater increase of it than ever. If Christianity consists in love and obedience to God, and

love to all men, friends and enemies, we had now got a christian Society : we had the good land in possession. But this was not enough : still there was as earnest a cry in our souls, for all the mind which was in Christ, as there was in David, for *the water of the well of Bethlehem.*

Our general method was, as soon as we were settled in any camp, to build a Tabernacle, containing two, three, or four rooms, as we saw convenient. One day three officers came to see our chapel, as they called it. They asked many questions : one in particular asked me, what I preached ? I answered, I preach against swearing, whoring, and drunkenness, and exhort men to repent of all their sins, that they may not perish." He began swearing horribly, and said, if it was in his power, he would have me whipt to death. I told him, " Sir, you have a commission over men : but I have a commission from God, to tell you, you must either repent of your sins, or perish everlastingly." He went away, and I went on, being never better than when I was preaching or at prayer. For the Lord gave such a blessing to his word, that I thought every discourse lost, under which no one was either convinced or converted to God.

We had now three hundred in the Society, and six preachers, besides myself. It was therefore no wonder, that many of the officers and chaplains endeavoured to stop the work. But it was altogether lost labour : he that sitteth in heaven laughed them to scorn. And I doubt not, but he would have given me strength to have suffered death, rather than have given them up.

It was reported by many, that I was utterly distracted. Others endeavoured to incense the Field-Marshal against me. I was examined several

veral times ; but, blessed be God, he *stood by me*, and encouraged me to go on, to *speak* and *not hold my peace* ; neither did he suffer *any man to set upon me to hurt me*. And so great was my love and joy in believing, that it carried me above all those things, which would otherwise have been grievous to flesh and blood, so that all was pleasant to me :

“ The winter’s night, and summer’s day,  
Fled imperceptibly away.”

I frequently walked between twenty and thirty miles a day ; and preached five and thirty times, in the space of seven days. So great was my love to God, and to the souls, which he hath purchased with his own blood. Many times I have forgotten to take any refreshment for ten hours together. I had at this time three armies against me ; the French army, the wicked English army ; and an army of Devils. But I feared them not ; for my *life was hid with Christ in God*. He supported me through all : and I trust, will be my God and my guide even unto death.

While the work of God thus flourished among the English, he visited also the Hanoverian army. A few of them began to meet together : and their number daily increased. But they were quickly ordered to meet no more. They were very unwilling to desist. But some of them being severely punished, the rest did not dare to disobey. It is clear, the devil and the world will suffer any man, to be any thing but a real Christian !

My present comrade was an extremely wicked man. He came home one day, cursing and swearing, that he had lost his money ; he searched for it, and after some time found it. He threw it on



the table and said, " There is my ducat : but no thanks to God, any more than to the devil." I wrote down the words, and complained to our commanding officer. After a few days he was tried by a court-martial. The officer asked, what I had to say against him ? I gave him the words in writing. When he read them, he asked me, if I was not ashamed to take account of such matters as this ? I answered, " No Sir : if I had heard such words spoken against his majesty king George, would not you have counted me a villain if I had concealed them ?" His mouth was stopped, and the man cried for pardon ? The captain told him, he was worthy of death, by the law of God and man : and asked me, " What I desired to have done ?" I answered, I desired only to be parted from him, and I hoped he would repent. Orders were given that we should be parted. This also was matter of great thankfulness.

From camp we removed to our winter-quarters at Bruges. Here we had a lively Society ; but our Preaching room was far too small, to contain the congregation. There was a very spacious place appointed for the public worship of our army, commonly called the English church. General Sinclair was now our commanding officer. I went to his house, and begged leave to speak to him. He told me, if I had business with him, I should have sent my captain, and not come to him myself. I told him, I had the liberty of speaking to the Duke of Cumberland. He then asked me, what I wanted ? I said, " Please your honour, I come to beg a great favour ; that I may have the use of the English church to pray in, and exhort my comrades to flee from the wrath to come." He was very angry, and told me, I should not preach, or pray any where but in

in the barracks." He asked, "But how came *you* to preach." I said, "The Spirit of God constrains me to call my fellow sinners to repentance." He said, "Then you must restrain that spirit." I told him, "I would die first." He said, "You are in *my* hand," and turned away in a great rage.

I cried to the Lord for more Faith that I might never deny him, whatsoever I was called to suffer; but might own him before men and devils: and very soon after, God removed this hinderance out of the way: General Sinclair was removed from Bruges, and General Ponsonby took his place. I went to his house, and was without difficulty admitted to his presence. Upon his asking, what I wanted, I said, "I come to beg your honour will grant us the use of the English church, that we may meet together and worship God." He asked, "What religion are you of?" I answered, "Of the church of England." Then, said he, "You shall have it." I went to the Clerk for the keys; but he said, "The Chaplains forbade it, and I should not have them." The General then gave me an order under his hand. So they were delivered. I fixed up Advertisements in several parts of the town, "Preaching every day at two o'clock, in the English church." And we had every day a numerous congregation, both of soldiers and townsfolk.

We had some good fingers among us, and one, in particular, who was a master of music. It pleased God to make this one great means of drawing many to hear his word. One Sunday, the Clerk gave us out a psalm. It was sung in a hymn tune; and sung so well, that the Officers and their wives were quite delighted with it. The Society then agreed, to go all together to church every Sunday. On the next Sunday we began.

began. And when the clerk gave out the first line of the psalm, one of us set the tune, and the rest followed him. It was a resemblance of heaven upon earth. Such a company of christian soldiers singing together, with the spirit and the understanding also, gave such life to the ordinance, that none but the most vicious and abandoned, could remain entirely unaffected.

The spring following, we took the field again: and on May 11, 1745, we had a full trial of our faith, at Fontenoy. Some days before, one of our brethren standing at his tent door, broke out into raptures of joy, knowing his departure was at hand; and when he went into the battle declared, "I am going to rest in the bosom of Jesus." Indeed this day God was pleased to prove our little flock, and to shew them his mighty power. They shewed such courage and boldness in the fight, as made the Officers, as well as soldiers amazed. When wounded, some cried out, "I am going to my beloved." Others, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." And many that were not wounded earnestly desired *to be dissolved and to be with Christ*. When W. Clements had his arm broke by a musket ball, they would have carried him out of the battle. But he said, "No: I have an arm left to hold my sword: I will not go yet." When a second shot broke his other arm he said, "I am as happy as I can be out of paradise." John Evans having both his legs taken off by a cannon ball, was laid across a cannon to die: where, as long as he could speak, he was praising God and blessing him with joyful lips.

For my own part, I stood the hottest fire of the enemy, for above seven hours. But I told my comrades, "The French have no ball made,  
that

that will kill me this day." After about seven hours, a cannon ball killed my horse under me. An Officer cried out aloud, "Haime, where is your God now?" I answered, "Sir, he is here with me; and he will bring me out of this battle." Presently a cannon ball took off his head. My horse fell upon me, and some cried out, "Haime is gone!" But I replied, "He is not gone yet." I soon disengaged myself, and walked on praising God. I was exposed both to the enemy and to our own horse; but that did not discourage me at all: for I knew the God of Jacob was with me. I had a long way to go through all our horse, the balls, flying on every side. And all the way, multitudes lay bleeding, groaning, dying, or just dead. Surely I was as in the fiery furnace; but it did not singe a hair of my head. The hotter the battle grew, the more strength was given me. I was as full of joy as I could contain. As I was quitting the field, I met one of our brethren, with a little dish in his hand seeking water. I did not know him at first, being covered with blood. He smiled and said, "Brother Haime, I have got a fore wound." I asked, "Have you got Christ in your heart?" He said, "I have; and I have had him all this day." I have seen many good and glorious days, with much of the power of God. But I never saw more of it than this day. Glory be to God for all his mercies! Among the dead, there was great plenty of watches, and of gold and silver. One asked me, will not you get something? I answered, "No, I have got Christ. I will have no plunder."

But the greatest loss I sustained was that of my fellow-labourers. William Clements was sent to the hospital. John Evans, brother Bishop and Greenwood,

Greenwood, were killed in the battle. Two others, who used to speak boldly, fell into Antinomianism. So I was left alone : but I was persuaded, this also was for my good. And seeing iniquity so much abound, and the love of many waxing cold, it added wings to my devotion. And my faith grew daily, as a tree planted by the water side.

One of those Antinomian Preachers professed to be always happy, but was frequently drunk twice a day. One Sunday, when I was five or six miles off, he took an opportunity of venting his devilish opinions. One hastened after me, and begged me to return. I did so ; but the mischief was done. He had convinced many, that we have nothing to do with the law, either before or after our conversion. When I came in, the people looked greatly confused : I perceived, there was a great rent in the Society, and after preaching and prayer said, " You that are for the old doctrine, which you have heard from the beginning, follow me." Out of the three hundred I lost about fifty : but the Lord soon gave me fifty more. The two Antinomians set up for themselves, until lying, drunkenness, and many other sins destroyed both Preachers and people, all but a few that came back to their brethren.

We had no Sacrament administered in the army, for a long season. I was greatly troubled, and complained aloud in the open camp of the neglect. The Chaplains were exceedingly displeased. But the Duke of Cumberland hearing of it, ordered that it should be administered every Lord's Day, to one regiment, or the other.

The Duke hearing many complaints of me, enquired who I was ? If I did my duty ? If I would fight ? And if I prayed for a blessing on  
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the King and his arms? They told his Royal Highness, I did all this, as well as any man in the regiment. He asked, "Then what have you to say against him." They said, "Why, he prays and preaches so much, that there is no rest for him." Afterwards the Duke talked with me himself, and asked me many questions. He seemed so well satisfied with my answers, that he bade me, "Go on:" and gave out a general order, that I might preach any where, and no man should molest me.

I was preaching one day, when the Duke, unknown to me, came to hear me. I, that day, desired the soldiers, never to come there, or to any place of public worship, so as to neglect any duty. I exhorted them to be ready at all calls, and to obey those who had the rule over them: and if called out to battle, to stand fast, yea, if needful, fight up to the knees in blood. I said, "You fight for a good cause, and for a good King, and in defence of your country. And this is no ways contrary to the tenderest conscience, as many of you found at the battle of Fontenoy: when both you and I did our duty, and yet were all the time filled with love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

I had now for some years endeavoured to keep a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man: and for near three years I had known that God for Christ's sake had forgiven all my sins. I had enjoyed the full assurance of faith, which made me rejoice in all conditions: wet and weary, cold and hungry, I was happy; finding a daily increase in faith and love. I had constant communion with the Father and the Son. It was my delight to do his blessed will, to do good to them that hated me, and to call all sinners, to *behold the Lamb*

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*of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.* But Oh! how did the mighty fall and the weapons of war perish! April 6, 1746, I was off my watch, and fell by a grievous temptation. It came as quick as lightning: I knew not, if I was in my senses, but I fell, and the Spirit of God departed from me. It was a great mercy, that I did not fall into hell! Blessed be God for that word, *If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.* But it was twenty years before I found him to be an Advocate for me with the Father again.

My fall was both gradual and instantaneous. I first grew negligent in watching and prayer, and in reading the Scriptures. I then indulged myself more and more, laying out upon my own appetite, what I before gave to my poor brethren. I next began to indulge the lust of the eyes, to look at, and covet pleasing things, till by little and little I became shorn of my strength, *having left my former love.* For many years I had scrupled buying or selling the least thing on the Lord's-Day. The sixth of April was on a Sunday. That day I was sent to Antwerp for forage: several of my comrades desired me to buy them some things, which accordingly I did. I had an inward check, but I over-ruled it, and quickly after, became a prey to the enemy. Instantly my condemnation was so great, that I was on the point of destroying myself: God restrained me from this, but Satan was let loose, and followed me by day and by night. The agony of my mind weighed down my body, and threw me into a bloody flux. I was carried to an hospital, just dropping into hell. But the Lord upheld me with an unseen hand, quivering over the great gulph.

Before

Before my fall, my sight was so strong, that I could look stedfastly on the sun at noon-day. But after it, I could not look a man in the face, nor bear to be in any company. Indeed I thought myself far more fit for the society of devils than of men : every thing was a burden to me, and grievous to be borne. The roads, the hedges, the trees, every thing seemed curs'd of God. Nature appeared void of God, and in the possession of the devil. The fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field, all appeared in a league against me. I had not one ray of hope, but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation. Very frequently Judas was represented to me, as hanging just before me. Had I been cut with knives from head to foot, I could not have been more sore in my flesh, than I was in my spirit. How true is it, *the spirit of a man may sustain his infirmities : but a wounded spirit who can bear ?*

I clearly saw the unshaken faith, the peace, joy and love which I had cast away, and felt the return of pride, anger, self-will, and every other devilish temper. And I knew by melancholy experience, that my last state was worse than the first. I was one day drawn out into the woods, lamenting my forlorn state : and on a sudden I began to weep bitterly. From weeping, I fell to howling like a wild beast, so that the woods resounded. Yet could I say, notwithstanding my bitter cry, *My stroke is heavier than my groaning*. Nevertheless, I could not say, "Lord have mercy upon me," if I could have purchased heaven thereby.

So great was the displeasure of God against me, that he in great measure took away the sight of my eyes. I could not see the sun for more than eight months : even in the clearest summer-day, it always appeared to me like a mass of

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blood:



blood: at the same time I lost the use of my knees. I cannot describe what I felt. I could truly say, *Thou hast sent fire into my bones*. I was often as hot as if I was burning to death: many times I looked, to see if my clothes were not on fire. I have gone into a river to cool myself: but it was all the same. For what could quench the wrath of his indignation, that was let loose upon me? At other times, in the midst of summer, I have been so cold, that I knew not how to bear it. All the cloathes I could put on had no effect, but my flesh shivered, and my very bones quaked. God grant, Reader, that thou and I may never feel how hot or cold it is in hell!

I was afraid to pray; for I thought the die was cast, and my damnation sealed. So I thought, it availed not, if all the saints upon earth, and all the angels in heaven should intercede for me. I was angry at God, angry at myself, and angry at the devil. I thought I was possessed with more devils than Mary Magdalen. I cannot remember, that I had one comfortable hope, for seven years together. Only while I was preaching to others, my distress was a little abated. But some may enquire, What could move me to preach, while I was in such a forlorn condition? They must ask of God, for I cannot tell: *his ways herein are past my finding out*.

In all my trials, I have, by the grace of God, invariably kept to one point, preaching *repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ*: testifying that *by grace ye are saved through faith*: that *now is the day of salvation*; and that this salvation is for all; that *Christ tasted death for every one*. I always testified, that *without holiness no man should see the Lord*; and that if any, though  
ever

ever so holy, *draw back*, they will perish everlastingly. I continually expected, this would be my lot: yet after some years, I attempted again to pray. With this, Satan was not well pleased; for one day as I was walking alone, and faintly crying for mercy, suddenly such a hot blast of brimstone flashed in my face, as almost took away my breath. And presently after, as I walked along, an invisible power struck up my heels, and threw me violently upon my face.

When we came back to Holland, I had now and then a spark of hope. One Sunday I went to church, where the Lord's Supper was to be administered. I had a great desire to partake of it. But the enemy came in like a flood to hinder me, pouring in temptations of every kind. I resisted him with my might, till through the agony of my mind, the blood gushed out at my mouth and nose. However, I was enabled to conquer, and to partake of the blessed elements. So I still waited on God in the way of his judgments, and he led me in a way I had not known.

Whatever my inward distress was, I always endeavoured to appear free among the people. And it pleased God to make me fruitful in the land of my affliction. He gave me favour in their sight; and many children were born unto the Lord. Indeed, I could speak but very little Dutch, with regard to common things: but when we came to talk of the things of God, I could speak a great deal. And after I had been at prayer, many have told me they could understand almost every word I said. But what was this to me? I was miserable still, having no comfortable sense of the presence and favour of God.

I had heard of an old experienced Christian at Rotterdam. I went to see him, and found

him in an upper-room, furnished like that which the Shunamite prepared for Elisha. He looked at me, but did not speak one word. However I told him a little of my experience. He looked earnestly at me, and soon began to speak, and tell me all his heart. He said, he had lived for several years, in the favour and love of God, when, thinking himself stronger than he was, satan got an advance over him. The spirit departed from him; his strength was gone, and he knew not where to fly for refuge. For ten years, sin held him in its iron-bondage, and in expressible anguish and despair. But one day, as he was making his complaint to God, on a sudden light broke in: sorrow fled away, and his soul was like the chariots of Aminadab. The change was so great, that he was utterly lost in wonder, love and praise. He knew, God had *created a clean heart, and renewed a right spirit within him*. And he had now lived thirty years, without one doubt of what God had wrought. This gave me a considerable satisfaction: but it lasted only a short time.

When we were going for winter-quarters, into a town in Holland, I was sent thither before our troop. A Gentleman sent for me, and asked, "If I knew John Haime?" I said, "I am the man." He said, "A Gentlewoman in the town wants to speak with you." I went to her house and she bade me welcome. After a little conversation she asked me, "Do you believe that Christ died for all the world?" Upon my answering, "I do;" she replied, "I do not believe one word of it. But as you know, he died for *you*, and I know he died for *me*, we will only talk of his love to poor sinners." We were soon as well acquainted, as if we had lived together many years,  
and

and her house became my home. I asked, how many she had in family? She said, seven beside herself. I asked, "What is to become of all these, that you are so easy about them?" She said, "The Lord will call them in his due time, if they belong to him." I asked, "Shall we pray for them?" She said, yes: so I began that evening. In a few days, the servant-maid was cut to the heart; next one of her sons was convinced of sin, and soon after converted to God. And before we left town, the whole family were athirst for salvation. When the time of our marching drew near, she was in great trouble. But there was no help: so we took our leave of each other, to meet no more till the morning of the resurrection.

At another time I was quartered at Meerkirk, in Holland, at a young woman's, whose father and mother were lately dead. She had many cattle, some of which died daily of the distemper; but she never murmured. I never before met with a woman, that was so ready in the Scriptures; I could not mention any text, but she would readily tell the meaning of it. So that it was no wonder, she was thought by others, as well as by herself, to be a prime Christian. I was almost of the same mind at first: but when I had narrowly observed her, I was thoroughly convinced, she was deceived, and judged it my duty to undeceive her. I told her, "You are not born of God, you have no living faith." She heard me with much composure of mind; but she did not believe me. I continued for three weeks pressing it upon her, at all opportunities. And one evening, the Lord made a few words which I spoke, sharper than a two-edged sword. Conviction so fastened upon her heart, that she was soon obliged to take her bed. She lay about

seven days in deep distress. She had then a comfortable hope : and this strengthened her body for a few days. But then her convictions returned so heavy, that she was obliged to take her bed again, in great agony of mind. The town's people were alarmed, and ran in crouds, to enquire, what was the matter ? " What could distress *her*, who had enough of this world's wealth, and was so good a woman ? " But they gave her no satisfaction. As soon as they were gone, she immediately called for me, and cried out. " Oh John ! I shall go to hell : the devil will carry me away." I said, " No ! You shall not go to hell ! The Lord died for poor sinners." She lay in this distress about ten days, and was brought to the gates of death. But the good Samaritan then passed by, poured wine and oil into her wounds, and healed both soul and body : so that she broke out, *Jehovah is my strength and my song. He is my salvation. Come all that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.*

I now thought, it would be a blessing both to herself and her neighbours, if she would pray with them. She agreed so to do. I commonly prayed first, and she afterwards. Sometimes she prayed half an hour together ; and often with such demonstration of the Spirit, as well as such understanding, that the whole house seemed full of the presence of the Lord. At other times she wept like a child, and said, " Lord what is this that thou hast done ? Thou hast sent a man from another nation, as an instrument of saving me from ruin ! I was rich before, and increased in goods, and knew not that I was blind and naked." Many of her friends and neighbours were concerned for her : but not so much

as she was concerned for them, as well knowing they were seeking death in the error of their life. This she declared to them without reserve; and the publishing this strange doctrine, spread our names far and near, not only through the town, but through the adjacent country. This brought many from distant towns to see her, who usually returned, blessing God for the consolation. Some came upwards of twenty miles in a morning. After breakfast, I used to pray first: and she went on. Many of our visitants were much affected and wept bitterly. And the impression did not soon wear off. By this means we became much acquainted with many of the Christians in Holland. They were a free loving people. So we found them: and so did many of the Methodist soldiers: for they gave them house-room and firing freely. And is not the promise of our Lord sure? *Whosoever shall give unto one of these a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall in no wise lose his reward.*

All this time I was still buffeted with sore temptations. I thought that I was worse than Cain: that I had *crucified the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.* In rough weather, it was often suggested to me, "This is on your account! See, the earth is cursed for your sake; and it will be no better till you are in hell." I expected, soon to be a prey for devils, as I was driven from all the happiness I once enjoyed. Frequently the trouble of my mind made me so weak in body, that it was with the greatest difficulty I performed my exercise. The Lord had indeed given me *a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind. And my life did hang in doubt before me, and I feared day and night, having no assurance of my life.* Often did I wish, I  
had

had never been converted ; often that I had never been born. Sometimes I could not bear the sight of a good man without pain ; much less be in his company. Yet I preached every day, and endeavoured to appear open and free to my brethren. I encouraged them that were tempted, " Not to fear ; the Lord would soon appear for himself." Meantime I continued to thunder out the terrors of the law against the ungodly : although some said, I was too positive. Too positive ! What ? In declaring the promises and threatenings of God ? Nay, if I cannot be sure of these, I will say to the Bible, as the devil did to our Lord, *What have I to do with thee ?*

At one time, I cannot remember that I had any particular temptation for some weeks. Now, I thought, God had forsaken me, and the devil had no need to trouble himself about me. He then set the case of Francis Spira before me, so that I sunk into black despair. Every thing seemed to make against me. I could not open the Bible any where but it condemned me. I was much distressed with dreams and visions of the night. I dreamed one night, that I was in hell ; another, that I was on Mount Etna, that on a sudden, it shook and trembled exceedingly : and that at last, it split asunder in several places, and sunk into the burning lake, all but that little spot on which I stood. Oh how thankful was I for my preservation ! And this continued for a while, even after I awoke : but then it fled away, as a dream.

I was often violently tempted to curse, and swear, and blaspheme, before and after, and even while I was preaching. Sometimes when I was in the midst of the congregation, I could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, yea, from uttering  
all

all kind of ribaldry and filthy conversation. I thought, there was none that loved me now, none that had any concern for my soul, but that God had taken away from every body, the affection, which they once had. I cried out, *I have sinned! What shall I do unto thee, O thou Preserver of men? Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am a burthen to myself?* I said, *I am the man that hath seen affliction, by the rod of his wrath.* Frequently as I was going to preach, the devil has set upon me as a lion, telling me, he would have me just then, so that it has thrown me into a cold sweat. In this agony I have often caught hold of the Bible and read, *If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.* I have said to the enemy, "This is the word of God, and thou canst not deny it." Hereat he would be like a man that shrunk back from the thrust of a sword. But he would be at me again. I again met him in the same way, till at last, (blessed be God!) he fled from me. And even in the midst of his sharpest assaults, God gave me just strength enough to bear them. He fulfilled his word, *My grace is sufficient for thee: my strength is made perfect in thy weakness.* When he has strongly suggested, just as I was going to preach, "I will have thee at last," I have answered (sometimes with too much anger) "I will have another out of thy hand first." And many, while I was myself in the deep, were truly convinced and converted to God.

When I returned to England, and was discharged from the Army, I went to Mr. Wesley, and asked, if he would permit me to labour with him, as a travelling Preacher? He was willing: so I immediately went into a Circuit. But this was



was far from that inexpressible burden of soul, under which I still laboured. Hence it was, that I could neither be satisfied with preaching, nor without ; and that wherever I went I was not able to stay long in one place ; but was continually wandering to and fro, seeking rest, but finding none. On this account many thought me very unstable, and looked very coldly upon me, as they were wholly unacquainted with the exercises of soul, which I laboured under. I thought if David or Peter had been living, they would have pitied me. But many of my friends had not even tasted of that bread or water of affliction, which had been my meat and drink for many years. May they walk so humbly and closely with God, that they may never taste it !

After I had continued some time as a travelling Preacher, Mr. Wesley took me to travel with him. He knew I was fallen from my steadfastness ; but he knew likewise how to bear with me. And when I was absent, he comforted me by his letters, which were a means, under God, of saving me from utter despair. One of them was as follows :

London, June 21, 1748.

“ My dear Brother,

“ Think it not strange, concerning the fiery trial, which God hath seen good to try you with. Indeed the chastisement, for the present, is not joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless it will by and by, bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It is good for you to be in the fiery furnace ; though the flesh be weary to bear it, you shall be purified therein, but not consumed.

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For there is one with you, whose form is as the Son of God. Oh look up! Take knowledge of him who spreads underneath you his everlasting arms! Lean upon him with the whole weight of your soul; he is yours; lay hold upon him!

Away let grief, and sighing flee,  
Jesus hath died for thee, for thee.

“ Mercy and peace shall not forsake you. Through every threatening cloud look up; and wait for happy days.”

In this miserable condition, I went to Shaftsbury to see my friends, and spent several days. When one and another came and asked me, what news? I told them, “ Good news; Christ died to save sinners.” But it seemed to them as an idle tale; they *cared for none of these things*. One day being half asleep, I was, as it were, thunder struck, with an inward voice, saying, “ What dost thou here?” I cried to the Lord for mercy, and gave notice, that on the Sunday following, I would preach in a place at the end of the town, where four ways met. The town and villages round were soon alarmed, and at the time appointed, I believe there were three or four thousand people. My inward trouble seemed suspended. I got upon a wall about seven feet high, and began with prayer. I then gave out my text, *Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch*, Mal. iv. 1. Surely I preached that sermon, with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Twelve, if not fourteen, were then convinced of  
sin,

sin, some of whom are, I trust, long ago, safely lodged in Abraham's bosom. In a few weeks, fifty persons were joined together in Society. I now preached in a large room several times a week. But the people were eager to build a house, and appointed a time of meeting, to consider of the means : but on the same day, I was taken up and put into prison, two men having sworn flatly against me that I had made a riot. After I had been in prison a night and part of a day, I was taken to a public house. It was soon full of people : I immediately began preaching to them : and the lions quickly became lambs. A messenger then came in, to let me know, that I must appear before the Mayor and Aldermen. I did so. The Town-clerk told me, " They would not send me to Dorchester gaol, if I would work a miracle." I told them, " That is done already. Many swearers and drunkards, are become sober, God-fearing men." A Lawyer said, " Well, if you will take my advice, you shall not go to prison." I replied, " I suppose you mean, if I will give over preaching. But that I dare not do." I was then without any more ado hurried away to Dorchester.

My body was now in prison : but that had been a thing of little consequence, had not my soul remained in prison also ; in the dungeon of despair. The Jailor soon came and fell into conversation with me ; but when I began to preach Jesus, as the only Saviour of sinners, he quickly left me to preach to my fellow-prisoners. Many of these, having no righteousness of their own to bring to God, were willing to hear of being saved by grace. So I preached to them several times while I was in prison, and they seemed greatly affected. Meantime God raised up two Quakers at  
Shaftsbury,

Shaftsbury, who became bound for my appearance at the Quarter-Sessions. I had been in prison but eight days, when one of these came to fetch me out, and brought money to pay the prison-fees, and all other expences. Had I not been put in prison, it is likely some of those prisoners would never have heard the gospel. I saw therefore, that God did all things well. Being come back, I began preaching again; and God was present with the people. I soon received a letter from a gentleman at London, bidding me employ two counsellors and an attorney, and to draw upon him for whatever money he wanted. I carried this letter to the Post-master, and asked, if he was willing to let me have money upon it. He said, "Yes, as much as you please." This was soon noised about the town: so the magistrates were glad to make up the matter. And the work of God so increased, that in a little time, we had eighty in Society.

During my great distress of mind, I went twice into Ireland as a travelling preacher: and in each passage over the sea, I was very near being cast away. October 27, 1751, I preached at Mountmelick. The next morning, after I had travelled about two miles, suddenly my senses failed me, I was soon insensible where I was, and where I came from. I supported myself a considerable time, by a gate in the road: as I did not know which way to go, nor what place to ask for. At length my understanding returned, and I began to weep. But what I passed through I cannot express, so unspeakable was my anguish. But the tender mercy of God supported me therein, that my spirit might not fail before him.

In the beginning of September 1766, I was living at Shaftsbury, when Mr. Wesley passing through in his way to Cornwall, I asked, if it would be agreeable for me to be at his house in London a few days ? He said, " Yes, as long as you please ;" but before I set out, I received the following letter.

" St. Ives, Cornwall, Sept. 16, 1766.

" My dear Brother,

" I think you have no need to go to London. God has, it seems, provided a place for you here. Mr. Hoskins wants a worn-out Preacher to live with him, to take care of his family, and to pray with them morning and evening."

I went down. As soon as Mr. Hoskins saw me, he said, " You are welcome to stay here as long as you live." But no sooner did I fix there, than I was, if possible, ten times worse than before. In vain I strove to make myself easy : the more I strove, the more miserable I was : not that I wanted any thing which this world can afford. But can this world satisfy a soul, that was made for God ? The distress of my mind soon became intolerable : it was a burden too heavy for me to bear. It seemed to me, that unless I got some relief, I must die in despair. One day I retired into the hall, fell on my face, and cried for mercy ; but got no answer. I got up, and walked up and down the room, wringing my hands, and crying like to break my heart ; begging of God for Christ's sake, if there was any mercy for me, to help me. And blessed be his name, all on a sudden, I found such a change, through my soul and body as is past description.

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I was afraid I should alarm the whole house with the expressions of my joy. I had a full witness from the Spirit of God, that I should not find that bondage any more. Nor have I ever found it to this day. Glory be to God for all his mercies.

But notwithstanding this wonderful change, I had not the faith which I had once. But I found a very great alteration in reading the scriptures. The promises opened to me more and more : and I expected to find some great thing wrought upon me all at once. But God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. He led me by a way I had not known. He greatly deepened his work in my soul, and drove out his enemies by little and little, till I could clearly say, "Thy will be done." The lion became a lamb, and I found the truth of that word by happy experience. *Thou wilt keep his soul in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee!*

I now thought, I would stay with Mr. Hoskins; for he was very kind to me. But I soon began to be so bound in spirit, that I could not ask a blessing on our food, without much hesitation and stammering. And all the comforts of life, which were then in great plenty, became altogether comfortless. Mr. Story being then in the Round, I made my complaint to him. He told me, he would take my place for a month, if I would spend that time in the circuit. This I gladly undertook : and although for the space of three weeks, my coat was not dry upon my back, yet I was warm within, and far more comfortable than in the warm parlour.

When Mr. Story was gone, I thought I would stay here a few days, and then travel. But the

first night I was as restless as ever : so in the morning I took my leave, and in Jan. 1767, went into the East of Cornwall. I found it was good for me to be there : my faith increased daily. And, blessed be God, I found love and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, springing up in my soul. I trust God will continue them to my dying day, and then receive me to himself.

I had long been travelling in the wilderness, in *a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death.* This had been my lot for twenty years, a just judgment of the Almighty for my sin. Blessed be his name, that he did not wholly cast me off ! But I saw clearly nothing would avail, but a fresh application of the Saviour's blood to my wounded soul. I had now a happy sense of this : which with the thoughts of his forbearing me twenty years before my conversion, his filling me with his love for three years, his dealings with me in my fallen condition, and my present deliverance, caused my soul to overflow with wonder and praise for his long suffering goodness. I saw nothing was too hard for God ! I could cast myself on the Lord Jesus ! All the promises in the Scriptures were full of comfort ; particularly that : *I have known thee in the furnace of affliction.* The Scriptures were all precious to my soul, as the rain to the thirsty land. And when satan assaulted me afresh, I did not stand to reason with him, but fled to the Lord Jesus for refuge. Hereby the snare was soon broken, and I found an increase both of faith, hope, and love. I could now truly say, *The Lord is my shepherd, therefore shall I lack nothing. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my*

*my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*

It was not my intention ever to write any account of these things, had not some of my friends greatly pressed me thereto. Nevertheless I put it off from time to time, being conscious I had no talent for writing, until my peace was well nigh lost : at last I was prevailed upon to begin. I had not wrote many lines, before I found my soul in perfect peace. I found myself likewise greatly assisted, to recollect the manifold dealings of God with me : so that I have the greatest reason to believe it is his will I should make known, even by these instances of his goodness, that he is *long suffering, and not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.* May he bless the feeble attempt to the good of many ! May they learn wisdom by the things that I have suffered ! And be all the glory ascribed unto Him that *sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever !*



## A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH,

*By Mr. G. Story.*

ON the 18th of August, 1784, at Whitechurch in Hampshire, died that faithful soldier of CHRIST, Mr. JOHN HAIME, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. For more than a twelve month past, his health visibly declined. A hectic fever, which continually increased, soon reduced him to skin and bone ; nevertheless, his zeal for the Glory of God, and concern for the Salvation of Sinners, abated not in the least. He preached as long as he was able to speak, and longer than he could stand without support.

On the Sunday before his death, he requested the Society to attend him in his own room : and for several minutes powerfully and affectionately exhorted them to persevere to the end, in that faith which worketh by love, and purifieth the heart.

The morning he died, in attempting to get out of bed, he fell down, and was much hurt : which occasioned violent pain. In about two hours after, the pain being a little abated, he desired to be raised up in the bed ; and after shaking hands with five or six friends who were present, he prayed for the divine blessing upon them separately ; then for the church in general, and lastly for the little flock over which he had long been Overseer. He then leaned back in bed ;  
and

and although the pain was not so intense, yet there were evident tokens of his approaching dissolution. His strength gradually decreased, and his sight and speech in great measure failed. Yet he frequently broke out in prayer, in these and such like sentences : “ O Lord, in thee have I  
 “ trusted, and have not been confounded. In  
 “ thee do I *now* trust, let me *never* be confound-  
 “ ed. Salvation is of the Lord. I have nothing  
 “ to bring, or to offer unto the Lord, but, God  
 “ be merciful to me a sinner ! When my soul  
 “ departs this body, a convoy of angels will  
 “ conduct me, to the Paradise of God.” His last  
 prayer, that could be understood, was to this  
 effect ; “ O Almighty God, who dwellest in  
 “ light which no mortal can approach, and where  
 “ no unclean thing can enter, cleanse the  
 “ thoughts of our hearts : grant us continually,  
 “ sweet peace, quietness, and assurance of thy  
 “ favour !” About an hour before his decease  
 he was heard to say, “ This is a good way ! O  
 “ that all may tread this path in the important  
 “ hour !” Presently after he departed so quietly,  
 that it was scarcely perceivable when he drew his  
 last breath.

GEORGE STORY.

*Whitechurch, Sept. 1, 1784.*

THE

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THE  
EXPERIENCE  
OF  
*Mr. Thomas Lee.*

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*To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*

REV. SIR,

78  
1727

I WAS born in May, in the year 1717, at a small village in the parish of Kighley, Yorkshire. When I was four years old my Mother died, and I was removed to her Brother's at Long Addingham. Here I was carefully restrained from outward sin: yet I often felt an inclination to it; particularly to swear, which one day I did: but, blessed be God, he struck me with so deep a conviction, that I never swore again from that day, nor had the least inclination to it. About fourteen I was bound apprentice to one of the worsted trade, and was by a kind Providence placed in a Family, where I wanted nothing that was needful either for body or soul.

From

From my early days, the Lord was at times powerfully working upon my soul. From ten or eleven years of age, I was exceedingly distressed. I generally saw, as I thought, hell before me, and believed it was to be my portion. The words Everlasting and Eternity, were much upon my mind, insomuch that my life became a burden to me. For on the one hand, hell appeared intolerable, and on the other I found no delight in the service of God, so that my days were consumed in trouble. Frequently did I murmur against God, and often wished to be annihilated.

In this state I continued till I was fourteen, though with some intervals. I was then a little more at ease, and followed what are called Recreations. But from fifteen I was more inclined to Reading, and for some time spent all my vacant hours, in reading the Scripture, and took much pleasure therein. Between sixteen and seventeen, I found much delight in Prayer, and had many inward Consolations, though I had never then heard any one speak of the comforts of the Holy Ghost. But having none to speak to about these things they gradually died away. From seventeen to nineteen was the most careless part of my life. I now sought pleasure in mirth and company. But the Lord generally disappointed me, and made it bitter to my soul. I could not find any companions to my mind. I sought mirth: but I thought they carried it to excess. And I could not bear their taking the name of God in vain. Hence I had much sorrow at times: likewise the looking back, and seeing what seriousness I had fallen from, cut me to the heart.

During this time I now and then heard that blessed man, Mr. Grimshaw, and made good resolutions; but they lasted not long. Meanwhile

while I had heard of a people called Methodists : but I was little concerned about them, till I heard some of them preach. I liked them well, and heard them more and more frequently. And though I was not deeply affected under any particular Sermon, yet my Conscience was gradually enlightened, by hearing, and reading, and conversing, and praying, till I resolved to cast in my lot among them. From that time my heart was so united to them, that all at once, I dropped all my former Companions. And blessed be God, from that hour I have never had one desire to turn back.

I now loved the Bible more than ever, particularly the New Testament. This was my daily companion, and in reading and meditating upon it I found great delight. And hereby I was delivered from a temptation to think, " These are the false prophets we are bid to beware of." This vanished away, when I compared their Doctrines and practice with my Bible. And my Judgment was more fully and clearly informed, of all the essential doctrines of Christianity. And in the use of these means, God frequently met me and comforted my soul. Indeed the doctrine of Salvation by grace was unspeakably comfortable to me. Yet shortly after, I sunk almost all at once into a desponding state, which continued more than a year. And though during this time I was often comforted, both under the Word and in Prayer, yet I do not remember passing four and twenty hours together, without being some part of the time in despair.

In this period I was continually tempted, to think myself a Hypocrite. Once I mentioned this to a friend, but got no comfort at all, which shut my mouth for a long time. It is impossible  
to

to express the anguish I felt. I longed for Death, though I knew I was not fit for it. But in the midst of all, I constantly heard the preaching at all opportunities, and never omitted Prayer. When I could say nothing, I groaned before God: resolving, if I perished (as I expected to do) it should be in the Means of Grace.

Yet even in this period, the Lord did not leave me. As I was one night on my knees groaning before him, those words were powerfully applied to my soul, *Thou shalt bear my name before much people*. And this impression never after left my mind long together, which often constrained me to hope that the Lord would some time help me. Also during all this time, I had favour with my Master and Mistress and all the family; although they did not much like the people to whom I belonged. Toward the end of this gloomy season, one evening, when sitting in the house, I took courage, rose up, and desired we might have Family Prayer. I kneeled down (and so did all the family) and prayed with great freedom. And I continued it, though only an apprentice, which proved a great blessing to my own soul. For it kept me watchful all the day long, lest my prayer and my life should contradict each other.

Soon after I was desired to pray in another Family, which I did several times. I had now more Hope: and one day being alone great part of the day, and much engaged in meditation and prayer, I found a persuasion, that God was willing to receive me. I left my business immediately and went to Prayer. In a moment God broke in upon my soul, in so wonderful a manner, that I could no longer doubt of his forgiving love. I cried "My Lord and my God!" And in the spirit

spirit I was then in, I could have praised, and loved, and waited to all eternity.

Before this, I had attended several meetings for Prayer. I was now unawares brought, to conduct those meetings, and sometimes to speak a few words in His name whom I loved. When the meetings were over, others asked me to come to their houses, which I promised to do. But when I came home, I feared I had gone too far, and resolved, to make no more such promises. One night as I was going to a neighbour's house, one of my Master's daughters who was going with me, said, "My Father and Mother are not pleased with your proceedings." I asked, "Why, what have I done?" She said, "They would not have you go to such houses. But if you think it is your duty, to keep meetings in the neighbourhood, they would have you keep them at home."

That night my soul was greatly comforted, and I gave notice of speaking at home on Sunday evening. We had abundance of people, and neither my Master nor Mistress seemed to be at all displeased. They loved me dearly, and let me go wherever I would. But in the midst of all these outward blessings, I had many inward trials. Sometimes I doubted of my State; sometimes I feared I had run before I was sent, and many times said, with Jeremiah, *I will speak no more in this name.* And thus I continued for several months, though many were blessed and comforted in hearing me. Frequently I consulted my dear friend Mr. Grimshaw, who strongly exhorted me, "Not to be faint or weary, but to go on valiantly in the work, to which God had called me."

About

About this time I was invited to go to Harding-Moor, Lingobin near Wilsdon, and Thornton above Bradforth. As these were places where no one had preached yet, I thought if God would own me here, and raise up a people for himself, I shall know that he hath sent me. He did so: many found peace with God, and a Society was raised at each place. After delivering these up to the travelling Preachers, I went to Long-Addingham. There also God was pleased to set to his seal. A Society was quickly raised. Many sinners were convinced, and several of them truly converted to God.

During all this time, I wrought exceeding hard at my own business when I was at home: but the going up and down to preach, frequently took up more than half my time. After a while Providence called me to Greenough-Hill, to Hartwith, and some other places; at each of which it pleased God to raise up a people for himself. After I had preached some time at Greenough-Hill, I was invited to Pateley-Bridge. Here I was called to an exercise of my faith, which I had not hitherto known. The first time I was there, Mr. — had prepared and encouraged a numerous Mob, who spared neither mud, nor stones, with many strokes besides, so that they themselves owned, "We have done enough to make an end of him." I did indeed reel to and fro, and my head was broke with a stone. But I never found my soul more happy, nor was ever more composed in my closet. It was a glorious time: and there are several who date their conversion from that day. After I was a little cleaned, I went to a neighbouring town, where, when my head was dressed, I preached abroad to abundance of people, many of whom had followed

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lowed me from Pateley-Bridge. Some of the Mob also followed, but as the wretched Minister was not present to head them, and as they were greatly out-numbered, they behaved peaceably. And the Lord blessed us much.

Having now laboured near four years and travelled generally on foot, having been often thoroughly wet, and obliged to keep on my wet cloathes all day, and having frequently, when at home, worked at night, that I might not be burdensome to any: I found, I was not so strong as formerly. And the number of places still increasing, I was obliged, though much against my will, to give up my business and buy a horse. Mr. Grimshaw now sent me into his Circuit for a month, sending another Preacher in my place. Then I returned and spent a considerable time together among the new Societies.

In the year 1752, and during the winter following the work of God prospered exceedingly; but persecution raged on every side. The malice of the devil was chiefly levelled against me, as I was the first that disturbed his servants in these parts. So that wherever I went, I was in much danger, carrying as it were my life in my hand. One day as I was going through Pateley, the Captain of the mob, who was kept in constant pay, pursued me and pulled me off my horse. The mob then soon collected about me: and one or other struck up my heels, I believe, more than twenty times upon the stones. They then dragged me into a house by the hair of my head; then pulhed me back, with one or two upon me, and threw me with the small of my back upon the edge of the stone stairs. This nearly broke my back; and it was not well for many years after. Thence they dragged me down to the common sewer,

sewer, which carries the dirt from the town to the river. They rolled me in it for some time; then dragged me to the bridge and threw me into the water. They had me mostly on the ground, my strength being quite spent.

My wife, with some friends, now came up. Seeing her busy about me, some asked, "What, are you a Methodist?" gave her several blows, which made her bleed at the mouth, and swore, they would put her into the river. All this time I lay upon the ground, the mob being undetermined what to do: some cried out, "Make an end of him." Others were for sparing my life: but the dispute was cut short, by their agreeing to put some others into the water. So they took them away, leaving me and my wife together. She endeavoured to raise me up; but having no strength, I dropped down to the ground again. She got me up again, and supported me about an hundred yards: then I was set on horseback, and made a shift to ride softly, as far as Michael Granger's house. Here I was stripped from head to foot and was washed. I left my wet clothes here and rode to Greenough-Hill, where many were waiting for me: and though much bruised and very weak, preached a short sermon, from Psalm xxxiv. 19. *Many are the troubles of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*

The next morning I preached again. Afterwards several accompanied me a bye-way to North Pasture. There were many serious hearers; but the captain of the mob came and made some disturbance: and then with a great stick, broke every pane of glass in a large window. This made a little confusion at first; but afterwards the Lord poured down his blessing in an uncommon

mon manner. Almost all were in tears, and the people *took joyfully the spoiling of their goods*. Thence we rode to Hartwith, where we had peace, and the power of the Lord was with us. But when the work of the day was over, I was so bruised and fore, that I was obliged to be undressed by another.

This Summer, Autumn, and Winter, were times of hot persecution. Our friends frequently suffered, when they went upon business to Pateley-Bridge. Their cloaths were spoiled, and their persons much abused. They applied for justice to the Dean of Rippon, but found none. But what made amends was, we loved each other dearly, and had exceeding comfortable seasons together. In January I was invited to preach about a mile from Pateley. When I came, the mob was gathered. However, in the name of the Lord I began: and though they blasphemed horribly, and broke the windows, I was not interrupted or discomposed, but prayed, preached, and concluded in peace. As soon as I had ended, they became outrageous. I retired into a chamber and gave myself to prayer. While I was on my knees, one came and informed me, the mob had forced into the house, and would quickly be in the chamber. But that I must get out of the window, and there were some friends below, who would catch me as I fell. I did so, and went where I had left my mare. Thus the Lord delivered me this time also.

In a while, being desired to preach there again, I fixed it in the day time, thinking the Mob would not leave their work to disturb us. But they soon came and surrounded the house, so that I could not preach at all. After I had been kept prisoner for several hours, I was obliged to

run for my life. About the same time I was invited to Garthit-Hall, where I preached in the open air with little interruption: but when I went again, the Pateley mob came, though the floods were out. When I began to preach, they were more and more violent, till I was forced to desist and retire. Being resolved I should not escape again, they surrounded the house, till near sunset. Then they ran to beat one of the people. Our friends snatched the opportunity and brought me a horse, which I immediately mounted. The mob seeing this left him, and pursued me. But again God delivered me out of their hands.

But hearing I was to preach some miles off, on the other side of the water, they immediately divided, (it being a great flood) to the different bridges. This obliged us to ride many miles about. It being very dark, we lost our way upon the moors. We wandered till we were thoroughly wet with snow and rain; but late at night found our way to Thomas Lupton's. The congregation had waited for several hours, being in much trouble for fear I was killed. I changed my cloaths, and though it was late, preached to them as the Lord enabled me. It seemed to us little less than Heaven: and though it was a hard day, it was a blessed day to my soul.

I remember once, during these seasons of trouble, wherein my life continually hung in suspense, a thought came into my mind, "'Tis hard, to have no respite, to be thus perpetually suffering." Immediately it was impressed upon my mind, "Did you not, when you was on the borders of despair, promise the Lord, that if he would give you an assurance of his favour, you would count no suffering, sorrow, or affliction, too great to be endured for his Name's sake?"

This at once silenced all murmuring, and thenceforth I bore whatever befel me, with patience, and after with joy : finding a willingness to bear it, as long as he saw meet, if it were to the end of my life.

About this time, I had thirteen or fourteen places where I preached at regularly. And I thought only of spending my life among them, when Mr. Grimshaw mentioned me to you. You sent for me and asked, " Whether I was willing to be a travelling preacher ? " I said, " Yes, if Mr. Grimshaw would supply my places : " which he promised to do. That year I was most in the Bristol and Leeds circuits : the next in the Leeds circuit altogether, which then comprehended Sheffield and York also, extending into Derbyshire on the South, to Hull on the East, and on the North as far as Newton under Rosebury-top-ping.

In the year 1758, I was stationed in Lincolnshire. The whole county, now divided into three, was then only in one circuit. So I spent two months in the Eastern part, and then two months in the Western. I was in this circuit about sixteen months in all. And I did not labour in vain. There was a very considerable increase in the Societies, and many souls were brought to the saving knowledge of God. And though the rides were long, and the work was hard, yet all was made easy and comfortable. The Lord was greatly with us, and the people in general were loving and teachable : and I know not, if I shall ever love a people better, on this side eternity.

Thence I removed into Newcastle circuit, which then included Edinburgh. To which we went, and back again in a fortnight, generally preaching

preaching night and morning. I found many trials in this circuit, but the Lord delivered me out of all. The next year I was in the Manchester round, which then contained Lancashire, Cheshire, part of Shropshire, and of Wales, Staffordshire, and part of Derbyshire. Our labour was hard; but we saw much fruit of it, particularly at Manchester and Bolton. In the latter part of the year, I was generally supposed to be far gone in a consumption. I was not careful about it, not doubting but if the Lord called me, I should finish my course with joy. But it pleased God to restore my health and strength. May I still glorify him with my body and my spirit.

After some years I went (accompanied with my wife,) to Edinburgh. Mr. Hopper laboured with me. It was now Dr. Erskine published and recommended the Eleven Letters ascribed to Mr. Hervey. This occasioned a good deal of reproach for a time: after which I was called away to Newcastle. The weather was very severe. Day after day we had various storms, and were hardly able to preserve life. But the worst was, when we came to the steep descent from the mountains (called the Pease) where the hill had fallen into the deep road, and made it utterly impassable. This obliged us to creep along a path like a sheep track, hanging over a deep vale. Mean time the snow and wind beat so furiously upon us, that we knew not if we should escape with life. After lodging at old Cammus (a most uncomfortable Inn) we went forward through sharp frost, heavy snow beating upon us, and miserable roads to Alnwick. From thence to Morpeth we had fair weather, but the next day was heavy rain, which attended us all the way to  
Newcastle.

Newcastle. And here I remained, fully employed till the Manchester Conference.

In 1760, I was stationed at Epworth once more. This winter we were invited to Newark upon Trent. But we met with much opposition from riotous mobs, encouraged by great men. On the 24th of March, they took the pulpit out of the Preaching-house, and burnt it in the market-place. I went thither on the 7th of April, with Mr. and Mrs. Pool of North Searle. The preaching was to begin at two o'clock; but a large mob was there, before I begun. I prayed, and preached a short Sermon. Toward the latter end of the discourse, they threw a large quantity of eggs filled with blood and sealed with pitch, which made strange work wherever they alighted. When they had discharged these, they grew more outrageous still. We judged it best, to send to the Mayor. But instead of coming to quell the riot, he sent an order for me to appear before him. In our way to the main street, there was a deep, muddy drain. They attempted to push me into it. But I caught hold of one of the mob and held him so fast, that they could not push in one without the other. When we came to the Mayor's, he sent for the Town Clerk. I shewed them the Act of Toleration, and the Certificate of my Licence, observing I had done nothing which was not warranted by law. After much conversation, our friends gave evidence against three of the rioters, who were bound over to the assizes.

Some thousands of the mob being gathered in the street, I requested the Mayor to send an Officer to guard me through them. He said, he would go himself. And he did go to the gate; but when I was gone out, immediately went back. I was presently surrounded; and they soon began

gan to throw mire, clods of earth and stones in abundance. This they continued to do, all down the street, till we came to the Preaching-house. Our friends, judging there would be no safety there, brought my great coat into the stable, and advised me to mount and gallop through the mob, which I purposed to do. Accordingly I mounted, but some of them held the gate, and others beat both me and my mare in so violent a manner, that I thought it would be best to dismount and go the back way. But here also the mob met me, beat both me and the mare, and when I endeavoured to mount, pulled me back, and the mare got from me. Then they dragged me along, sometimes on my feet, and sometimes on the ground, to the side of the Trent, swearing they would throw me in. But they were not agreed in this, so they brought water, and poured it upon me from head to foot. A painter then came with his pot and brush, and laid it on plentifully. They still surrounded me, throwing dirt and beating me, till I could hardly stir. Then they offered to let me go, if I would promise never to come again. But this I could not do. Just then a man came cursing, swearing, and threatening, offended, it seemed, at their proceedings: at which most of them left me and dispersed.

I rose up, and walked as well as I could down the marsh, a few of the mob quietly walking with me. I found my mare in a standing water: I went in, took her and rode off. Coming to a pond, I alighted, washed myself a little, and then went on to North-Searle: but it was hard work, as the night came on, and I was very wet, and exceeding cold. When I got there, I procured some dry cloaths, and the Lord gave me a quiet night. The next day I was very sore and weak; however



however I fat up most of the day, and in a little time I recovered my strength, and had still more cause to trust and praise God.

On July 16th, was our trial at Nottingham. But the Grand Jury, sparing the Rioters all they could, would not find the bill, for *disturbing me at public worship*, but only for *assaulting me*. They were accordingly bound over, to be tried for the assault, at the next assizes. Mean time an innumerable mob was collected, both within and without the court, threatening what they would do to me. I therefore addressed the Recorder for a guard. He immediately ordered two Constables, to conduct me safe to my lodgings: the mob roared; but durst go no farther. So I returned home unmolested. At the following assizes several of the rioters were indicted: Judges' warrants were issued out and executed. In October my Council and the Recorder agreed, (to prevent all farther trouble) what each offender should pay, after making submission, and promising to offend no more. The Recorder then gave them a very pertinent exhortation, and hearing the Nottingham mob was collected again, sent two Constables to guard me to my lodgings, and ordered them to give the people notice, that if any man offered to assault me, he would immediately send him to prison. Thus ended the troublesome affair at Newark. Since then the work of God has prospered greatly. And a convenient Preaching-house has been built, in which numerous congregations meet without any disturbance.

Thus have I given you a few imperfect hints of the manner wherein our Lord has dealt with me. My whole life, particularly since I have known something of the saving power of religion,  
has

has been attended all along with manifold trials, a thousand times more than I have related: yet has the Lord been exceedingly gracious to me, the most unworthy of all his people. If I this moment saw all the sufferings I have had for his name's sake; if they were now spread before me, I would say, "Lord, if thou wilt give me strength, I will now begin again, and thou shalt add to them lion's dens, and fiery furnaces, and by thy grace I will go through them all." My life, though attended with many crosses, has been a life of mercies.

For more than twenty years, I have rarely preached upon the controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians. But my judgment is fixt: I have no doubt, either of Christ's *tasting death for every man*, or of his being able and willing *to save to the uttermost*, all that come unto God through him. I count it one of the greatest favours, that he still allows me to do a little for him, and that he in any measure owns the little, which I am able to speak in his name. I beg I may be humble at his feet, all the days of my life, and may be more and more like Him whom my soul loveth, till at last I reign with him in glory!

I am, dear Sir,

Your willing, though unworthy

Servant in the Gospel.

THOMAS LEE.

October 30, 1779.

*after sleep from 7 f*  
A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH,

HE continued in the work till the year 1786, when having witnessed a good confession before many witnesses, he died happy in the love of God, with a hope full of a glorious immortality. The following are the particular circumstances which attended his happy exit.

The evening before he died, he expressed great resignation to the will of God ; though, as he said, the pain drank up his spirits. Yet, he said, *" I know that I am the Lord's. I feel that I am united to him ;* AND I KNOW THAT I SHALL BE WITH HIM FOR EVER."

He preached twice the Lord's-day before his death, though he went to the chapel on crutches, and sat all the time he preached ! His last text was, *Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God.* And in the course of his sermon he said, " perhaps this will be my *last* sermon." The power of the Lord was solemnly felt by the congregation ; and, as if he saw his end was near, he gave out a funeral hymn, and when he came to those words,

" By faith we already behold  
That lovely Jerusalem here,"

he seemed to be quite transported at the thought of meeting Jesus in that blessed place.—The  
night

night on which he died, it was presumed the pain reached his heart, which soon put a period to all his woes. He seemed to be sensible to the very last, even when the power of speech ceased, he looked up and smiled, closed his eyes, and gently fell asleep in Jesus, in the month of September, 1786.

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THE  
EXPERIENCE  
OF  
*Mr. Christopher Hopper.*

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*To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*

Coln, May 20, 1780.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

I NEVER had the least desire or design to trouble others with my insignificant Life. I know how difficult it is for a man to speak of himself : but as you desire it, I will do as well as I can.

I kept a Diary the first year after I set out from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for Ireland. At my return I took a fever at Newlands. After my recovery I looked over my journal with a view to go on ; but I saw so many blunders and imperfections therein, that I immediately committed it to the fire. Since that time I have kept no regular account of my little labours ; therefore

I am

I am under a great disadvantage in giving any tolerable account of them.

I have looked over my manuscripts, and have found a few memorandums which have assisted me a little. Many other things I have committed to memory, which never have, and I hope, never will be erased.

As I have had the pleasure of travelling with you many hundred miles, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, these last five and thirty years; I have been much helped by reading over your Journals, to trace out my crooked path. By these few assistances, I have endeavoured to give some account of my nativity, childhood, and callings: the various dealings of God with me from my youth up to my conversion; my call to preach the gospel, and the opposition, and the success I met with when I first set out.

But I have given very little account of any of my labours, trials, comforts, or success, these last eight and twenty years. I apprehend these would swell too large for your present purpose: I will therefore leave them to the great day of the Lord.

May Almighty God succeed your labours labours, give you peace in the way, a joyful exit, and then a crown of glory. Pray for me, who am, Rev. and dear Sir, your unworthy Son in the Gospel of Christ.

*not in* CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

## AN ACCOUNT OF

## MR. CHRISTOPHER HOPPER.

I WAS born at Low Coalburne, in the parish of Ryton, in the county of Durham, on the 25th of December, 1722. Moses Hopper, my father, was a farmer: my mother, whose name was Ann, was daughter to George Barkifs, farmer, in the same county. They were both of good repute, and much attached to the Church of England; but strangers to vital religion.

My mother had nine children, six sons and three daughters, of whom I was the youngest. When I was about five years old, I was sent to school to one Mr. Alderson, a man of piety and good understanding, who taught those under his care, not only the branches of learning he professed, but the fear of God and the first principles of religion. He catechised us twice every week; and made us attend the Church every Lord's-day, and all holy days appointed for public service. After I had learned to read, write, and understand a little of the Mathematics, I lost my beloved Master, who made a most awful exit. He had been, as I thought, more devout one week than common. The Sabbath following he received the Sacrament at Ryton Church: some days after a few Gentlemen with fair words persuaded him to play a civil game at cards: but afterwards he fell into great distress of mind, and could not properly attend his school, which was often left to the care of his eldest son and me. The

The Spring following, after many fore conflicts, he sunk into deep despair, and then drowned himself.

This melancholy event made my heart tremble, and was a means of bringing some serious thoughts into my mind about heaven, hell, death, and judgment. I began to distinguish between vice and virtue, the godly and ungodly men. These impressions remained, till I took a severe illness which continued near two years, and reduced me to a mere skeleton. Mr. Foster, who attended me, pronounced me incurable.

This alarmed me, and filled my heart with slavish fear. I judged it was high time to prepare for a future state; and according to the light I had, begun the business without delay. I read my Bible with much pleasure, prayer, and attention. The more I read it, the more I loved it. Many verses, and some favourite chapters which I understood best, made such a deep impression upon me, that I soon had them by heart. The Practice of Piety, a Form of Prayer, and a Psalm-Book, were my library. I prayed and sung with fear, and some degree of joy. I had very slight notions of my depraved nature, and the sin of unbelief; but clear views of my actual transgressions. I had been addicted to swear when I was put out of humour; and to lie when I could gain any thing by it, or cover or excuse a fault. I had been apt to pilfer among the children when I could do it with a good grace.

I was very proud, and prone to anger; yea, of a cruel disposition. I took a diabolical pleasure in hanging dogs, worrying cats, and killing birds, insects, mangling and cutting them to pieces. One instance of my inhumanity I perfectly remember to this day. One evening as I was re-



turning from school, with some of my friendly associates, we found a great number of frogs collected together in a marshy place: we proclaimed war against them: we armed ourselves with stones, and with all the fury of little fiends, murdered the poor innocent, defenceless creatures. We then left the field in great triumph. But God soon requited me. That night I dreamt I fell into a deep place full of frogs, and they seized on me from head to foot, and begun to eat the flesh off my bones. I was in great terror, and found exquisite pain until I awoke, sweating, and trembling, and half dead with fear.

About this time my dear Father died of a consumption: I hope a true penitent. He was interred at Ryton church with great solemnity, among his ancestors. I was then left to the care of my indulgent Mother and Brethren. Soon after my Father's death, my eldest Brother married, and they divided my Father's farm, and the goods and chattles he left amongst them; but this did not give me the least concern. My disorder still continued with my convictions. I prayed, wept, and looked towards the Hill of Sion. I found comfort, and a good hope through grace. I waited every day for my final dissolution, and longed to be with Christ. I loved God, the Redeemer, and all mankind. I was happy. After some time it pleased God to restore me to perfect health, beyond all human expectation. After my recovery, my mind was quickly drawn after the world again. I saw transitory objects in another point of view, than I had done during the time of my illness. My love to God and religion, and my desires after another world, soon

soon grew very cold. I quenched the holy Spirit, who departed and left me again to the folly of my own heart.

As I was the youngest child of the family, and had nothing left me, I judged it would be proper to think of some business to procure bread. And my Mother and Brother being willing to put me to the grammar-school, and give me a good education, I accepted the offer, and concluded it was the best thing I could do: but in the interim, one Mr. Armstrong, a shop-keeper, wanted a boy, and sent for me. I embraced the opportunity, and prepared to go without delay. I thought I should escape the wearisome task of study, having nothing to do but to improve the learning I had already, to qualify me for a merchant's apprentice. My Mother accompanied me to Mr. Armstrong's, and put me in possession of my new place. I went with great pleasure; and met with a kind reception. After I had been some time on trial, I was to be bound by indenture for seven years. This put my youthful mind into a new chain of reasoning. I thought I would never be bound to stand so long behind a counter; therefore in spite of all persuasion, I left my place and returned home.

After this a project entered into my head, that I would be a Musician. I told my Brother. He approved of it, bought me a Violin, and provided me a master. I begun with great assiduity, and concluded I had found the very thing that would make me happy. I played away all my convictions, lost my taste for spiritual things, and banished all thoughts of a future world. I now employed myself in doing some little things in the house and about the farm;

farm ; and all the time I had to spare, I spent in playing, singing; dancing, fishing, fowling, and whatever came next to my hand. I was then between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and begun to think of some employment whereby I might have money to support my foolish desires. My Brother kept waggon-horses. When the waggon-ways were first framed between the new coal-mines and the river Tyne, the farmers were under an obligation to their landlords to employ a certain number of horses for that purpose. I was a strong active young man, and thought I could manage a waggon very well. My Brother was willing I should make the trial, and gave me a proper horse for that service. I soon made a great proficiency in this dirty, slavish, and dangerous occupation. And I was hugely pleased with my new department. Novelty pleases, whether the man sits on a throne or a dunghill. I frequently boasted of my strength, agility, and skill in this sphere of action, and thought I was arrived at the summit of my preferment : I found it a singular pleasure in whatever company I was, to talk of feeding and guiding waggon-horses, of waggons and waggon-ways, the nature and value of coals ; and concluded I only wanted a little money to make me a Fitter, or a London Crimp. My vain mind was as much taken up with those things as the Mathematicians with their abstruse Science, or the Philosophers with the Wonders of Nature. I followed this business, and the various branches of agriculture for about five years. During this period of my life, I was given up to folly. I greedily pursued according to my ability, all the pleasures of the world. I spent nights and days together in hunting, cocking, card-playing, horse-races, or whatever  
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the devil brought to town or country. And, O grief of heart! Gentlemen, Clergymen, Mechanics and Peasants made up the crowd! But in the enjoyment of these poor toys, I had many severe checks, and sorrowful moments. The Universe appeared as a vault wherein comfort was entombed; and the Sun himself as a lamp to shew the gloomy horrors of a guilty mind. I often said in my cool intervals, Hath the great God of Love provided no better things than these for his reasonable creatures? Now at this time I was my own master, and lived without control: I followed my former pleasures, but with a trembling hand. I found satan's service perfect drudgery, and all earthly objects empty and vain.

In this dull, melancholy round I dragged on for some time, without any real comfort or solid satisfaction. I was not happy, yet I believed there was something which could make me so, but I knew not what it was, or where to find it. Sometimes I reflected on what I felt in my affliction, when I was a youth; but it appeared as a dream. I was frequently in great and imminent danger. But through the interpositions of a kind, unerring Providence, I escaped ten thousand snares and deaths, by night and day, at home and abroad. One evening in particular, two of my companions and I were riding home in a waggon very jovially, and as we were passing over a very high battery, the horse started suddenly to one side, and snatched the waggon from the planks: immediately it overset, and turned over and over, to the bottom of the hill. The trembling spectators who beheld this awful event, concluded with shrieks and cries, "They are all killed; their bones are broken in a thousand pieces."

pieces." But to their great astonishment, and our unspeakable comfort, we were very little hurt.

After I had recovered my reason, and found I was alive, and out of hell, my stubborn heart yielded to my almighty Deliverer. I feared his great name, wept for joy, and was overwhelmed with grief for my folly. This deliverance wrought a deep conviction in my heart. The true light shined on my dark soul, and God laid me in the dust. I only wanted a spiritual Guide to shew me the way, but alas ! I could not find him in the country.

In May 1742, we heard a strange report of one Wesley, a Church Clergyman that had been at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and had preached in Sandgate to many thousands, who heard him with astonishment. This new thing made a huge noise. The populace entertained various conjectures about him ; but few, if any, could tell the motive on which he came, or the end he had in view. He made a short blaze, soon disappeared, and left us in a great consternation. Some time after, his Brother Charles came and preached at Tanfield-Crofs. I ran with the multitude to hear this strange Preacher. When I saw a man in a Clergyman's habit, preaching at a public Crofs to a large auditory, some gaping, some laughing, and some weeping, I wondered what this could mean. When he had concluded, some said, He is a good man, and is sent to reform our land : others said, Nay : He is come to pervert and deceive us, and we ought to stone him out of our coasts. I said, If he is a good man, good will be done, and it is plain we want a reformation ; but if he is an impostor, he can only leave us he found us, that is, without hope  
and

and without God in the world. I cannot tell what induced me to go so far, but I found I was in danger of being called a Methodist, and was glad to dismiss the conversation with a smile, and a piece of drollery.

In November, Mr. Wesley returned to Newcastle, formed a religious Society, and laid the foundation of the Orphan-house. At the same time he visited Tanfield-Leigh, Wickham, Swalwell, and Horsely. His name was then well known in town and country.

All mouths were filled with Wesley and his Followers: some for, and many against them. I knew very little of the matter, but thought it was most prudent to join the general voice against this New Way.

The spring following, 1743, John Brown, a plain farmer, removed from Tanfield-Leigh to the Low-Spenn, and invited Mr. Wesley to his house. I then heard occasionally those Preachers, who I thought could tell their story well, without stammering: but still found much fault with this strange method of proceeding. At this time there was a great clamour about Religion, amongst all Sects and Parties, and I made a bustle among the rest. I said, I will read my Bible, say my Prayers, go to my own Parish-Church, reform my Life, and be good and pious, without the scandal of the Cross. Alas! I did not consider, "No Cross, no Crown."

I hobbled on in this lame, ignorant manner, till at last I became deeply serious. I saw there was more in Religion than I enjoyed or understood. I saw that God had been striving with me from my infant days. I looked back with astonishment on his loud calls, compassionate helps, tender mercies, and great deliverances.

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He had raised me from the gates of death, when all human help failed. He had saved me from perils and dangers by night and by day. He had richly provided for me, when I was left to myself very young. A sight of these favours raised in my cold heart some sensations of gratitude to my bountiful Benefactor. I said in my heart, Shall I still trifle with the almighty God of heaven and earth? Shall I fly in the face of my infinite Creator? Shall I play with eternal things? Will God always strive with the children of men? My few days are passing away like a shadow; pale Death is approaching; the Judge is standing at the door; Eternity, eternity, is come! Alas! I am not ready. I am in my sins—unholy, unhappy, and therefore not prepared to die.

I will now cry to God for mercy.—He willeth not the death of a sinner. It is his pleasure to save me from sin and the punishment due to it. He waits to be gracious, that his great name may be exalted. *He is good to all, and his mercy is over all his works.* I am a monument of his sparing goodness, I will therefore look up and hope in his word. Behold this is the accepted time, behold this is the day of salvation. God hath sent his servants to shew poor sinners the way of life. I was then determined to hear and judge for myself. God had now prepared my heart for the reception of the truth. I said, I will no longer be led by the laughing multitude, nor be deluded with the noise of vain tongues.

The Sabbath-day following, Mr. Reeves preached at the Low-Spenn, at one o'clock in the afternoon. I heard him with great attention, but found a veil on my heart. I did not clearly see  
 God's

God's method of justifying a guilty sinner, thro' faith in the blood of his Son.

In the evening he preached again on those words. *And now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love.* In his plain pathetic manner he gave us a definition of these principal graces, with their inseparable concomitants, and shewed the unspeakable happiness of all those who had a saving *faith*, a good *hope*, and the *love* of God. The word came home to my heart with energy. The veil was removed. The true light shined upon me, and I said, Alas, I am undone! If these things are true, and doubtless they are, I have only the faith of a devil, the hope of a hypocrite, and the love of this present evil world. My mouth was stopped.—I stood guilty before God.—My stout heart melted like wax before the fire.—I trembled at the word.—My strength left me.—God frowned; his Law condemned; Conscience roared; Satan raged; and the Pit was ready to receive me.

I quietly retired from the croud into a little parlour to cover my shame. I sat down on the side of a bed, and reclined my guilty head on the pillow, in great distress of mind. It was the cry of my heart, God be merciful to me a sinner! Save, Lord, or I perish! Save or I am lost, for ever lost! My all is guilt, misery, and helplessness. In this wretched situation I continued some time, shut up in unbelief as in a prison. I could only say, *Lord help me!* He then heard my cry, and sent me relief. A glorious light shone into my heart, and discovered to me the blessed plan of man's redemption, through the blood of a crucified Saviour. I saw God had

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fulfilled



fulfilled his great original promise. He sent his Son to save sinners, the chief of sinners. He lived, suffered and died for a lost World. *He tasted death for every man. He gave himself a ransom for all.* I said in my trouble, the good Shepherd came from heaven to earth, to seek and save that which was lost, to bring again that which was driven away, to bind up that which was broken, and to strengthen that which was sick. But I am lost, I am driven to the mouth of hell, ready to drop into the flames; I am broken to pieces; I am sick of sin, sick of myself, and sick of a vain world: I will therefore look unto the Lord; *my God will hear me.* He hath died for me. I shall, yea, doubtless, I shall obtain mercy after all I have done. The *God of Truth* hath promised *mercy*; the *Son of his Love* hath procured *mercy*; the *Spirit of Truth* is ready to reveal *mercy*; and the Messengers of Peace are come to proclaim *mercy*, free *mercy*, to every perishing sinner, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant! I said, *I can, I will, I do* believe in the only true God, and in Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. I am freely justified. I am saved through faith in the blood of the Lamb. God is now my God in Christ. The love of God is shed abroad in my heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto me. The Spirit of Bondage is gone. The spirit of Adoption is come. I can cry, Abba Father. The same Spirit beareth witness with my Spirit that I am a Child of God. No enmity—No wrath—No curse—No condemnation—The ruined is sinner saved. I then found a glorious, and undeniable change. God, Christ, Angels, Men, Heaven, Earth, and the whole Creation appeared to me in a new light, and stood

flood related to me in a manner I never knew before. I found love to my God, to his yoke, to his cross, to his saints, and to friends and enemies. I said, This is Bible Religion, scriptural Christianity, let men call it what they please: a Delusion, Enthusiasm, Methodism, or Mahometism, that is nothing to me: hard names do not change the nature of the thing. I then went on my way rejoicing; a wonder to my Father's family; to all that knew me; and to myself. All my idols fell to the ground, before the ark of God. I found a perfect hatred to sin, and a complete victory over it.

The whole tenor of my life and conversation was new. *Free grace, infinite mercy, boundless love*, made the change. My heart, my tongue, my hands, were now, in my little way, employed for my loving God. I was no longer of the world, therefore the world began immediately to hate me.—Some said, Ah! what think you! Christopher is converted! Others said, He hath received the Holy Ghost! Others said, He is mad, keep far from him, come not near his habitation. Some of a more compassionate turn, pitied me: but all agreed I had renounced my Baptism, left the Church, and was in a dangerous situation.

Soon after, Mr. Wesley came to Low-Spenn, formed a little Society, and made me a Leader, to help and watch over them. I was but a novice, a young raw disciple, unskilled in the Word of Righteousness: but faith in Christ, and the love of God in my heart, overcame all the powers of Darkness. I found unspeakable pleasure in doing and suffering the will of God. I laboured diligently with my hands: I owed no man any

thing : I had enough for myself, and a little to spare for others. I attended four or five meetings every week : we prayed, sung psalms and hymns, read the Bible, and exhorted one another to fear and love God. The power of the Lord was present to heal : he owned his own work, and gave us prosperity. Many of my old Companions were awakened ; also my poor Mother, one of my Sisters, and one of my Brothers, who had been a champion in the devil's cause, but has been an ornament to religion from that time to this day. The fire now kindled, and the flame spread. I had one invitation after another, to High-Spenn, Barlow, Woodside, Prudhoe, Newlands, Blanchland, Durham, Sunderland, and many other places.

As yet I had not examined my call to preach the Gospel, nor considered the consequences of such an undertaking. I was sweetly carried on with a strong prevailing influence, and a loving desire to promote the glory of God. I saw the world dead in trespasses and sins, void of light, holiness, and happiness. I therefore thirsted after their salvation, and thought it my duty to promote it. God blessed his word. Sinners were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of satan to God. But the devil was highly displeased ; he saw his kingdom was in danger, and immediately proclaimed war against me.

I met with great persecution, many discouragements, and much opposition, in every place. Men of all ranks used their power and influence, to stop this blessed work of God. They spoke all manner of evil against the Work, and the Instruments employed therein. They dispensed with two or three awakened Clergymen, tolerably

bly well. These were regularly ordained, Men of Learning ; Gentlemen, and Divines : but to see a Plowman, or an honest Mechanic stand up to preach the Gospel, it was insufferable. Hell was moved from beneath ; a council was called ; the edict came forth, and war commenced !

Laymen and Ecclesiastics joined heart and hand, to suppress these pestilent Fellows ; not with acts of kindness, scripture, or reason ; but invectives and lies, dirt, rotten eggs, brick-bats, stones, and cudgels : these were satan's arguments in vindication of his own cause. It was the common cry in town and country, " Press them for soldiers ; send them on board a man of war ; transport them ; beat them ; stone them ; send them to prison, or knock out their brains, and dispatch them at once, "*for there is no law for them.*" \*

Several of my fellow-sufferers had shared honest John Nelson's fate already, and I expected to be the next : they had their eyes on me : they daily pursued me as Saul did David : they waited for an opportunity to seize on the prey, but the hand of the Lord was with me, so I escaped ! He delivered me by various means, at sundry times, and often in a very remarkable manner.

Once in particular, as I was preaching at Wickham, to a quiet, attentive congregation, the Conitabie came with his attendants, to apprehend me ; they guarded the door, and stood with fierce impatience to seize me. When I had concluded, I stepped down, went through the midst of them, was conveyed through a window,

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and

\* This was a great mistake. There was law for us ; but we could not find a Magistrate who had courage or honesty enough to put it in force.

and went quietly home, leaving the peace-officer and his gentlemen, to end the dispute with loud words, hard blows, and bloody faces!

When I first set out to do all the good I could, without fee or reward, I did not foresee this violent storm. I began now to consider what latitude I was in, and whether it would not be a point of wisdom, to tack about, and steer for some quiet harbour.

There had been many things said and wrote against this New Way; especially, against those illiterate Preachers who so exceedingly disturbed the world. I found some doubts concerning my call to the work, and almost wished they might be well grounded, that I might, with a good conscience, desist from preaching.

I was therefore determined to examine myself, whether I had a right to preach: or whether I had rashly entered into a work that did not belong to me. One evening I went into a wood, by the side of Derwent-Water, much dejected. Clouds and darkness surrounded me, and my spirit was troubled within me: I said, my enemies are too strong for me; there are few on the Lord's side, but myriads against him: what shall I do? Alas! *My family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my Father's house.* I am a *worm* and no *man*. O my God! let me enjoy this sweet solitude, and see my friends and companions no more! Let me live as a hermit in this lonely desert, till my few days are ended; then shall my weary spirit be at rest.

I did not want ease, wealth, or honour; but to know, do, and suffer the will of my Lord and Master. I thought, if I have made a mistake, God will forgive me, and I will take shame to myself:

myself: I will desist from preaching, and live and die a private Christian. But if God hath called me to publish the gospel of his dear Son, I must bear a public testimony, and leave the event to him.

In the midst of these reflections, it occurred to my mind, what evidence is sufficient to satisfy me in this weighty matter? I only want a rational, scriptural evidence. Let me then enquire with prayer and fasting, what reason have I to believe that I am called to preach the gospel.

1. \* I have heard and believed the gospel, and found it to be the power of God to the salvation of my own soul; and I believe it to be the powerful means which God hath appointed to reclaim, and save lost sinners. 2. † I believe all power is given to Jesus Christ in heaven and in earth, therefore he alone hath power and authority to call, qualify, and thrust out labourers into his own harvest. Hence I learn, that this power cannot be acquired by human art or learning, or ‡ purchased with gold or silver. 3. || I believe, those who are called and put into this work by Him, shall turn sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of satan to God. 4. I have a rational conviction § that God hath committed unto me the word of Reconciliation: ¶ I have this treasure in an earthen vessel, in a feeble, mortal body; that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of man. I find by daily experience, \*\* *we are not sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency*

\* Rom. i. 16.

† Mat. xxviii. 18.

‡ Acts viii. 20.

|| Acts xxvi. 18.

§ 2 Cor. v. 8.

¶ 2 Cor. iv. 7.

\*\* Ibid. iii. 5.

*sufficiency is of God.* 5. According to this conviction, I have preached the gospel to sinners dead in sin, and they have been awakened and converted to God. Children of the devil are become children of God, and heirs of eternal life.

Having considered these things, I concluded my call to preach the gospel was consistent with scripture, reason, and experience. I was filled with joy: I said, "I have now the countenance of my God; the hands of his dear Son, the bishop of my soul, laid upon me; the approbation of the three Presbyters sent by him; the prayers of his dear people; the testimony of a good conscience, and the pleasure of seeing Sion prosper. I therefore pray earnestly that God may incline, persuade, and sweetly influence my heart, and open my mouth by his holy Spirit, to dispense the word of truth to a world of perishing sinners. This I desire to do continually, in season and out of season, according to the ability he hath given me." My drooping spirit now revived. The fear of men and devils departed from me, and I set out with double courage. I could say, *Jehovah is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? Jehovah is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?* Then the word of the Lord came unto me saying, *Cry aloud and spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.* My heart replied, *For Sion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake, I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.* The Lord was with me night and day: his threatenings passed over me; his promises comforted me, and his precepts were my delight. I could say,

To me, with thy dear Name is given,  
Pardon, and holiness and heaven.

In the year 1744, I taught a school at Barlow, in the parish of Ryton. My time was employed six days in teaching the children under my care, the branches of learning I professed, and the first principles of Christianity.

I spent every Sabbath, and all my vacant hours, in preaching, reading, praying, visiting the sick, and conversing with all that Providence put in my way. God was with me, and blessed my weak labours. Sinners were converted, believers multiplied, and my soul rejoiced in God my Saviour.

But satan did not like this work : therefore he stirred up the Rector of Ryton and his Curate, with those under their influence, to prevent me. They gave me first hard words, and then hard blows.

In a little time I was summoned to appear in the spiritual Court at Durham, to answer for my conduct. I did not know what I had done. But was soon informed, that I was impeached for teaching a school without licence ; and what was still worse, for calling sinners to repentance ; and warning the wicked to flee from the wrath to come : (an offence that cannot be overlooked by men who know not God !) but God raised me up friends, who stood by me, and defended my cause against all my adversaries.

After this troublesome affair was ended, I met with a trial of another kind. Before I was awakened, I was deeply in love with one Jane Richardson, a farmer's daughter, and an agreeable young woman. She was my first love : and had laid



laid fast hold on my youthful heart. She had every accomplishment I wanted, but religion ! Alas ! she was unacquainted with God. This was a bar indeed ! I found a desire to break off all correspondence with her ; but was afraid she could not bear it. I was greatly troubled, and prayed for divine direction. God was pleased to hear, and grant my request. She was soon awakened, and found peace with God. All objections being removed, on May the 28th, 1745, we were joined together in Ryton Church. She was a loving wife, a faithful friend, and a very agreeable companion. She made my joys and sorrows her own. We worshiped God in spirit and truth, and rejoiced in the Son of his love.

The same evening I preached at the Low-Spenn. The Lord was with us, and we praised his name together. We lived a few months with my wife's friends at the Smeals near Derwent, in a most loving, agreeable manner. God made us of one heart and mind, and united our souls together, by one spirit, in humble love.

In the year 1746, I removed from Barlow, to the Preaching-House at Sheephill. I received the Preachers, and my other religious Friends, with much pleasure. My heart was open ; my door was open ; and my little table free for strangers. I gave up my soul, body, and substance to my adorable Saviour, and grieved I had no more to give.

I commonly preached, or met a Class every evening, after I had dismissed my scholars. I preached twice or thrice, and often four times every Sabbath-day. When I had a day or two to spare from my present vocation, I visited Newcastle,

castle, Sunderland, Durham, and many other Towns and Villages, ten, twenty, or thirty miles round. Herein I met with much opposition, and was frequently in great jeopardy. Indeed I did not much regard a little dirt, a few rotten eggs, the sound of a cow's horn, the noise of bells, or a few snow-balls in their season ; but sometimes I was saluted with blows, stones, brick-bats and bludgeons. These I did not well like ; they were not pleasing to flesh and blood.

I sometimes lost a little skin, and once \* a little blood, which was drawn from my forehead with a sharp stone. I wore a patch a few days, and was not ashamed : I gloried in the cross. And when my small sufferings abounded for the sake of Christ, my comfort abounded much more. I never was more happy in my own soul, or more blessed in my labours.

The latter end of July 1747, I had a call to visit Cornwood, and met with a kind reception. I preached several times among the people called Quakers ; I hope good was done.

On my return, I had an invitation to preach at Allendale-Town. A great congregation attended, who behaved well, and heard the word gladly. The latter end of December, I visited Allendale again. A glorious work broke out. The Lord stretched out his hand to save sinners. Mr. Topping, Minister of that place, used all his art, power, and influence, to stop it : but he could do nothing : his strength was perfect weakness against the Lord.

I went from town to town, and from house to house, singing, praying, and preaching the word,

\* It was at Sunderland, in the midst of an outrageous mob of Sailors.

word, and great multitudes followed from place to place, weeping and seeking him that was crucified. Great numbers were awakened, and found peace with God, through the Blood of the Lamb. I have frequently seen a whole congregation melted into tears, and bowed down before the Lord, as the heart of one man: especially once, when I was preaching in Mr. Lowe's old barn, at Dod-Bank, the Lord manifested his great power. He wrought for the glory of his own Name, and I stood still, and looked on, with loving fear, and wonder.

In the year 1748, I gave up my school at Sheephill, and every thing that was comfortable and convenient, and removed to Hindley-hill, in Allendale. I lodged with honest James Broadwood, and was as one of his family. The presence of the Lord dwelt in his house, and we lived in peace and unity. I formed a society at Hindley-hill, another at Westallen; one at Alesdon, and one at Ninthead: the Lord was among them of a truth. I had now work enough, and God's blessing on my labour. In the latter end of this year I visited Weardale. Some of the brethren attended me from Allendale.

It was in a storm of snow that we crossed the Quagmires, and enormous mountains. When we came into the Dales, we met with a very cold reception. The enemy had barricadoed the place, and made his bulwarks strong. But the Lord made way for his truth. He opened the heart of a poor Scotch shepherd to receive us into his little thatched cabin, where we lodged all night.

The next day I preached under the walls of an old castle. A few children, and two or three old women attended, who looked hard at us.

When

When I had done, we followed them into their houses, and talked freely to them in their own language, about the kingdom of God. They heard and obeyed the gospel. The next evening, I had a large congregation who heard with much attention, and received the word gladly. Sometime after, I preached in private houses, ale-houses, cock-pits, or wherever I could find a door open. The fire then spread from heart to heart, and God was glorified.

This was the beginning of a good work in Weardale, which has continued, and encreased to this day.

The spring following, in the year 1749, I begun teaching a school, near Hindley-hill. But the work of God so increased in my hands, that I could not properly attend it; therefore, in the latter end of the year, I gave it up, with all other secular employments, and cast myself on the bounty of my Lord and Master.

My little substance soon failed, and I saw nothing before me but beggary, and great affliction. Sometimes I was carried above all earthly objects, and had a comfortable view of the heavenly country. At other times I was much depressed, and could see nothing but poverty and distress.

I well remember, once on the top of a cold mountain, in a violent storm of snow, when the congealed flakes covered me with a white mantle, satan assaulted me, and pushed me hard to return to my school, or some other business to procure bread. I staggered through unbelief, and almost yielded to the tempter.

But as the attack was sudden, so the battle was soon over. The Lord sent these words to my  
1 heart

heart like lightning, *When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing, Lord, Luke xxii. 35.* I answered with a loud voice, "*Nothing, Lord, nothing Lord:*" all my doubts and fears vanished in a moment, and I went on my way rejoicing!

Constrain'd to cry by love divine,  
My God, thou art for ever mine!

Since that time I have been richly supplied with all good things. This day I am full. I have all, and abound; praise God, and the Lamb for ever!

The work now begun to spread in the Dales, Hexamshire, North-Tyne, and soon reached Whitehaven.

And now God raised up many Preachers: men eminent both for gifts and graces. Some of them continue local, and some are itinerant Preachers to this day. The latter end of the year 1749,\* I left the Dales, and the dear children God had given me. I rode to the Smeals, where I parted with my dear wife and friends, with melting hearts, and many tears.

In those days we had no provision made for Preachers' wives, no funds, no stewards. He that had a staff, might take it, go without, or stay at home.

I then set out for Bristol. I called at Chester, Durham, Stockton, Thirsk, and Knaresborough, and found the Lord in every place. I spent a few days at Leeds. Here God opened my mouth to speak his word, and I hope good was done.

I preached

\* From this period, I shall only give a short sketch of my Travels, and now and then mention a small incident.

I preached at Birstal, on the top of the hill before the foundation of the preaching-house was laid. Large congregations attended, and the power of the Lord was present to heal. I rode on to Halifax, and found their little Society at Skircfat-Green. God gave us a blessing. I then rode to Rochdale and preached in the evening, at the widow Whittaker's, to as many as the house could contain. They were turbulent enough, but we were not afraid; for God was with us. Next day I rode to Manchester, and preached that evening in a little garret by the river side. The congregation multiplied every meeting. On the Sabbath-day, the old place would not contain them. The multitude was impatient to hear. The old wooden house shook under us, and put the congregation in confusion. Many trembled, and some believed. The next evening they procured me an Anabaptist meeting-house. The place was crowded. They heard with attention. Many were awakened, and joined themselves to seek and worship God. They immediately bought a piece of ground, and laid the foundation of their first Preaching-house, which is now their dwelling-house. I rode through Cheshire, and joined a society at Alpraham, and another at Pool. It was an humbling time among the opulent farmers: the murrain raging amongst their cattle. They buried them in the open fields. Their graves were a solemn scene. The hand of the Lord was on the land. I visited the suburbs of Chester. God begun a good work then, which has increased and continued to this day. I preached at Birmingham, Evesham, Stroud, and Kingswood, and then rode to

I 2

Bristol,

Bristol, where I spent a few days: and I hope not in vain.

March, 20, 1750, I set out with Mr. Wesley, for Ireland. We crossed the New Passage into Wales, and reached Cardiff before night.

21. We rode to Brecknock through heavy rain. Mr. Wesley's mare fell twice and threw him over her head, but without any hurt to man or beast.

22. We rode to Builth. A congregation waited for Howell Harris, but he did not come at the time appointed; so at their request, Mr. Wesley preached. I then spoke a few words. It was a time of love. The Welsh brethren rejoiced in the Lord. We then rode to Machynieth, and then to Dolgelly, wet and weary enough.

24. We rode to Dannabull. It rained incessantly all the way. Our horses were tired, and we were ready to faint, but God was our strength, and we rejoiced in our little toil.

25. We rode to Baidon-Ferry. Mr. Jenkin Morgan came to the water side, crossed over with us into the Isle of Anglesey, and then conducted us to his house, half-way between the Ferry and Holy-Head.

Sunday 26, Mr. Wesley preached at Howell Thomas's, in Trefollwin parish. In the afternoon at William Pritchard's. The people understood no English, but their looks, sighs and gestures shewed, God was speaking to their hearts!

We then went to lodge with one Mr. Holiday, an Excise-man, who lived in a quiet solitary place, where no human voice was heard, but those of the family.

Wednesday

Wednesday 29, We rode to Holy-Head, and sent back our horses with John Jane, who had travelled from Bristol to the Head, with three shillings, and had one penny left. About eleven o'clock we went on board. As soon as we sailed, we had wind and rain enough without, and a violent storm in the ship. Mr. Griffith, of Carnarvonshire, a clumsy hard-faced man, saluted us with a volley of ribaldry, obscenity, and blasphemy; but God stopped his mouth, and he was confounded.

Thursday 30, We wrought our way four leagues towards Ireland, but we were driven back in the afternoon to the mouth of the harbour. The wind then shifted two points, and we ventured out again; by midnight we were got half-way over; but the wind turning full against us, and blowing hard, soon brought us back into the Bay again. Mr. Wesley preached that evening on the story of Dives and Lazarus, to a room full of men daubed with gold and silver; but they were soon satisfied with it, and went away murmuring. After they were gone, we had a comfortable meeting with a few plain Welchmen.

Saturday 31, We were determined to wait one week longer, if the wind did not serve before. Mr. Wesley preached in the evening. Captain Griffith, with his dear Gentlemen, made noise enough; but our God delivered us.

April 1, We returned to Mr. Holiday's, called at William Pritchard's, then went to Llanerell Ymadd; but the sons of Belial would not suffer us to enter the place.

Thursday 5, Mr. Wesley preached near the  
I 3 town,



town, to a few precious souls, who heard and obeyed the word.

Friday 6, The wind came fair, so we rode to Holy-Head early in the morning, embarked with a fair wind, and in the evening landed at Dublin. I spent a few days in that city, and I hope not in vain. I then visited Portarlington, Edenderry, Mountmellick, Tyrrelspass, Athlone, Birr, and Aughrim, and found the Lord was with me in every place. I had great crosses, but greater comforts. I then rode to Dublin, and spent a few days there with much satisfaction.

July 22, I embarked with Mr. Wesley for England. We sailed about ten in the morning, and in the afternoon came to anchor.

Monday 23, We had a vehement squall of wind, thunder, and lightning between the Welsh Sands, and the rocky shore of Lundy. We cried to the Lord in our trouble, and he delivered us out of our distress.

Tuesday 24, The wind was contrary. It blew a storm. The seas ran mountain-high. We were tossed in a narrow Channel, full of shoals, rocks, and sands. We prayed for help; our God heard, and brought us safe to Pill.

The next day I came to Bristol, where I spent a few days with pleasure, and then set out for Newcastle-upon-Tyne. I visited the Societies in my way, and they refreshed me in the love of Jesus.

I spent a few weeks at, and about Newcastle. My dear friends were glad to see me. We rejoiced together. I then set out for Whitehaven, where I had a good season. The Lord crowned my weak labours with success. About the latter end of the year I left Whitehaven, rode to Cocker-  
ermouth,

ermouth, then to Penrith, and the next day came to Hindley-Hill. I took a fever in my journey, but rode on to Newlands, where I took my bed. My dear wife met me with joy, and grief. She soon caught the disorder, and we continued sick for many weeks.

We lodged with Mr. George Hunter, a friendly man. God richly provided all things for us. He blessed us in our sickness, and restored us to health. Praised be his dear name for ever !

In the Spring, 1751, I set out for Bristol. I met with honest John Nelson at Leeds. We rode on together with some other Preachers. We spoke freely to all that Providence put in our way, and God blessed our labours. We rode through heavy rains, and rapid floods ; but the Lord preserved both man and beast, and brought us to our journey's end in peace.

Monday, March 11, Our Conference begun at Bristol. The more we conversed, the more our love increased to God and one another. We kept to our first Doctrines, and were of one heart and one mind.

I then returned to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, visiting the brethren in my way. I preached every evening at seven, and every morning at five o'clock, and often at noon-day ; the common work of a Methodist Preacher.

Monday, April 22, I set out with Mr. Wesley for Scotland. We rode to Alnwick. Our friends received us with joy. We praised God together.

Wednesday, 23, We rode to Berwick. Mr. Wesley preached at a young man's funeral who had been cut off suddenly. It was a solemn time. Many heard for eternity.

Thursday,

Thursday, 24, We rode to Old Camus, through a Scotch mist. We rode past Preston Field, saw the place of battle, and Colonel Gardiner's house. Here that good man, and brave soldier, fought and died for his King and Country. We then rode on to Musselborough, where Mr. Wesley preached in a large school, to a company of wise men, so called.

Friday 26th, We rode back to Berwick. I left Mr. Wesley, and the week following returned to Musselborough, where I spent a few days. I preached night and morning, to a large congregation, who heard with great attention. This was the beginning of a good work in Scotland. Some years after, I preached at Edinburgh, Dunbar, Leith, Dundee, and Aberdeen. God blessed his word, and raised up witnesses to testify that he had sent us to the North Britons also.

In 1752, I set out with my wife for Whitehaven, where I spent a few days with pleasure and profit to myself and others. We then embarked for Ireland, and after a tedious voyage landed at Dublin. I spent a few weeks in that city, and then rode to Cork, where I spent the winter with joy, and sorrow. We had warm work in that city for a long time: but the word of the Lord prevailed, and silenced the enemy.

In the spring I returned to Dublin, and met my wife and friends, who had just escaped the fire of a very hot persecution. This year I had many blessings and crosses, both by sea and land.

I'll praise my God with ev'ry breath,

O! let me die to see thy day!

Now snatch me from this life of death,

O! come my Saviour, come away!

In the year 1753, I left Dublin and embarked for England. We landed at Whitehaven. I first visited the Dales, then rode to Newcastle, and the Lord was with us of a truth.

In the year 1754, I embarked at North Shields for London. May 22, our Conference begun. It was a time of love.

In June I embarked for Newcastle. I had a quick and pleasant passage. I preached to the ship's company, who heard the word with joy. I landed at Shields, and then came to the Orphan-house, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where we praised God and the Lamb, with one heart and voice, for mercies we had received.

May 6, 1755, Our Conference begun at Leeds. The first question was, Whether we ought to separate from the Church of England? After many deep and serious conversations, we concluded that it was not expedient for many reasons.

I then set out again for Newcastle-upon-Tyne. As I was passing through Chapel-Town, I got a dreadful fall from my horse. My foot was much hurt, but all my bones were preserved: glory be to God and the Lamb! I rode with much pain to Newcastle, but enjoyed great peace and a calm resignation to the divine will. This I believe was a gracious dispensation, and was sent to humble me, and prepare me for a greater trial.

August 15, My dear wife took a fever. She had great pain, and heavy affliction for about ten days, together with many violent temptations. But she enjoyed perfect peace, and was fully resigned to the will of her heavenly Father. At last she triumphed over death, and without a doubt,

doubt, a sigh, or a groan, breathed out her happy soul into the arms of her adorable Redeemer!

On the 28th, Mr. Massiot preached her funeral sermon, to a very large congregation of true mourners. The same evening she was interred, amongst her ancestors, in Ryton church. She was an agreeable affectionate wife, a constant friend, and a pious, humble christian. She is now in paradise, and I am left to mourn.

O may our heart and mind  
Continually ascend  
That haven of repose to find  
Where all our labours end;  
Where all our grief is o'er,  
Our suff'rings and our pain:  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.

In July 1756, I set out for Bristol. Our Conference begun August 26th. It was a good season.

September 15, I once more embarked for Ireland, with Mr. Murlin, Olivers, Gilbert, and Massiot: on the 19th we were within sight of land, and being well satisfied with a tedious and dangerous passage, we left the ship, and got into a fishing boat, and after rowing very hard for some hours, landed at Robertson's Cove, about twenty miles from Cork. We were poor strangers now in a strange land, among a people of a strange language! There was not one inn, or private house in the little village, that could give us a night's-lodging. It was a gloomy time. The day was gone, and we stood looking one at another

another like a company of poor prisoners. In these circumstances God sent us an honest farmer, who was a papist, and he took us home to his house in the country, and shewed us great kindness. We lodged that night in the midst of our enemies: but the Lord suffered no man to hurt us. The next morning our kind host provided us horses, and sent a servant to conduct us safe to Cork.

Here we met with a kind reception. Our friends rejoiced with us, and praised God for all our deliverances. I lodged with old Mr. Massiot, who kept a house too well provided for pilgrims. I spent a few days in that city, preached night and morning, and visited the brethren from house to house. I hope good was done.

I then set out for Dublin, where I spent my winter with pleasure and profit.

The spring following I returned to Cork, where I spent about two months. I found much satisfaction, but not without temptations. I met with reproaches, and many cruel mockings, but found That spirit resting upon me, which gave me victory over reproach and shame.

I then rode to Limerick, where I spent a few weeks. I met with some severe trials in that city; but God delivered me. I then set out for Dublin. I found my body and mind very weak, yet not without many kind visits from my dear Lord.

In Autumn I took a sore fever. Doctor Ratty, that venerable and wise Physician, attended me faithfully, without fee or reward. He thought my labours under the sun were ended. I bid farewell to the world. I was kept in perfect peace, patient and resigned to the will of my heavenly

heavenly Father. I had comfortable and clear views of paradise, and a world of happy spirits. When to all appearance I was just on the brink of eternity, I fell into a sweet rest, and dreamt I was dead, and saw all things prepared for my funeral, and that my spirit was with Christ, in a state of unspeakable happiness; but was sent back again to call a few more sinners to repentance.

I then awoke, my fever was gone, and from that moment I began to recover. My strength of body soon returned, and the Lord sent me forth with a fresh commission.

I laboured in Ireland, till July, 1758, and then embarked for England, with Mr. Johnson, Greenwood and Gilberts. We had a fine gale, and soon landed at Parkgate. I then rode to Bristol. Our Conference begun Aug. 10. It was a good season. God crowned our meeting with love and unanimity.

The latter end of September I arrived once more at the Orphan-House without Pilgrim-Street-Gate, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. My good old friends were glad to see me, and received me as one raised from the dead.

In the latter end of this year I had some thoughts of changing my life again. I prayed for divine direction, and took the advice of some of my dear friends. One who loved me, and wished me well, recommended to me an agreeable person of a fair character, and on April 17, 1759, we were married at St. Andrew's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. God made his face to shine upon us and blessed us, and amply rewarded me for all my days of mourning. He doubly restored to me all spiritual and temporal blessings. This was a day of prosperity, therefore I thought it a day of great danger.

I was

I was now favoured with an agreeable, loving companion, a good house, a pleasant situation, and all things to make life easy and comfortable. I must confess I found a desire to settle, but not to leave my dear Master's work. I begun a little business, and had now a fair opportunity to step into the world: but my dear Lord would not suffer me. He shewed me that his good work would bring me far more gain in the end than all the shops in Newcastle. So I set out for the North, and preached at Placy, Morpeth, Alnwick, Berwick, Dundee, Musselborough, Leith, New and Old Aberdeen, Peterhead, and then returned, to Newcastle the same way.

I then set out for London Conference, visited Canterbury and Dover, returned to London, and then rode back to Newcastle. In all these journeys found the Lord with me, and gave his word success.

In the year 1760, I again visited Scotland. The work of the Lord prospered in our hands. Sinners were converted, mourners comforted, and the saints built up in their most holy faith. We had now a fair prospect of a great harvest in North-Britain, till men of corrupt minds stirred up the spirit of vain controversy; we then spent our time and strength about the meaning of words, instead of promoting the fear and love of God. My soul was troubled, and my spirit grieved within me, to see so many precious souls turned out of the way of holiness and happiness, by noisy disputes, and foolish jangling. These men will blush in the last day who have done this great evil. Let me live with men of peace, who love God and their brethren, and enjoy the life of religion in their own souls.



April 28, 1761, Mr. Wesley came to Edinburgh, and the Lord gave his word success. Sinners heard with attention, and the faints rejoiced in God their Saviour.

I visited Dundee, and Aberdeen, returned to Edinburgh, and from thence to Newcastle upon-Tyne, where God blessed his own word. I then set out with Mr. Wesley and several of the brethren for Durham. Mr. Wesley preached in a green field, by the river side, to a very large auditory. One poor man was favoured with a stone, and lost a little blood ; but in the general, they behaved tolerably well. I preached in the evening, in the same field, to a large congregation. A gentleman, so called, employed a base man to strip himself naked, and swim through the river to disturb the hearers ; but a good woman soon hissed him off the stage, so he was glad to return by the way he came, with much disgrace. Mr. John Greenwood informed me afterwards, that the very gentleman who encouraged the poor wretch above mentioned, was sometime after found drowned in the same river. O God, thy judgments are unsearchable, and thy ways past finding out !

In August I left Newcastle, and set out with my wife for London. It was a disagreeable, journey, but God blessed and preserved us from all evil. Sept. 1, Our Conference begun. On the 22d, King George the Third was crowned. Royalty was conspicuously displayed, and the glory of this present world set forth in all its splendour. But kings must die, and then all their glory shall vanish away.

Thence we set out for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where I spent my winter.

The

The latter end of July 1762, we left Newcastle, and set out for Leeds. Aug. 9, our Conference begun. I was stationed in that Circuit. In July 1763, I set out for London. Our Conference begun and ended in love. I then set out for Scotland. I spent my winter in Edinburgh, Dunbar and Berwick. We lived in a little dark room at Edinburgh, encompassed round with old black walls, disagreeable enough : but we had a good season, many poor sinners were converted to God. We saw the fruit of our labours and rejoiced. My dear Edinburgh friends were very kind, especially Lady Gardiner, that good old saint, who is now with Jesus in paradise. Praise God for all his mercies !

In the year 1764, I continued labouring in Scotland. On June 1, I set out with Mr. Wesley, and my wife for Aberdeen. We had a pleasant and profitable journey. This summer we laid the foundation of our Octagon at Aberdeen. The Lord gave me success. Many precious souls were awakened, and added to the general Assembly and Church of the First-born, which are enrolled in heaven.

Nov. 13, We set out for Edinburgh, and rode to Dundee. The 15th, we rode to Kinghorn, and the next morning crossed the Firth, and took the stage to Edinburgh. Our friends received us with joy, and we praised God together.

In the year 1765, we laid the foundation of our Octagon, at Edinburgh. I met with much opposition, and many discouragements, but the Lord was on my side, and helped me. I collected all I could, gave all I could spare, and borrowed above three hundred pounds to carry on and complete that building.

I preached on the Foundation one Sabbath-day to a large congregation. The power of the Lord was present to heal, and many rejoiced to see that day. I preached every Lord's-day on the Calton-hill, a large Golgotha! a place of a Scull! By preaching so often in the cold air, to very large auditories, with other difficulties and hard labours, I laid the foundation of a very dangerous disorder in my bowels, which baffled all the skill of Physicians, and the virtue of medicine, for more than three years. But I could say,

Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heav'n will recompense our pains:  
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,  
Since firm the word of God remains.

In July I set out for England. I spent a few days at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and then rode to Manchester. Our Conference begun the 20th of August and ended the 23d. God refreshed us. I visited the brethren, and then set out for the North.

In October Mr. Alexander Coats died at the Orphan-House, in perfect peace. I saw him fall asleep in the arms of our adorable Saviour, without a doubt. Farewel my brother for a season! but we shall meet again to part no more.

In the year 1766, I laboured in Newcastle Circuit, but was very much indisposed. I was just worn out. My bodily strength failed. I was on the verge of eternity. But blessed be God, I enjoyed great tranquility of mind, and very good spirits.

Accepting my pain,  
I no longer complain,  
But wait till at last I the haven obtain:

Titt

Till the storms are all o'er,  
And afflicted no more,  
On a plank of the ship I escape to the shore.

Feb. 20, That old saint, Henry Jackson, died full of love, being ninety-nine years and five months old. Let me die his death.

Aug. 12, Our Conference begun at Leeds. We enjoyed a solemn sense of the presence of God. We met, and parted in love. I then rode to Newcastle, and spent a few months in that Circuit. My disorder continued, but I could say, "When I am weak, then I am strong."

In July 1767, I set out for London. God was with me, and gave me a will and power to preach his word.—Aug. 18, our Conference begun. Dear Mr. Whitefield, and honest Howel Harris attended. All was love; all was harmony: it was a Pentecost indeed!

In the beginning of Sept. 1768, I left Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and set out with my wife for Birstal, in Yorkshire. The Lord brought us to our journey's end in peace. We met with a hearty welcome. Our friends rejoiced with us, and we praised God together.

On Tuesday, Aug. 1, 1769, Our Conference begun at Leeds. The Spirit of God rested upon us, and made us of one mind and judgment.

In the latter end of July, 1770, I rode to London. Our Conference begun August the 7th. The Lord presided over us, and made it a time of love. I then set out for Birstal, where I had laboured two years with great satisfaction, and I hope with some success.

August 26, I took my leave of my dear Birstal friends, and rode with my wife to Bradforth in

Yorkshire. We met with a loving reception. I laboured this year with much comfort. I hope good was done.

In the year 1771, the Calvinists proclaimed open war against the Remonstrants. In August, several of them met at our Conference in Bristol: but their strength failed. They could do nothing. For truth is great, and will prevail.

The two following years I laboured in Newcastle Circuit, among my dear friends and countrymen, whom I love for the truth's sake. Great things hath the Lord done in that part of his vineyard.

In the year 1774, I was appointed at the Bristol Conference for Liverpool circuit. I took my leave of my dear Newcastle friends with much reluctance, and set out with my wife for Lancashire. Sept. 26, we reached Bolton in the Moors, where we met with a friendly reception. We lodged with honest George Eskrick. The presence of the Lord dwelt with us, and we enjoyed great peace.

In the year 1775, I removed to Liverpool, where I spent a few months with pleasure, and profit: I found much love both to the place and people. They bore with my bodily weakness, and refreshed me in the Lord.

In July 1776, I left Bolton, and set out for London. Our Conference begun the first Tuesday in August. The shout of a King was in the midst of us, and we praised God together for all that he had done. I spent a few days in that great city; preached the word, visited a few dear Christian friends, and then set out for Manchester.

November

November 7, I set out once more for Ireland. The 8th, I reached Conway; the 9th, Holy-Head; the 10th, I embarked, and after a dangerous passage, landed that evening in Dublin. I preached every evening at Wood-Street, to a large auditory. God blessed his word, and gave me success. I visited a few poor Backsliders, who were glad to see the face of an old friend. May God restore them for Christ's sake! Monday the 24th, I embarked for England. 25th, landed at the Head, and took the Stage to Conway—26th, I came to Chester, and the 28th to Manchester; where my wife and friends received me with great joy. We praised God for trials and blessings.

In the latter end of July, 1777, I set out for Bristol. I visited the principal Societies in my way, and God gave me strength of body and peace of mind. Our Conference begun the first Tuesday in August. We had a good season. Love to God and man crowned our meeting. I then rode to Manchester, and spent a few days with my old friends. I published the word of salvation in Salford, on the Sabbath-day, to a large congregation. Some of our mistaken churchmen presented the fire-engine: but their strength failed; they could do nothing. This vain attempt seemed to be the last effort of a conquered enemy. I then set out for Bradforth in Yorkshire, where I spent an agreeable year with Mr. Benson, and my dear friends. I hope our weak labours were made a blessing to many.

In the year 1778, Our Conference begun at Leeds, the first Tuesday in August. I was stationed another year, with Mr. Murlin and Johnson,

son, in Bradforth Circuit. We laboured together in love. God was with us, and gave us success.

In the year 1779, I was appointed at our London Conference, for Coln Circuit in Lancashire.

August 25, I took my leave of our dear friends at Bradforth, and set out with my wife for Coln. I met with many agreeable, and some disagreeable things. The grand enemy had wounded many, who, I hope, are now healed again. We have had a severe winter, many crosses and trials, and many blessings. The Lord hath owned our weak labours, and given us a little success. The last time I visited the Classes in this Circuit, we added thirty-eight to our number, twenty-three to the Church of the living God, who had found remission of sins through the Blood of our adorable Saviour. Nine have died in peace, and are now with the spirits of just men made perfect, in the paradise of God.

I can say but little, about the controversy between the Calvinian Brethren and the Arminians. I believe Christ tasted death for every man, but I do not love contention: I am no disputant: I therefore leave polemical Divinity to men of learning, abilities, and experience. I can only say, I have been greatly humbled for my sin. I know in whom I have believed. I know God is Love. I know it by experience. He hath loved me, and given his Son for me. I have peace with God, through Faith in the Blood of Christ. I am at peace with all the saints, with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. I desire to follow after peace with all men. I hate sin, and by the grace of God I overcome it. I love holiness, the whole mind that was in Christ, and  
I pursue

I pursue it. By all means I follow on, if I may apprehend that, for which I was also apprehended of Christ Jesus. I aim at, wish, and pray for all that grace, glory, and immortality promised by the Father, and procured by the Son of his Love. This I call Bible-Religion, genuine Christianity, and this Religion I call mine.

This I desire to recommend to all men, by preaching his Word in the pulpit, in the house, and in the way; in season and out of season, according to my ability.

Without this Religion, all names, notions, and forms, among all Sects and Parties, are but mere parade and idle shew. Without Repentance, without Faith in the Blood of Christ, without holiness of heart and life, without love to God and man, all is nothing. Let all men consider this well, and pray for, and seek after this one thing needful, that they may be saved from sin in this life, and from hell in the great day of the Lord Jesus!

*Deary Cont<sup>d</sup> n. of abt 8 pages  
more*



## A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

*By Mr. Atmore.*

**M**R. HOPPER continued to make some brief remarks concerning his preaching, till September 14th, from which time he wrote no more in his diary: but as there appears nothing very interesting or important I have omitted them.

The following hints respecting the close of his valuable life, I received from Mrs. Hopper, his niece, and his faithful friend George Eskrick.

About sixteen years ago, Mr. Hopper erected a house adjoining the Chapel at Bolton le-Moors, where from that time Mrs. Hopper and his family resided. Mr. Hopper continued his itinerant labours in the neighbouring circuits till the Conference 1790; when finding the infirmities of old age increasing, and being no longer capable of "doing the work of an evangelist," he desisted, and from that period his labours were principally confined to Bolton; though he generally paid an annual visit to his friends in Yorkshire, and the adjacent circuits.

Thus he continued to spend the remainder of his strength, in that blessed work, in which he had given indubitable proof, that his whole heart had been for many years engaged.

He preached very frequently in *Bolton*; and his discourses were generally such as afforded pleasure, instruction, and profit to his hearers—  
a divine

a divine influence was manifestly in them, and they were often accompanied with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

His last sermon, preached about a week before his confinement, from John xvi. 33. "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world," was attended with a peculiar blessing to many, and it was observed that he seemed to preach with an uncommon degree of energy and power.

In the beginning of December 1801, while cutting a loaf of bread, his arms suddenly fell, and it was supposed that he had dislocated his shoulder. His pain was very excruciating, and from that time he was confined to the house, and his health gradually declined. He had also another complaint of a very painful nature, supposed to have been the effects of his incessant labours and sufferings, in the early part of his ministerial life. This, in conjunction with the violent pain in his arm and shoulder, caused him to consume away like a garment fretted by the moth, and he was for some weeks before his death reduced almost to a skeleton. In the beginning of February he was confined to his room, and soon after to his bed. His pains and sufferings were very severe, but he bore them with invincible patience and christian fortitude. He would sometimes feelingly exclaim, "Lord Jesus, pity a poor sufferer;" but would instantly say, "It is all right—It is all right——It will soon be over——His will be done." The enemy of his soul was never permitted in the least to disturb him—nor once to approach his dwelling: So that it appeared, as he himself said to me, he had quitted the field. His old faithful friend *George Esrick,*

*Esrick*, sat up with him every second night, and sometimes two nights together, and was a witness of his extreme sufferings, and his holy resignation to the will of his heavenly Father.

The last day or two, he lay quite composed ; he spoke very little, but was frequently engaged in earnest, fervent prayer—often saying, “ Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.” He was soon answered to the full and everlasting joy of his soul : and on Friday evening March 5th, 1802, about seven o’clock, did this venerable Saint, and eminent Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, enter into his Master’s joy.

He had given particular directions concerning his funeral, and agreeable to his own request, his remains were deposited in a new vault, on a spot of ground he himself had pointed out when in perfect health, in the New Church Yard in Bolton. His funeral was attended by many hundreds of his friends, and the inhabitants of the Town, and its vicinity—and his body was committed to the earth, “ in sure and certain hope of a glorious and triumphant resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

From the preceding Memoir it appears that Mr. *Hopper* was a steady follower of Christ for upwards of *fifty-nine* years, and a faithful Preacher of the Gospel for about *fifty-seven*.

I do not mean to insinuate that he was without his failings, if he had, he had ceased to be *man* ; but I never heard that a single charge of immorality was ever preferred against him ; throughout the whole of his christian course, he preserved an uniform conduct and character.

He was a plain man, of good understanding, of some learning, and sound judgment—deeply  
experienced

experienced in the wiles of satan, and the dealings of God with the souls of men—a Scribe well instructed in the things of the kingdom—a workman who needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

His talents for the Ministry were very considerable; but he was altogether an *original*, and his *matter* and *method* were peculiar to himself. He was a *Boanerges*, a “son of thunder” to the careless sinner, whom he frequently made to tremble, while he forcibly preached the *terrors of the Lord*, and *warned him to flee from the wrath to come*. To him also the Lord had given the “tongue of the learned, and he knew well how to speak a word in season to him that was weary.” He was a “son of consolation” to the “mourners in Zion.” To these he proclaimed the Saviour of the world—the *Lamb-Jehovah* (as he used to term him) as the only foundation of their hope and confidence, for pardon, holiness and heaven. To the humble, faithful believer, he preached the *Lord that bought him*, as made of God unto him *wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption*: at the same time he “affirmed constantly, that they who had believed in God, should be careful to maintain good works.” Thus did this man of God, for upwards of half a century, *warn every man, and teach every man in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus*.

Few men that have appeared on the public theatre of the world for so many years, have preserved a more unblemished character, conducted themselves with greater propriety, or been more justly or generally, beloved and respected.

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His labours for a series of years, were very extensive and successful. He formed some of the first Societies in the North of England, visited Ireland several times, was the first Methodist Preacher who went into North Britain; and travelled through a great number of the Circuits in this kingdom, with honour to himself and profit to the people. He now rests from his labours, and his works will follow him.

*much more in 57*

## 98

SOME months ago a sketch of my Life was published in the Arminian Magazine. But as the nature of that work would not admit of a circumstantial account, I was obliged to omit many particulars, which may be useful to serious Readers. This consideration, together with the importunity of my friends, have induced me to enlarge the subject.

I was born in the parish of St. Stephen Brēn-  
well, in the county of Cornwall, about the be-  
ginning of August 1722. I was second son of  
Richard and Eliz. Murlin. I was sent to school  
when very young, where I was taught to read,  
and to say my catechism, &c. And, as my  
L 2 Father

Father feared God, he instructed his children in the principles of Religion, and caused us to attend the church on the Sabbath-day.

As I was their youngest child, they indulged me too much. The consequence was, self-will, and passion discovered themselves in me very soon. Sometimes I disobeyed my parents; and frequently quarrelled with my elder brother. I also swore and told lies; though not so frequently as many children did. But, notwithstanding this, even at this early period, I frequently had serious thoughts of God and eternity; but they soon wore off for want of more spiritual instruction.

As my Father was a farmer, I was employed in that business till I was near thirteen years of age. About this time he died; and I have reason to believe died in peace.

I was now desirous of learning the business of a Carpenter, and accordingly, at Michaelmas 1735, I was bound to one, for seven years. My master lived utterly without God in the world: he was much given to swearing, and taking God's name in vain; and I too readily followed his example. He had a little estate of his own, on which I was employed a great part of my time; and, as he did not well understand his business himself, I made but little progress therein.

At Michaelmas 1742, my apprenticeship ended. I then went to work with another master, where I continued several years, and made considerable progress both in my business and learning: applying myself in the day-time to my trade, and in the evenings to writing and accounts.

But

But all this time I was an enemy both to God and my own soul. Indeed at times I had convictions of sin, and some concern about my future state : but being surrounded by those who had no thought of God, and having no one to direct me, I quickly stifled my convictions and became worse than before. To cursing and swearing, I soon added gaming and drunkenness. Lord ! how great is thy mercy in sparing those who live in such rebellion against thee !

At this time my mother, who lived about seven miles off, heard the Methodists, who were instrumental in the hand of God in bringing her to the knowledge of the truth. After she had *tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come*, she wrestled with the Lord on my account, who in a short time heard and answered her to the joy of her heart.

When I left my place, I returned home, and began business for myself. I was then delivered from my old companions, and by that means, freed from many snares and temptations, which before I was exposed to.

February 1749, I heard the Methodists. The word was attended with *the demonstration of the spirit and with power*. By this means I was soon brought under deep conviction. The remembrance of my sins was now grievous to me ; and the burden of them was intolerable, My relations were sometimes afraid I should lose my reason. I fasted and prayed much, and often thought that a burnt crust was too good for such a wretch as me. *The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me, and his hand pressed me sore*. I frequently kneeled at my bedside, and wrestled with God in prayer till near midnight : and sometimes



I was afraid to lie down in bed lest I should awake in hell. At other times I fell on the ground and roared for the very disquietness of my heart. Sometimes I was forely tempted that the day of grace was past; and that, though I fought, I should never find mercy at the hand of God. I remember, one afternoon, satan was permitted to inject blasphemous thoughts into my mind to such a degree, that they greatly affected both my body and mind. I felt something of that distress which David mentions in the 116th psalm: "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul:" At other times, when I heard the Preachers speak of the love of Christ, and of his willingness to save poor lost sinners, it fixed my convictions the deeper, to think I should be such a rebel against so loving a Saviour. But, blessed be God! though my convictions were very deep, they did not continue long.

In April, I heard Mr. Downs preach on part of the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke. He told us how willing the Lord was to receive returning prodigals: under this sermon I found a great deliverance. My burden was taken away. And from that day, I never found that distress I felt before. But, as yet, I was not fully satisfied that my sins were forgiven.

After this I had a calm serenity in my soul, and often much peace and joy: but I wanted a clearer manifestation of the pardoning love of God. And this he was pleased to give me soon after, under the preaching of Mr. Richard Trahan. I could then indeed say, "O Lord, I will

will praise thee ! Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation : I will trust and not be afraid : for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation. And although, since then, I have met with sore trials, and sometimes have been brought very low ; yet I have never lost my confidence of the favour of God, and trust, I never shall.

Some time after this, Mr. William Roberts, (then the travelling Preacher in our Circuit,) told me, " You must take care of the little Class." I was struck with fear, and went out of the room, telling him, " I cannot undertake it." But he insisted on it ; and as the people desired I should, I at last complied, though with great reluctance ; for I thought there were some in the Class whose abilities were far superior to mine.

I then bought a large bible, with some other books, and applied myself to prayer and to reading the holy Scriptures. And it pleased God to open my understanding more and more, to see the wondrous things contained in his word.

About this time I was often beset by some disputatious Anabaptists, who endeavoured to prove unconditional Election. I generally stopt them short by asking, " Do you believe absolute Reprobation ? Do you think that the merciful God did, from all eternity, appoint the greatest part of the human race to eternal damnation, without any possibility of being saved ? If you believe that he appointed the end, do you not believe that he also appointed the means to bring them to it : and if so, do you not make him the author of all the sin that ever was committed ?" On  
their

their confessing that they did believe this, I told them I could not be of their minds for several reasons.

First, Because it would be unjust to appoint them to sin, and then to punish them with everlasting fire for fulfilling that appointment.

Secondly, Because it would impeach God's veracity, who has positively asserted, "that he will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth:" more especially, seeing he condescends to confirm this truth with an oath, swearing, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live."

Thirdly, Because if God intended that the greatest part of the human race should unavoidably suffer eternal torments, he would not have given his only begotten Son to die for them: according to these declarations; "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

Fourthly, Because if he had intended to send the greater part of his helpless creatures to hell, without a possibility of being saved, he would not have sent his Spirit to "convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come: much less would the grace of God that bringeth salvation have appeared to all men; teaching them, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, they should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ. When they  
found

found that they could not prevail, they went away and gave me no farther trouble.

After this I met my Class constantly, to whom I sometimes gave a word of exhortation, and never found myself more happy than when among the children of God.

There were at this time in the neighbourhood several local Preachers: but they had more places to preach at on a Sabbath-day than they could possibly supply. One of them, (Thomas Randall) came to me and said, "The people are starving for want of bread: and can you withhold it from them? The Lord has put it into your hand; but you are not a good steward: otherwise you would dispense to all, their portion of meat in due season." His words made a deep impression on my mind; for, before this, I had a conviction that it was my duty to call sinners to repentance. And though I put him off for the present, yet I could not shake off a continual fear, lest I was burying my talent in the earth; and should be condemned at last, as an unprofitable servant.

Some time after, preaching had been appointed at a neighbouring place; and no Preacher was at liberty to go. Word was sent to me, that if I did not go, the people would be disappointed. I was then in a strait, and knew not what to do. I prayed for direction, and then came to this resolution, "I will go this once, and see whether I am enabled to speak to the people or not; so shall I be better satisfied either to speak again, or to be silent." Accordingly I took my horse and set out with a trembling heart. When I came to the place there were more people than the house would contain: this obliged me to preach in the  
open

open air: when I stood up it was with much fear and trembling. However I gave out a hymn, and went to prayer, wherein I found unexpected liberty. I then read Acts iii. 19, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." The Lord set both my heart and tongue at liberty, to declare his word. The people heard not only with great attention; but showers of tears ran down many cheeks. The good impressions then made were not only deep, but lasting: for when I was in Cornwall, in July 1777, some well remembered what they had heard between twenty and thirty years before.

After this I laboured constantly as a local Preacher. And though my abilities were not large, yet God gave me favour in the eyes of the people: and it pleased him to make the plain words I spoke, a blessing to many souls.

At this time the world began to smile on me. Living with my Mother, my board cost me nothing: I got money fast at my business: and had a rich uncle who appeared to have a great regard for me: I had a good horse to ride where ever I pleased, and was happy in the midst of my christian friends. I also built me a house in the parish of St. Mewan, in order to fix my tabernacle there.

Just then I received a letter from Mr. Wesley, enquiring if I was willing to be a travelling Preacher? And if I was, desiring me to go into the West of Cornwall. I wrote back my objections: 1. That my aged Mother desired I would not leave her: 2. That not only my Relations, but my christian Friends were unwilling  
to

to part with me : and 3. That though I might be of some use among my neighbours, yet my abilities were not equal to so great a work. Mr. Wesley fully answered all my objections. I saw the things of this world, were not worthy to be compared with the things of God : and though my mother desired my company, she was not dependent on me ; neither could I find any material reason why I should not travel. So after a short struggle in my mind, I resolved to give up all for Christ : and, accordingly, October, 12, 1754, I took my horse, and without delay, went into the West of Cornwall. Here I laboured till August 1755, with much satisfaction ; and, I hope, the word was a blessing to many.

When the Preachers who were appointed for Cornwall the ensuing year came, I left the county and laboured about six weeks in Devonshire. From thence I rode to Bristol, where I spent a few weeks very agreeably. Then I set off for London, where (through mercy) I safely arrived on the 30th of October, 1755. Here I received much benefit from the serious, loving conversation of our christian friends : I also found a great blessing in dispensing the word. But my stay here was very short ; for, in about a fortnight, I set off for Norwich : when I came within sight of the city, I wept over it, and lifted up heart to God in prayer, that he might bless my labours in that place. I believe the Lord heard, and answered my prayer ; for, though we were much persecuted, he was pleased to bless the word of his grace to many souls.

I left Norwich on the 8th of February 1756, and came to London on the 13th. Here, I again found a refuge from the storm. After spending three

three months very comfortably in and near London, I set off for Canterbury, where I met with a few friends who were Israelites indeed ! in whose conversation I found great satisfaction. Oh what a blessing it is to be with those who are truly devoted to God ! I spent about six weeks here, and at Dover, Sandwich and a few other places, with great pleasure and profit to my own soul ; and I hope many others were profited by my labours. The 10th of July, I returned to London again, where I stayed about three weeks, and on the 2d of August set off for Portsmouth, where I arrived safe on the 3d. After spending six days here, I crossed over to the Isle of Wight, where I found a few disciples at Newport, who had made choice of God for their portion : especially three in one house ; one of whom had been confined to her bed for some years, but happy in God, and waiting for her dissolution. Oh how much better is it to dwell in the cottage of Fanny Bevas with Christ, than to dwell in the palace of Alexander or Nero, without him ! After spending two nights in the island, I returned to Portsmouth ; and on the 13th took horse early in the morning, and came to London the same evening.

After spending a few days here, Mr. Olivers and I set off together for Bristol Conference, where we arrived safe on the 21st. At this Conference we were appointed to labour in Ireland ; but were obliged to wait till the 15th of September for a ship ; then we, and three other Preachers, embarked with Captain Davis, and after a rough passage of four days, landed safe at Robinson's Cove. This year I had trials, and  
consolations,

consolations, and I hope some small success in my feeble labours.

The 19th of July 1757, I embarked at Dublin, and landed at Parkgate on the 20th. After spending a few days at Chester, I set off for the Conference at London. From thence, I set off for Whitehaven, where I arrived safe on the 31st of August: here the Lord blest me greatly both in my labours and in my own soul: many sinners were convinced and converted, and the Society was much increased. Here I met with Benjamin Bigg, who travelled with me three or four years. He was a favourite servant of the old Sir James Lowther, and was the only person in the room when his master died. Sir William, the next heir to Sir James, left my friend fifty pounds a year for life, which he spent in doing good.

The 20th of April 1758, I embarked with my companion for Liverpool; but the Captain of the vessel deceived his passengers, and carried us all to the Isle of Man, where we stayed a week. The second evening, I preached in a large large barn, but on Sunday it would not contain the congregation, so I was obliged to preach abroad. The people in general behaved well, and gave great attention. After I left the Island, some of them sent to Whitehaven, desiring to have another Preacher. But it was some years before another was sent: there being so little probability of doing any considerable good while the whole Island was a nest of Smugglers. The Duke of Athol was then King of the Island: but the case is now altered; for since it has been purchased of the Duke and united to the Crown of England, that detestable trade is rooted out: a considerable part of the Island is cultivated: at one

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part



part of it, a herring fishery is established ; at another, a large linen manufactory. And now we see the fruit of our labours there in the conversion of many sinners to God.

After we had been in the Island above a week, we embarked again for Liverpool ; from thence we hastened on, and got to Bristol the 9th of August, in time for the Conference.

When the Conference ended, I laboured in the Wiltshire Circuit with great satisfaction till January 1759. I then received a letter from Mr. Wesley, who desired me to hasten to Norwich with all speed : for he had taken the charge of the late Mr. Wheatley's Tabernacle, and people ; and a charge it was indeed ! for many of Wheatley's dear Lambs were little better than Wolves. Some who were sincere among them joined with our Society ; some of them joined with William Cudworth, the Antinomian ; and some met with one Elcey Good. I then clearly saw the dreadful consequences, which attended the doctrine of such Preachers : their hearers were not converted to God, and their lives were a scandal to the gospel of Christ. What from outward persecutions and the irregular lives of professors, I met with many trials the three months I stayed there ; yet the Lord was my support, and before I left them, things appeared to wear a brighter aspect. Many of the triflers had left us, and others had joined in their stead : and in general we had a serious congregation.

I stayed at Norwich from the 30th of January till the beginning of May, and on the 4th, I went to Colchester, where I stayed a few months, and came back to London on the 5th of November. This was like putting into harbour after a severe

severe storm. But alas ! here we have no continuing city. Oh that we may seek one to come, whose builder and maker is God !

December 11th, I left London again, and came to Canterbury on the 12th, and laboured near three months in the Kent Circuit, with much satisfaction. Just as I was going to leave that city, a widow Gentlewoman of considerable fortune made her case known to Mr. Lepine, and told him she should be very glad if I would call and take a breakfast with her. Mr. Lepine brought the message, and accordingly I called on her, and we had some conversation together on a subject of a very serious nature : and though I intended to alter my state, if I could meet with a suitable companion, yet on mature deliberation, I found she was not the person with whom I could be happy. My chief reason was, a fear that she was not devoted to God.

On the 28th of February 1760, I returned to London again. I found it once more a place of rest ; for here I had only to preach night and morning ; without taking charge of the Society. Here were also many helps to bring us forward in our spiritual journey. Here I could live and die : but thy will be done.

I left London in April, and on the 26th, I arrived at Bedford. While I stayed here, I had a severe fever, which I hope was a profitable school ; I could say it was good for me that I was afflicted. The Apothecary poured in his drugs ; but I was almost burnt up with thirst, and wanted a good draught of water, which I could not obtain, till one night after most of the family were in bed, I prevailed with the servant girl to set a bottle by my bed-side. I took a hearty draught and

fell into a sweat, and by the next evening (through mercy) I was able to preach.

On the 28th of May I returned to London again, and through a kind Providence got acquainted with Mrs. Elizabeth Berrisford, whom I visited several times while I stayed in town. And I hope our visits were profitable : we seldom parted without prayer.

In August, Mr. Jones, Mr. Hampson, and I, set off for Bristol. Having been absent from my friends above five years, I had a desire to pay them a visit : so after the Conference, I went with Mr. Wesley to Cornwall. After I had spent a little time at home, I continued to labour in the East of Cornwall with much satisfaction till February 1761.

I then received a letter from Mr. Wesley, desiring me to hasten away to my old station at Norwich. So I had a journey to take of between three and four hundred miles in the dead of winter. However, I set off and reached Norwich the 14th of March. Here I continued till Aug. and laboured with more satisfaction, and more success than I had the year before.

After our Conference I went into Suffex, where I met with a young Clergyman whom God had called out of darkness into his marvellous light. But as there is no communion between light and darkness, his Rector soon differed with him. He then joined the Methodists, and since that time he has laboured as a faithful servant in his master's vineyard.

November the 9th, I came back to London, and continued in town four months. On the 11th of February 1762, (after near two years acquaintance) I was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Berrisford.

Berrisford. She has proved a faithful companion, and travelled with me through a great part of this kingdom, and has rather been a spur than a hinderance to me in the work of the ministry. Lord, reward her a thousand fold in her own bosom !

On the 10th of April we set off in the stage for Bedford. When we came within a few miles of the place, one of the horses dropped down and died in a few minutes. How uncertain is life, either in man or beast ! While we were in those parts, I visited Towcester, Whittlebury, and some other places, and found a blessing among those simple, honest-hearted people.

We returned to London again on the 3d of May, where we stayed about six weeks, and then set off once more for Norwich, where we arrived safe on the 19th of June. Here, I generally preached twice, sometimes thrice a day ; beside meeting the Society, visiting the sick, &c. But, Lord, what hast thou done to save sinners ! What hast thou done to save *me* ?

We stayed at Norwich above four months, and returned to London on the 3d of November. The 19th we set off again to visit our Friends in Oxford and in Buckinghamshire, and the Lord was very gracious to me in this journey. On Tuesday, December the 7th, as I was going from High-Wicombe to Epstone, I called at a farmhouse to enquire the road ; the mistress who directed me, went in and told the family there was a Methodist Preacher gone to Mrs. Clark's. The master of the house, with his son and daughter, the man, and maid servant, in a short time set off to hear the Preacher. On the road, the master said, if the man does not speak good

sense, I will confound him before the people. When they came into the house they could not sit together for laughing. I preached on Rom. viii 9, "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The Lord was pleased to send the word with power to all their hearts. Their laughing was turned into mourning, and their joy into heaviness; so they returned home with broken and contrite hearts. Some time after, when the master was on his death bed, he sent for a Preacher to pray with him, and I hope he is now in paradise. Afterwards Mrs. Clark had preaching at her house, and I believe it continues there to this day. Lord, let them all be found at thy right-hand in the great day of accounts.

On December 15th, we returned to London again, where we continued till the 5th of March 1763. We then set off for Canterbury. I was much blest in my own soul the two months I stayed in this Circuit; and I hope the Lord made his word a blessing to many. On the 1st of April, being Good-Friday, I preached on John xix. 5. *Behold the Man!* My heart was melted down with love to my Redeemer, who had suffered death upon the cross for our redemption: I was exceeding happy in my own soul, and I believe many found a remarkable blessing that evening. The next night, being Easter-Eve, I dreamt I saw Christ on the cross, and the wound of the spear in his breast: to which wound I saw one fly for consolation. I then thought he came down from the cross and stood on the ground, with his servant Moses on his left hand. I then began to examine myself whether I was sincere or not, and thought I could appeal to him,

him, that it was my desire to do his will. Yet I was conscious that if he was to mark iniquity, he could find cause enough to condemn me. I then thought I went towards him weeping, and confessing my sins. As I went forward begging for mercy, I thought his merciful eye overlooked them all. When I was come near, he bid me stretch out my right-hand, which I immediately did. He then took hold of it and kissed it; at which I found great consolation in my soul. As I had reason to believe this was from God, it filled me with joy and thankfulness.

The 4th of May we returned to London, where we stayed two months, and then set off for Norwich again, and arrived safe the 2d of July. Here I continued in my old station till the 31st of October, and the Lord blest my labours with a measure of success. On the 2d of November we came to London once more, where we continued till the 7th of February 1764. Then we set off again, and on Friday 10th came to Salisbury. The Lord was very gracious to me in this journey. On Sunday the 12th, I preached in the evening from Hosea ii. 16, *Thou shalt call me Ishi*. The Lord blest the word to many: one young man in particular, was then justified, and ever since has been an ornament to his profession.

On Wednesday the 15th, we arrived safe at Bristol where I laboured with much satisfaction above five months. Here the people are established in religion, and many of them much devoted to God. Our Conference this year was in this city, in the beginning of August: after which, Mr. Wesley had proposed to visit the Societies in Devonshire and Cornwall; but having

ing a sudden call to London, he desired me to supply his place. This I did willingly ; and the more so, as my Wife had never seen my Relations. Accordingly, I set off on Monday the 13th, and preached at Limpfom that night. Tuesday the 14th, I preached at Taunton, and on Wednesday 15th, at Collumpton. Here I met my old friend Mr. William Roberts : what pity that a man of such eminent abilities should be confined to so narrow a sphere ! On Thursday the 16th, I preached at Exeter. On Friday the 17th, we met several of our friends on the road who came from Plymouth-Dock, expecting to meet Mr. Wesley. They returned with us, and as soon as I came to Dock, I went immediately to the preaching-house, which was quite full of people, and though they were disappointed in the instrument, our Lord did not disappoint us : for he crowned our assembly with his presence. I preached again on Saturday 18th, and twice the next day. Here I met with John Trembath, once an eminent Preacher, and an instrument for good to thousands : but now miserable in his own mind, and I fear a slave to sin ! Oh, how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished ! Shall he, after preaching to others, become a castaway himself ? Rather let him once more awake, and strive to save his own soul with those who have heard him !

After morning preaching on Monday the 20th, we set off, crossed Saltash-Passage, and went on to John Bunt's, near Leskard, where we lodged that night. Tuesday the 21st, we arrived safe at St. Austle, where we were met by my mother and uncle ; who were glad to see me and their new relation. After preaching, we went  
home

home with my mother, where I left my wife the next day, and set off to supply those places where Mr. Wesley was expected. The congregations were very large in most places. I rejoiced to see many of my old acquaintances still travelling in the road to Sion, and found sweet communion with God in this journey.

Wednesday September 12th, I returned home, and after visiting a few Societies in the neighbourhood, we took our leave of our Friends. Oh that we may all meet on the mount of God, where pain and parting shall be no more !

Monday the 17th, we set off for Port-Isaac, and after visiting the Societies on the Western Coast, we came to Bristol on Thursday the 27th, where we stayed a few days : and on Monday October 1st, we set off again, and arrived safe in London on Thursday the 11th. We spent about three months in town : but this is not our resting place : Lord bring us safe at last, where the weary are at rest !

On Tuesday, January 15, 1765, we set off for Leeds, visiting the Societies as we went along. On Thursday 24th, we came to Sheffield, where Mr. Wesley desired me to stay a few weeks, in order to still the mob, if it was possible. I hope my stay here was of use, as the persecution was much abated before I went away.

March 8th, we came to Leeds. I laboured in this Circuit with much satisfaction for five months. It being a remarkable dry summer, the pastures were almost burnt up, and the cattle ready to perish for want. I appointed Friday, August 2d, for day of fasting and prayer, by the Societies of that Circuit. We met at five o'clock in the morning, again at eight, at one, and at seven



seven in the evening. When we came out from prayer at eight o'clock in the morning, our gracious Father sent a few gentle drops on the earth. At one o'clock we met again, and I expounded Deuteronomy xi. 13, and the following verses. When we came out we had a gentle shower. After the evening service, the heavens grew black with clouds, and when we got up the next morning, the earth was greatly refreshed with rain, which continued to fall upon it. This proved a blessing to many souls, when they saw such a remarkable answer to prayer. Elijah sent his servant seven times before the rain came; but the Lord was pleased to answer us on the second time. Whenever I think of that day, my heart melts with gratitude to God, for his great condescension in answering the prayers of his feeble and unworthy children.

Monday the 19th, we set off for the Manchester Conference. When it ended, we returned to Birstal; and laboured very agreeably that year with Mr. Pawson and Greenwood: and the more so, as the Lord blessed our labours.

This year there was a greater fall of snow in Yorkshire than had been known in the memory of man. It began on Tuesday, February the 11th, and continued till Friday the 14th. I was confined at Huddersfield all this time: when it ceased, I attempted to return to Birstal; but when I came about half way, going up Murfield-Moor, I could not find the causeway. The snow was so deep that it reached above my knees. The horse could not walk; but was forced to plunge, and was ready to fall upon me. I then thought I should be buried in the snow. Being quite spent, and seeing a few cottages at a distance,

tance, I called for help. A man opened his door, and looked on me awhile, then turned in again, and shut his door after him, and left me in that situation. Not being able to go on, I continued to call for help; at last two young men came out of another cottage, who knew where the causeway lay. One of them led my horse, and I followed after. I was glad to give them a shilling to take me up to the top of the Moor. I had two or three guides after that, and at last, through a kind Providence, I got to Gumerfal, within one mile of Birstal: but the narrow lanes being filled with snow, I could go no farther. At last I got to Mr. Rhode's house, who took care both of man and beast. When I got up the next morning, I saw the neighbours carrying home a dead person. He was a strong man, and had not walked much above half a mile; and was but little above a stone's cast from his own house. Good Lord, hitherto thou hast preserved me, for which I desire to return thee my unfeigned thanks!

Tuesday, August the 12th, we came to the Conference at Leeds, and from thence to London, where we arrived safe on Friday the 29th. On Sunday the 31st, I preached in Moorfields to a very large congregation, and the Lord was present with us indeed. The latter end of this year I spent in and near London.

Friday, April 3, 1767, by desire of the Countess of Huntingdon, I set off for Brightelmstone, where I continued three weeks. While I was here, I received a letter which gave me an account of my mother's death, who died calling upon the Lord. She had known the Lord about nineteen or twenty years, and had adorned the  
gospel

gospel from the time of her conversion. As she had always been a very kind mother, but more especially so ever since she had known the grace of God, I was concerned for the loss of such a parent; but, on the other hand, when I considered that she was gone to her reward, I found great joy and thankfulness. May her children continue to tread in her steps, that we may rejoice together before the throne to all eternity!

On Wednesday the 29th, we returned to London; my stay was short here; for, in about a fortnight we paid our friends a visit at Colchester, where we continued about six weeks, and then returned to London again.

On Friday the 24th, I set off in the stage-coach for Cornwall, to settle some temporal affairs, which I completed, and returned again to the Conference.

From hence I went into the Bristol Circuit, where we had a remarkable increase of the work of God; especially at Kingswood. I added above one hundred and sixty members to that single Society; most of whom found peace with God. When God teacheth, there is no delay in learning. It was astonishing to hear the poor Colliers in prayer! They prayed with such simplicity and fervour, as was enough to melt a heart of stone. Children also were frequently heard crying to the Lord to convert their parents, that they might not go down with grey hairs and sorrow to the grave! And thirteen or fourteen children at the school were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. But which of these will endure to the end?

Tuesday, August 16, 1768, our Conference began in Bristol. When it was over we set off  
for

for London, in company with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Green, who stayed in town with us above a week. This year I laboured in and about London, with much satisfaction to my own mind, and I hope, with some degree of usefulness to others.

Friday, February 10, 1769, after preaching at our chapel in West-Street, Miss Lee (of Wolverhampton) told me, that near five years ago, she heard me preach at Bristol, when the Lord was pleased to send the word with power to her heart. From that time she never rested till she had found peace with God. She said, she was then spoiled for good company, as the world calls it! Her mother, and friends, at first thought she was going mad; but after a while, her mother became nearly as mad as herself; for she also began to cry for mercy, and to attend the preaching of the word at every opportunity. May they both endure to the end that they may be saved!

Wednesday, April 19th, Mr. Charles Greenwood invited me to a feast, provided for the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. After dinner, I sung a hymn, gave an exhortation, and went to prayer. The poor seemed much affected, and were thankful for food and advice, as well as for the money Mr. Greenwood gave them. Oh that all who have it in their power would follow his example! that when the Redeemer shall appear on 'his great white throne,' he may say unto them also, 'I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was naked and ye clothed me:—therefore, come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the

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kingdom

kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.'

Monday 27th, after preaching at five o'clock in the morning at Brentford, one of our friends took me in his boat up the river, as far as Richmond. As I saw the fishermen draw their net to shore, who after toiling all night, had caught nothing. I cried out, blessed Jesus give me more success, as a fisher of men! Do thou always stand on the shore, and direct me to cast the net on the right side, that I may enclose a multitude for thyself!

The houses and gardens on each side the river, appeared pleasantly situated, and at the top of Richmond hill, we had a very fine prospect, But I observed here and there, a hatchment hung out, as a token of mortality! Oh cruel death! cannot the rich, the mighty, the honourable inhabitants of these stately mansions forbid thy entrance, or escape thy dart! May I have a building of God, a house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!

Wednesday, June 7th, I read some of Dr. Richard Lucas's sermons on death, judgment, and a future state; and found it profitable to consider myself standing at the bar of God, surrounded with dissolving nature! the world flaming, the trumpets sounding! armies of angels attending! rocks and mountains falling! lightnings flashing! thunders rolling! devils howling! and the Judge sitting on his great white throne! Lord! create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me, that I may be fully prepared for that great day!

Tuesday, 20th, I preached at the Foundry, to a large congregation, many of whom appeared to

to be deeply affected : the Lord also blest my own soul. I preached again at five o'clock the next morning ; after which I was much afflicted with a pain in my breast, and spitting of blood. I believe the cause was, preaching constantly twice a day, besides meeting the Societies, and visiting the sick. In such cases I am often at a loss to know the will of God. I would not spare myself, neither would I imprudently throw my life away. But if I must err, let it be on the safe side ! Whatever I suffer, the few days I remain on earth, let me not be numbered among the slothful servants !

Saturday, July 22d, 1769, we set off for the North, and lodged at Hertford that night. The next day I heard a sermon at church ; but I heard not one word either of God, or Christ, or death, judgment or heaven or hell. If this is the gospel that people hear, what wonder that so many of them are without Christ, and without hope, and without God, in the world.

After visiting the Societies on the road, we came to Leeds on Saturday the 29th. Our Conference began here, Tuesday, August the 1st. The Lord was with us of a truth, and gave us a remarkable blessing at parting.

Tuesday the 8th, we set off for Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where, through a kind Providence, we arrived safe on Thursday the 10th. After spending a week in town, I set off for the country Circuit.

Saturday the 19th, as I was going to the preaching-house in Sunderland, I saw a poor drunkard so much intoxicated, that he could not walk alone, he had literally been wallowing like a sow in the mire. He attempted to swear, but

could not speak plain: two of his companions led him to his own door, and as he was attempting to go down a pair of stone stairs (for he lived in a cellar,) he fell, and fractured his skull: he lay six hours after, but never spoke another word; and in this condition went to appear before a holy God!

Monday, July the 2d, we took leave of our friends at Newcastle, and visited the Societies from thence to London, where we arrived safe on Monday the 30th.

Tuesday, August 7th, 1770, our Conference began, and continued till Friday the 10th, with much harmony and love. This year I laboured in and about London with much satisfaction to myself, and I hope with some degree of usefulness to others.

Wednesday, July 24th, 1771, we left London. I preached at Brentford that evening, and after visiting the Societies on the road, we arrived safe at Bristol, where our Conference began, Tuesday, August the 6th. This year Mr. Pawson and I laboured very comfortably together in the Bristol Circuit, and I hope with some success.

Friday, July 3d, 1772. we left Bristol, and came safe to the Leeds Conference. From hence we set off for Manchester. This year I met with some heavy trials, not only from the world, but also from my fellow-labourer, whom I was obliged to exclude for improper behaviour.

At a village called Oldham, about seven miles from Manchester, (a place famous through all that country for daring and desperate wickedness,) we had heavy persecution for a season. As I was going to preach in the street one Sabbath-day,

day, two Constables, with a great mob at their heels, took me into custody, for riotous behaviour, in singing about two verses of a hymn, as the people were coming out of church. They took me to a public house, and kept me all night. The Constables and their Assistants were soon special drunk, and began to quarrel with each other. From words they soon went to blows. The house where we were, belonged to the Clerk of the parish, whose son thinking me ill used took my part. One of the Constables took him by the collar, on which he wrested the staff out of the drunken Constable's hand, and broke his head with it.

The next day I was taken before a Justice, and bound over to the quarter-sessions. But I traversed and had it tried at the assizes; from thence the cause was sent back to the quarter-sessions, where it was given against me. While the Jury were determining to find me guilty, one of them, a plain simple countryman, took an opportunity to slip out of court, because (as he said afterwards) he could not in conscience say, that singing a hymn, with a peaceable multitude, was breeding a riot.

From the beginning to the end of this affair, my soul was kept in peace: and, as to my persecutors, I only wished that they might be turned from darkness to light, and from the power of satan unto God, that they might receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Christ.

After I had left those parts, I was glad to hear that the word of God had taken effect among the sinners of Oldham: that many of them were turned from the evil of their ways; that they



had found peace with God ; and that, in a short time, they built themselves a chapel where they now peaceably assemble to worship God in spirit and truth. I also hear that there is a great reformation in other places in that neighbourhood. Oh Lord ! thus let thy kingdom come with power, and prevail against the kingdom of darkness in every place.

Monday, July 19th, 1773, we left Manchester. I preached that evening at Macclesfield. The house was quite crowded with attentive hearers ; I believe most of them were much affected, as they were either mourning after, or rejoicing in God.

Tuesday the 20th, we came to Ashborn, in the Peak of Derbyshire, and not knowing any friends in the town, we called at an inn ; but I was soon found out, and desired to preach in the street, which I immediately did on Romans viii. 13, to a very attentive congregation. The landlady of the inn, behaved remarkably civil : we then set off, and I preached that evening at Derby.

Wednesday the 21st, I preached at Loughborough, and on Thursday the 22d, at five o'clock in the morning. At noon I preached at Mount-fordel, and in the evening at Leicester. I bless God, I had a present reward in preaching ; my own soul was abundantly refreshed while I was speaking to others. The three following days I spent comfortably with the little Society at Northampton, and on Tuesday 27th, came to London. This year I laboured in London with Mr. Bumsted and Mr. Atlay. But though I was comfortably situated, in many respects, I was not without various trials. Indeed, I have always

ways found that sweets and bitters, comforts and trials, when blended together, by the hand of a wise and gracious God, have not only been *best* for me, but absolutely *necessary* in this world of danger. And so I found it this year. For I hope I can say, all things worked together for good to my own soul; and that, so far from hindering, they rather promoted my usefulness among the people. And thus I have found it ever since. Therefore, Oh Lord, not as I will, but as thou wilt! Thou knowest what is best for me at all times and under all circumstances. Make me then the object of thy constant care, so shall I be safe from danger while on earth, and praise thee to all eternity.

The two following years I laboured in the Bristol Circuit, where the Lord was pleased to bless me both in my labours and in my own soul; but yet not with that degree of success which he was pleased to bestow on me in the year 1767.

Sunday, December the 18th, I was desired to preach a funeral sermon for Mrs. Hall, late wife of Mr. John Hall, of Bedminster, by whom she had several children. She was a tender mother, a loving and obedient wife; one who constantly attended on the means of grace, and adorned her profession, in her life and conversation.

As she was one day in the market, she was instantly deprived of her speech and of the use of her limbs. She was carried into her brother's house, where she was visited by several of her friends. After awhile her speech was restored, so that she was able to declare the goodness of God. She would not speak about the things of this world; but told us, she was happy in the Redeemer's

Redeemer's love. She lay a few days, and then returned in triumph to God.

Though she was very comely in her life-time, yet she appeared far more so after her death. When the spirit took its flight, it left the heavenly stamp on her face. Her brother (Mr. William Wait) was so much affected with the sight, that he could scarce look on her. She brought to my mind that verse in one of our funeral hymns :

Ah lovely appearance of death !  
 No sight upon earth is so fair ;  
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe  
 Can with a dead body compare :  
 With a solemn delight I survey  
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,  
 In love with the beautiful clay,  
 And longing to lie in its stead.

I preached her funeral sermon the next Sabbath-day. The house was quite crowded with attentive hearers, and our Lord crowned the assembly with his presence : we shared in the joy of our departed friend, and had an anticipation of the celestial banquet.

Some time after this we began to preach at the Lime-kilns, near Bristol. We went there every Thursday night, By this means several were convinced of sin and converted to God. I joined about twenty of them in Society in one night. They were quite in earnest while I continued in those parts, and, I am informed, continue the same to this day. Lord, help them to endure to the end, that we may all rejoice at thy right-hand, when thou comest in the clouds of heaven.

This

This year another friend of mine (Mrs. Elizabeth Rose) died. She was a sensible woman, and had adorned the gospel for many years. I visited her in her last illness. And as nothing had passed through her for several days, she felt the most excruciating pain. She was never heard to murmur; but was quite resigned to the will of God. When I saw her, she brought to my mind a saying of Seneca, "That a philosopher contending with, and getting above the misery of human life, was a sight fit to invite the gods to be spectators." And may we not say, that God and Angels look down with great satisfaction on a christian, triumphing over pain and the fear of death? Even so died this gracious woman after eight or ten days illness, and is now added to the number of those who praise God and the Lamb for evermore.

This year also Abraham Peacock, of Kingwood, died. And as I have reason to believe that I was instrumental in his conversion, and had him under my care at the time of his death; it may not be judged improper to subjoin a brief account of him in this place.

About thirty years ago, being a collier, he and several others were shut up in a pit, by the water of an old mine breaking in upon them. The whole country being alarmed, abundance of men set to work and drew out the water. The prisoners were confined eleven days before they were delivered, in which time they eat their candles, chewed their shoe-leather, and drank water; which by a kind Providence, preserved their lives. But all this had no good effect on Abraham, for he still continued a most vile and abandoned profligate.

Some

Some time after this he entered on board a ship bound for Jamaica. The ship was cast away, and he and several of the crew escaped to a rock, where they were confined six days. Then thro' a kind Providence, an English vessel came by and took them in, and brought them home to England. Abraham then went to his old employment; but continued a rebel against God. About seven years ago, when we had that glorious revival in Kingswood, he was told how happy the people were who met together to pray, and sing praises to God. Why then, said Abraham, "I will go and hear them." When he came the word reached his stubborn heart, and he was brought into deep convictions. But one night when he was in bed, the Lord removed his load and set his soul at liberty. He arose and came away to the school about midnight and called Mr. Hindmarsh. He then told him, "I believe I am going to die, for the Lord has forgiven all my sins." After this he had a very poor state of health, and was not able to work. By this means he soon became so exceeding low in his circumstances that he had neither bread to eat nor a bed to lie upon. I mentioned his case to a few friends in Bristol, and among us we procured him a bed and other necessities. For seven years he continued a great monument both of sufferings and of patience, and then died in peace. Oh the riches, both of the wisdom and goodness of God! How abundantly were they displayed in the case of this poor man, who had spent between fifty and sixty years in a regular course of daring wickedness; and that God should not only preserve him amidst it all, but at last convert his soul, provide for his body, and then

then take him to himself, to behold his face in righteousness, and to praise him to all eternity !

The two years I stayed in and about Bristol, I had full employment. For, besides riding often ten, twelve, fifteen or twenty miles a day through all weathers, I had to preach twice a day frequently, and sometimes thrice, besides meeting the Societies in various ways, visiting the sick, &c. which I found to be very wearisome to flesh and blood. But when I considered what a charge I had, having near fifteen hundred souls put under my care, exclusive of all the thousands who heard me continually ; more especially when I considered that each of these souls was of more value than ten thousand worlds ; all within me cried out, who is sufficient for these things ! And I could scarce refrain from saying with him of old, Lord, send by whom thou wilt, only send not by me ! And I hope I shall never lose sight of the greatness of this undertaking, or the awfulness of the charge committed unto me ; but, rather, that I shall see and feel more and more of its great, and tremendous importance every day of my life : that I may be more serious and humble, more upright and earnest before him who hath called me to this work, and before whom I shall shortly stand to give an account of my stewardship !

Friday, July 19th, 1776, we left Bristol, and spent about a week with our friends in Bath. Here we never had much, if any prospect of doing any great good, till very lately. This year I added several new members, and many others found peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. When we left Bath we called on a few Societies in our way, and came to London on Monday the 29th.

This

This year I laboured in much peace with Mr. Hindmarsh and Mr. Pilmoor. When we are free from outward trouble, there is danger lest we should fall into a lukewarm state. If we desire to live holy and happy, we should keep God and eternity always in view.

Wednesday, June 4th, 1777, we left London, and went into the West of England. Providence was very kind to us in this journey. As we were going off Salisbury-Plain, I got out of the chaise to walk down a very steep hill; when we came to the bottom, as I was going in again, between my wife and me we dropt the reins, which hung on the horse's heels; this made him set off on a full gallop, which he continued for near a mile, with both of us in the chaise. He then turned off the road through a narrow gate-way leading to an inn, as if guided in every step by an invisible hand. The inn yard was very narrow, that he could neither turn to the right nor left, and the stable fronting, he was obliged to stop. Oh God! surely thou didst then give thine angels charge to watch over thy poor servants who put their trust in thee. After we had breakfasted here we set off again, and went on through the Societies to Cornwall, where I spent about five weeks with great satisfaction. In many places the congregations were so large that I was obliged to preach abroad. I found my soul was much blest. I rejoiced to see many of my old acquaintance and countrymen walking in the way to heaven.

Friday, July the 18th, we left Cornwall, and came safe to Bristol, on Tuesday the 29th. After our Conference ended, we set off for the Chester Circuit, where we arrived safe on Monday, August

gust the 18th. This is a trying Circuit to flesh and blood; our journies are very long, and in many places the congregations very small: yet it pleased God to bless our labours and increase our number.

Friday, January 16th, 1778, I came to Whitchurch; but my cough and hoarseness were such, that it was with difficulty I could speak so as to be understood. I desired Mr. Brown to supply my place a few days, while I rested at Mr. Sim's, at Alperham. But as I was not willing to be idle, I wrote two hymns, one for the morning, and another for the evening. Since that time, I have written about sixty more. I find this to be both a pleasing and a profitable exercise: it keeps the mind quite engaged on the subject, and lifted up to God in prayer for assistance.

Thursday, July the 23d, we left Chester, and I preached that evening at Norwich. Sunday the 26th, I preached at Manchester in the morning, and the Lord was present to bless us. In the afternoon I preached at Oldham. But Oh what an alteration is here! The last time I was in this place I was kept a prisoner in a public-house, among drunkards, swearers, and fighters; but now, as soon as I entered their new chapel, they sung a hymn of praise to God, on my account.

From hence I went to Leeds, where our Conference began Tuesday the 4th. I laboured this year in the Bradford Circuit, with Mr. Hopper and Mr. Johnson, two of our old Preachers, who have adorned the gospel, and been useful labourers in our Lord's vineyard for many years. We had some increase in our Circuit this year,

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and



and some found peace with God. But I find Satan is very busy in every place. At Halifax, he caused a division in the Society about an angel with a trumpet in his hand, which one party would have fixt on the top of the sounding-board over the pulpit, but the other would not consent to it. And so warm were they on each side, that the Preachers could not reconcile them: so the affair was left to the decision of Mr. Wesley. When he came, he gave judgment against the angel; and to put an end to all future strife, Mr. Joseph Bradford made a burnt sacrifice of it on the altar of peace! Is it not strange that men of common sense, and who profess an uncommon degree of religion, should contend so warmly about such trifles as these?

Saturday, July 3d, 1779, we left Halifax, and came to Bradforth. I continued here, and in the neighbourhood about a week, taking leave of our friends: in hopes to meet again where pain and parting shall be no more.

We then came on through the Societies to London, the place of my present destination; where I labour in connection with a number of my brethren whom I highly esteem. I believe we love as brethren, and that our labour is not altogether in vain in the Lord.

Upon the whole: when I look back on the many years I have now spent in testifying the grace of God, though I have not made that advancement in the way which I might have done, yet I can say to his glory, he has so kept me, that none can lay any thing to my charge with regard to my moral conduct, since God first spoke peace to my soul in April 1749.

I am

I am clearly convinced that God has called me to preach his everlasting gospel. And the more so, because it has pleased him by his spirit, to confirm the word of his messenger. Indeed I am fully persuaded that he does confirm the word of all whom he hath sent, by using them in turning sinners from darkeness to light, and from the power of satan unto God:

And I believe, that Christ is able to save unto the uttermost all those that come unto God through him. I cannot credit those who are continually telling the people, that the Cananite must dwell in the land to humble them: that is, belial must be a partner with Christ in this work; as though Christ was not sufficient to humble the souls of God's children, without calling in sin and satan to his assistance. *Learn of me, saith the Redeemer, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*

I bless God, I can say to his glory, I do find constant communion with him. And I pay no regard to those who tell us, "You must come down from the mount: and you must not mind your frames and feelings." No! If I have the peace of God, do I not feel it? If I do not feel it, I have it not. And if I do not feel joy in the Holy Ghost, it does not exist. And shall I not feel it more and more? I trust I shall, if I go on from faith to faith: if I daily grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I bless God: my heart is engaged in his work: and there is nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to hear of the prosperity of Sion. Yet how much longer I shall be able to travel, I cannot tell, as I have a settled rheumatism in my knee and thigh, and am far past the meridian of life.

But in all circumstances I have chosen God for my portion, and the lot of my inheritance for ever. He hath been my helper hitherto ; and I trust, he will help me to the end. Oh Lord ! forsake me not in my old age. Lay thine everlasting arms beneath me ; and give me a safe and comfortable passage through the valley of the shadow of death : and then bring me to thy holy hill, to praise thy name for ever !

To conclude : I cannot better express my present state and future prospect, than in the two following stanzas of Mr. Oliver's beautiful hymn to the God of Abraham.

Tho' nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
At his command :  
The wat'ry deep I pass,  
With Jesus in my view ;  
And thro' the howling wilderness  
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest'd ;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest :  
There milk and honey flow ;  
And oil and wine abound ;  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.

*more here than I g*

## A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

*By Mr. Pawson.*

**I** FIRST became acquainted with Mr. Murlin in 1765, when we laboured together in the Birstal Circuit : Afterwards we were stationed in London, in 1770 ; in Birstal, in 1771 ; in London again, in 1779, in Bristol in 1781 ; and in Manchester, in 1784 ; so that I knew him well. During all these years I saw nothing in him that I could reprove. His truly christian temper, as well as his exemplary conduct, bore witness that he walked with God. The more I knew him, the more fully I was satisfied of his sincerity, integrity, and uprightness of mind. He certainly had the glory of God and the salvation of souls very much at heart, or he would not have continued his public labours as an Itinerant Preacher, so long as he did. I am inclined to think, that very few who have it in their power, (as he had,) to retire, and live comfortably upon the property which God had given them, would continue to struggle with the heavy afflictions which he endured, in travelling in all sorts of weather to preach the gospel : But he had an affecting view of what his Lord and Saviour had suffered for him, and was satisfied of his call to the ministry ; he therefore resolved to labour in this blessed work, till by hard necessity he should be

obliged to leave it. About the year 1786, being no longer able to keep a circuit, he retired to High Wycombe, where he spent the remaining part of his days. Here he faithfully laboured in preaching the word of life, as opportunity and his strength would permit: The Lord made him a blessing to many, and he was much esteemed by the people.

Having been for many years greatly afflicted with a rheumatic complaint; the disorder continued to increase very much upon him, attended with such stiffness in his joints, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could walk at all, or get up into the Pulpit. But he bore all his afflictions with humble resignation, and patiently waited for that great and solemn change, which the men of the world so much dread. Last Winter he came to London, and preached, for the last time, a very useful sermon, in Great-Queen-street Chapel, where I had the satisfaction to hear my long tried and faithful Friend once more, bear a faithful testimony for his blessed Master. Soon after his return home, (about February) at his earnest request, I visited him, and found him in a dying state. He had a stroke of the palsy, which deprived him of the use of all his limbs, except his right hand, which he could use a little, and but a little. He was exceedingly happy in the love of God, waiting in joyful expectation of being speedily called to the full enjoyment of everlasting happiness. He wanted to settle a considerable sum of money, for the benefit of that Society, and when he had done this, he could say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word." It was a very affecting sight, to see his amiable partner, on the one hand,

hand, quite turned into a child, by a paralytic stroke ; on the other hand, Mr. Murlin deprived of the use of his limbs, by the same disorder. Lord what is man ! How weak, how helpless ! Who can tell what he may be called to suffer, or to what a low estate he may be reduced before he leaves this world ? O how needful to improve our health and strength, and our understanding, while we are blessed with them ! Helpless as he was, he had not much pain, but was very cheerful, and perfectly sensible. He said, “ I bless the Lord, I have not the shadow of a doubt : ”—And added, “ I begin to fear that death is not quite so near as I expected ; ”—and so it proved, for he lived till July following. He conversed very freely with me respecting the state of our connexion, and expressed the most affectionate concern for its prosperity. When I was coming away, he called me back, and desired that I would take care of his corpse when he should be brought to London. This was done according to his request, and he was buried in the same vault with Mr. Wesley, at the City-Road-Chapel.

He bore his affliction, (which greatly increased upon him,) to the last with great patience, and continued innocently cheerful, and exceedingly happy, till it pleased God to sign his release and to call him to the regions of everlasting rest.

Thus died Mr. JOHN MURLIN ; having faithfully laboured in the vineyard of the Lord about forty-six years. Of him it might be said, “ Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile.” I think it my duty to bear this testimony of his uprightness, integrity, and zeal for the glory of God and salvation of precious souls,  
his

his diligence in the work unto which the Lord had called him, and his faithfulness in fulfilling the important duties of that high and honourable station. He was a Methodist of the primitive stamp, in heart and life, in doctrine and discipline. He was an instrument in the Lord's hand of turning many to righteousness, for as his heart was in the work, he was generally so deeply affected with the truths he delivered, that he seldom could refrain from tears, and this frequently had a good effect upon many of his hearers. During the time that we were stationed together, we laboured in perfect harmony, and never had the smallest jar respecting any thing; but the more intimately we were acquainted with each other, the more closely were we united in the bonds of christian love. As he laboured long, and suffered much, so now he receives a reward of grace in the kingdom of immortal glory; and no doubt he has met with many in that peaceful region, who were brought to the knowledge of the Truth by his ministry, and who will be as stars in his crown of rejoicing for ever.

The following lines by Mr. Charles Wesley, appear to me applicable to our deceased friend.

“ The Saints who die of CHRIST possess,  
 Enter into their MASTER's rest :  
 For them no farther rest remains,  
 Of purging fires and torturing pains :  
 Who trusting in their Lord depart,  
 Cleans'd from all sin, and pure in heart,  
The

The blifs unmix'd, the glorious prize,  
 They find with CHRIST in Paradife.  
 Cloſe follow'd by their works they go,  
 Their Saviour's purchas'd Joy to know :  
 Their works inhance the blifs prepar'd,  
 And each hath its diſtinct reward :  
 Yet glorified by grace alone,  
 They caſt their crowns before the throne,  
 And fill the' echoing courts above,  
 With praifes of redeeming LOVE.

J. P.

His



His executors erected a neat marble monument to his memory, in the chapel, with the following inscription.

Sacred to the Memory  
Of Mr. JOHN MURLIN, *Minister of the Gospel,*  
Who was called by the great Shepherd  
and BISHOP of Souls,  
To labour in his Vineyard;  
This he was enabled to do as an Itinerant *Preacher,*  
In the most faithful, affectionate, and successful  
manner,  
For near Fifty Years  
*He* was always so deeply affected with his subject  
That he justly acquired the name of the  
*Weeping Prophet :*  
Worn out by age, labour, and infirmities,  
He died, as *he* had lived,  
full of *faith* and *love*, with a pleasing prospect  
of a glorious immortality.  
*He* finished his course at HIGH-WYCOMBE,  
July 7th, 1799, Aged 77 Years.

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As a just tribute of *love* to his character,  
his *Executors* have erected this *Tablet.*

---

T. Rankin,  
*Scriptsit.*

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THE  
EXPERIENCE

OF

*Mr. Alex. Mather.*

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*To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

I WAS born at Brechin, in North Britain, in Feb. 1733, of reputable parents, who made it their business to bring me up in the fear of God. They instructed me early in the principles of Religion, and took particular care to keep me from evil company; so that when I grew up, I was an utter stranger to the vices common among men. And I took pleasure in reading good books, and learning our Catechism by heart. When I was at the Latin School it was the custom of our Master, every Lord's day, after

ter the Evening Service, to hear what we could remember of the Sermons, and to pray with us. Under one of his prayers, (when I was about ten years old) I was struck with strong Convictions. And these never quite left me, but I always retained a desire to be a Christian.

Soon after this, out of a childish frolic, I went away with a party of the Rebels. But I knew not what I did. I hereby exposed myself to many hardships and dangers. But the Lord delivered me out of all. Many mighty ones fell on Culloden heath, and in the way to Inverness, and indeed on every side: yet I was mercifully preserved. But when I came near my Father's house, there was no entrance for me. And I knew not where to go, till my Mother resolved to take me to a Relation of her's near Perth.

We had a large river to cross, which was much swelled by the late rains. We were just got into the boat, when a gentleman on horseback came and begged us to stay and take him in, which we accordingly did. He seemed much fatigued. My mother desired me to hold his horse, which I did, twirling the bridle round my hand. When we were about the middle of the river, the horse took fright, and leaped out of the boat, taking me and the oars, and both the boat-men with him: so that none were left in the boat but my mother and the gentleman, without any means of helping themselves. The horse swam to the opposite shore, dragging me with him: then turned back, and swam to the shore we had left. He then jumped out, pulling me just above the water; but I there lost my hold, and fell back into the river. It carried me  
down,

down, rolling me over and over, till it brought me to the side of the boat, which was strangely got to the same shore. They caught hold of me and pulled me in.

Here I cannot but remark several providential incidents: 1. That both the boat-men should get safe to that side of the water. 2. Yet when they were there, they should be able to get the boat, with my Mother and the Gentleman safe in it. 3. Yet the horse did not leave me on the opposite side, where to all appearance, I must have perished. 4. Yet, notwithstanding the impetuosity of the stream, the horse should reach the land above the boat. Had it been below, I had probably been lost. I admire above all, the exact timing of every circumstance! Had I been brought to the same side first, I could have had no help: had the boat-men reached the opposite side, they in the boat could have had none. And had any of us been carried but a little lower, we must inevitably have been swallowed up in a whirlpool.

After having thrown up much water, I was so far recovered, as to be able to take boat again. And having got safe over, we travelled twelve Scotch miles, (eighteen English) before night. But we could not travel without much danger as the country was full of parties, both horse and foot, who abused all the strangers they met with, and often took them prisoners. When we came near a town, we enquired of one we met, where we could have a quiet lodging? She said, "She could recommend us to no inn; for they would inform the soldiers of us, who were very rude to all strangers, especially to women: but if we would put up with the house of a poor man,

she knew one that she thought would receive us." So she conducted us to a little cottage, where we found the man engaged in Family-worship. When it was ended, he looked upon my Mother, and said, " Good wife, I have no place fit to entertain you, who appear to have a good home some where. Neither can I protect you if the soldiers hear you are in my house. But if you please to sit by the fire, with a little straw for the lad to lie on, you are welcome." They then gave us something to eat and drink, which we received with thankfulness to God. The good woman then laid me down on the straw, and sat by my Mother till the morning ; when having been commended to God in prayer by our Host, we went on our journey.

My mother's brother was a considerable farmer, in the Carse of Gowry, near Perth. Thither we got before sunset, and were kindly received, till my mother told him her design of leaving me there. But his wife opposed it much, fearing lest, if it was discovered, they should be ruined for harbouring me. However my uncle, seeing the distress my mother was in, over-ruled her, and said, " I should stay." And the next morning, he sent a servant with my mother, who saw her safe home.

I stayed the Sunday at my uncle's. But on Monday morning before sunrise he called me (his wife having prevailed) and told me, " You must go hence." So I set off with one to guide me across the mountains. He then left me, to find my way as I could, to a place, and a person I had never heard of before : but I had a line to the man : Providence brought me to the place ; but the man was not at home. However he  
came

came the next day and received me kindly. Here I stayed till about Midsummer, and then removed to a distant relation's, where I stayed till November. It was then judged I might go home safely: but when I came, my father would not let me come into his house. Nay he went and made information against me to the commanding officer: and I should have been sent to prison, had not a gentleman of the town interfered for me, and procured leave for me to lodge at my father's house. In the morning a file of musketeers came, to take me into custody, and brought me to the officer. After asking many questions, he told me, "You may go home." But when I came to the door, the soldiers, not knowing his order, were going to carry me to prison: till he looked out of the window, and bade them let me go. However, my father would not put me to school any more, but kept me to his business, that of baking.

I continued with my father till the beginning of May, 1751: when being well acquainted with my business, I determined to go abroad. I set out with another young man, who was engaged in Perth. Here a place was provided for me in a pious family, where I remained till after Christmas. Two persons then came from London; with one of whom I contracted an intimate acquaintance. One Lord's day she asked me to go with her to the episcopal meeting. It affected me much, and from that time I attended it whenever I could. And I cannot but say, it was of great use to my soul, and has proved so ever since.

About this time I formed a purpose of going to London, and having took leave of my relations, we set sail from Montrose, about the

middle of June 1752. When I came to London, I knew no one there: but the kind hand of God was over me. I found a brother of my father's, who being of the same trade, took me to work with him, till he procured me a place, in a serious family at Billingsgate. But as I was a foreigner, my master was summoned to Guildhall, and obliged to put me away. In a little time I got me another place, near Whitechapel-Bars. And as I was strong and active, my master persuaded me to engage for a year certain. Afterwards he did not use me well: till one day being in a passion, he ordered me instantly to quit his house; which I immediately did.

In the year 1753, my present wife, who was born near where I was, and had lived several years with my parents in my infancy, heard I was in London, and resolved to see me. We had not seen one another for many years, and were both glad of the meeting: and as I was then out of place, we had opportunity of seeing each other frequently. On Feb. 14th, we were married. I had then forgot the resolutions I had often made of living wholly to God, whenever I should marry: but He soon brought them back to my remembrance, by laying affliction upon my wife. I now began to be in good earnest for salvation, I bought up all opportunities for prayer. I resolved to break through all opposition, and to serve God with all my heart.

But it still lay heavy upon my mind, that I had not performed my vow of praying with my wife. And my convictions increased day by day, till my appetite was gone, and my sleep departed from me: my bones were filled as with a sore disease, and my tears were my meat day and night. I now broke through and prayed with my wife,

wife, and we never after left the practice. It was not long after this, that she knew God to be a pardoning God; and all that summer we continued praying and striving together, and steadily walking in all the ordinances of God.

After living at Hamstead some time, I removed to a place in St. Katherine's. While I was here, I was one day going hastily along the street, and a loaded cart stood in it which nearly filled it up. However I went on, thinking I could get by: but just as I was going by, it moved, caught my basket, crushed me up against the wall, and dragged me along till we came against a shop-window which gave way and released me. Every one that saw it supposed I should be crushed to death; or at least my arms or legs would be broken. But I received no hurt at all, except a little bruise on the back of my hand!

In September 1753, I was hired to Mr. Merriot. Our meeting was not expected on either side: he had been enquiring the character of another, which he did not approve of: and I was enquiring for a master, when he came and asked me if I was out of place? I answered, yes. He asked if I would keep good hours? Which I promised to do. So we agreed, and I entered upon his service. Here I found what I had long desired, a family wherein was the worship of God. This stirred me up to be more earnest in seeking him: to be exact in praying by myself every morning, and with my wife every afternoon. And we continued seeking him with our whole heart and shunning whatever we thought offensive to him. We used likewise, every means of grace. I have sometimes gone to my knees when I was going to bed, and have



continued in that position till two o'clock, when I was called to go to work.

My wife had sometime since found a degree of peace with God. But I could find no peace, nor could I tell what hindered, unless it were the baking of pans, as they called it, on Sundays. I would gladly have refrained from this, but then I must have left my place, and I had no hope of finding another place which would not have been liable to the same inconvenience. However, I resolved, as soon as Christmas was over, to give up my place at all events. Meantime my flesh consumed away, like as a moth fretting a garment. And my bones were ready to start through my skin; for I had no rest day or night. The following Sunday my wife and I ventured for the first time, to the Holy Communion; and I found some comfort; but the sense of my profaning the Sabbath, soon took it away. I now resolved to delay no longer than the next day, being willing to suffer rather than to sin. Accordingly on Monday morning, as soon as my master came down stairs, I gave him warning: he did not then speak one word: but soon after he came into the shop, and asked me, "If I had got another place?" I answered no. He said, "Why then would you leave this?" I answered, "Because I dare not commit sin by breaking the Sabbath, as I have done." He used many arguments with me, but in vain. I told him, "I must abide by the word of God, whatever be the consequence: but I will not go away till you suit yourself with another man."

God now gave me much confidence, and I found much power to pray, that if it was not his will we should part, he would incline my Master to give it up. And the same day he  
went

went with a neighbouring Baker, to all of the trade in Shoreditch and Bishop's-gate Without : proposing that they should all enter into an agreement to give it up at once. All but two agreed. He then advertised for a meeting of master bakers upon the subject : but nothing could be concluded. Afterwards I supposed he asked the advice of our brethern at the Foundry. After he had taken all these steps, more than I could reasonably expect, he told me, " I have done all I can, and now I hope you will be content." I sincerely thanked him for what he had done, but told him, I could not stay any longer than till he had suited himself. But I continued in prayer. And on Sunday evening, after family worship, he stopped me and said, " I have done to-day what will please you : I have stayed at home and told all my customers, I will no more bake on a Sunday." I told him, " If you have done this out of conscience toward God, be assured it will end well." And so it did. That very year, his trade considerably increased. And he had a large augmentation of his fortune, so that he was enabled to relieve many that were in want, and also lay up abundance for his children. May they herein tread in their father's steps !

He then asked me how I came to scruple baking on Sundays ? And I told him simply, how God had dealt with my soul. And I believe it was then he first felt that affection for me, which continued to his dying day. From that time, both he and my good mistress were particularly kind to me and mine. And when, some years after, my station in London placed me in some sense over them, there were none in the Society that more fully submitted to every branch

branch of discipline. It was then he asked me to go with him to the Foundry, which I did at five the next morning. When I came back, I told my Wife where I had been. It grieved her much, as she believed all the idle reports she had heard; many of which she rehearsed, and added, "Now our peace is broken for ever." This stirred me up to be more earnest in prayer, but did not prevent my going every morning. On Sunday she was persuaded to go with me, though much afraid of my being drawn into some wrong way. John Nelson preached an alarming discourse, which I hoped would affect her much. But on the contrary, she was much disgusted, saying, "He has shewn me the way to hell; and not the way to get out of it. But I thank God, He has shewn me that Jesus Christ is the way: and has brought me out of it too." However, she went again the next Sunday. Mr. Charles Wesley then preached, and described the whole process of the work of God in the soul. She followed him step by step, till he came to the abiding witness of adoption, and here he left her behind. She was now both pleased and profited, and we now went on hand in hand, in the ways of God. But still I did not find the spirit of adoption, though I sought it diligently, continuing instant in prayer, and attending the word every morning and evening. Indeed this was not without difficulty: for I had no time for either but what I took from my sleep, which should have been from six to ten in the evening, and from half past four to six in the morning. I now slept little and ate little, and the grief of my soul drank up my spirits. But yet I could not believe, though I continued in prayer and supplication

supplication day and night, seeking God in sincerity of heart, and carefully departing from evil.

About this time my Wife and I were permitted to stay at the meeting of one of the Classes. I was much pleased and refreshed: but she said, "They had all agreed what to say, in order to catch us." Such is the folly of prejudice! It was soon after this, that you returned from the Bristol Hotwells, (being just recovered from your Consumption) namely, on Easter Eve, 1754. The next day you preached at West-street, April the 14th: it was the first time I ever saw or heard you. Under that sermon God set my heart at liberty, removing my sins from me, as far as the East is from the West: which the very change of my countenance testified, before my tongue could utter it. I had no great transport of joy; but my load was gone, and I could praise God from the ground of my heart: all my sorrow, and fear, and anguish of spirit, being changed into a solid peace.

But on Monday in the afternoon, as I was going along, I began to think, "You fancy your sins are forgiven, but you are deceived." I had but a little time given way to these thoughts, before I was quite miserable. And when I got home, my Wife immediately asked, What is the matter with you? I said, "Matter enough: I have deceived my own soul: I wish I had my sorrow again." She strongly urged me not to reason, but believe! To look unto Jesus, as giving himself for me. I was encouraged. I soon recovered my peace, which by the mercy of God, I have not lost since. Soon after we both joined the Society, and met in Brother Goode's Class:  
and

and this, among all the means of grace, was peculiarly useful to my soul.

About this time my eldest brother who used the sea, after being wrecked, got his passage to London. He was easily convinced of sin, and soon after converted to God. So being all of one heart and one mind, we rejoiced in God all the day long. But it was not long before I had strong impressions upon my mind, that God had called me to preach. I mentioned this in my band, after I had often sought God by fasting and prayer. We set apart some days for the same exercises. Afterwards they advised me, to mention it to you. You said, "This is a common temptation among young men. Several have mentioned it to me. But the next thing I hear of them is, that they are married, or upon the point of it." I said, "Sir, I am married already." You said, "Care not for it; but seek God by fasting and prayer." I answered, "This I have done." You strongly recommended patience and perseverance therein; and said, you doubted not, but God would soon make the way plain before my face.

Soon after you appointed me to be the leader of a band, and in a little time of a class. And God blessed me in both: but this did not at all alter my conviction that I must preach; nay, it grew stronger and stronger, till having no rest day or night, I was constrained to come to you again and tell you just what I felt. You told me, "To be a Methodist Preacher, is not the way to ease, honour, pleasure or profit. It is a life of much labour and reproach. They often fare hard, often are in want. They are liable to be

be stoned, beaten and abused in various manners. Consider this, before you engage in so uncomfortable a way of life." I replied, "I had no desire to engage therein, unless it was the call of God; and I did not regard what I suffered, in doing the will of God." You said, "You may then make a trial to-morrow morning at Snow-fields Chapel." I did so. The Monday following you appointed me for Wapping Chapel, and for the Foundry on Tuesday morning. It was near ten at night when I received the message. I soon went to work, but was engaged in meditation and prayer for assistance, all the time I was making my dough. As soon as I had done, (the rest of the family being in bed) I went to prayer, in which I found great liberty. I then read in my Bible to find a text, and continued reading, and praying till two o'clock. It was then time to call my fellow-servant, and we went to work together, being employed, as usual, till near four, in preparing the bread for the oven. All this time I was still in meditation and prayer, but could not fix upon a text. Soon after four he went to bed again, and I went to prayer, till a quarter before five, when I went to the Foundry, but with much fear and trembling: and when I took up the Hymn Book, I was so faint, that I could not speak so as to be understood. The people therefore could not sing: and as I was no singer, we were all at a stand. This did not a little increase my agitation, which was so great that I could not keep one of my joints from shaking. However in a while I went on; and after prayer, opened the Bible on these words, "Ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God with your body and spirit, which are God's." I now left the determination of this weighty affair with you, desiring,

desiring, that if you judged, I was called of God to preach, you would employ me, (as my business would permit) just when and where you pleased.

In a little time I was more employed than my strength would well allow. I had no time for preaching but what I took from my sleep: so that I had frequently not eight hours sleep in a week. This, with hard labour, constant abstemiousness, and frequent fasting, brought me so low, that in a little more than two years, I was hardly able to follow my business. My master was often afraid I should kill myself, and perhaps his fear was not groundless. I have frequently put off my shirts as wet with sweat, as if they had been dipt in water. After hastening to finish my business abroad, I have come home all in a sweat in the evening, changed my cloaths, and ran to preach at one or another chapel: then walked or ran back, changed my cloaths, and gone to work at ten, wrought hard all night and preached at five the next morning. I ran back to draw the bread at a quarter, or half an hour past six; wrought hard in the bake-house till eight; then hurried about with the bread till the afternoon, and perhaps, at night, set off again.

'Tis true, I need not have continued so long in this way. For you proposed my going to Ireland with you, as a travelling Preacher, in the beginning of March, 1756. I cheerfully agreed thereto, as you promised, my wife should be provided for in my absence. This I mentioned to one of my friends, who said, "No doubt he intends it; but when he is gone the stewards will do as they please." adding, "How can you labour in Ireland, while your wife is starving here?"

here?" I thought, however, I will talk with the stewards myself. I did so, and Mr. Brots and Hobbins asked, "What will be sufficient for your wife?" I answered, "Four shillings a week." But this they were unwilling to allow. So I remained at my business, till another pointed out, which I followed, till August, 1757. It was then agreed, that I should travel, and that my wife should have that fixed allowance. This was the beginning of that settlement for Preachers' wives, which (with the addition of forty shillings a year) continues to this day.

I was appointed for Epworth circuit in Lincolnshire; which then included Gainsborough, Grimsby, and Sheffield circuits. I left London, Aug. 15, 1757, to walk to Epworth, about an hundred and fifty miles. My fellow-labourers were Thomas Hanby, Thomas Tobias, and afterwards Thomas Lee. It pleased God, to give me much of his presence in my own soul, and to let me see some fruit of my labour. This supported me under the various exercises I met with. The first of these was at Rotherham, where John Thorpe, one of our local Preachers, had just separated from us. He declared open war against us, particularly opposing what he called my perfection. Yet it pleased God to raise up many witnesses of it; many that loved him with all their hearts. Several of whom are still burning and shining lights, and several removed into Abraham's bosom. Yea, it was observed, that some of his own hearers, even while he was preaching against salvation from sin, were fully convinced of the necessity of it: and indeed never rested more, till they were happy witnesses of it.



In Autumn I was desired to go to Boston. I did so, and preached in a field on a Sunday evening, with tolerable quietness. The next time I went, Mr. Allwood and I judged, it would be best to be in the Market-place. We began singing, when suddenly a large mob appeared, with a drum beating before them: meantime a great number of squibs were thrown among the people. Finding it was impossible to be heard, we purposed going to a friend's, about a mile from the town. The moment we turned our backs, the dirt and stones flew like hail on every side. On the bridge, a man stopped us; but we broke from him, and went on with the mob at our heels, throwing all that came to hand. Their number continually increasing, we thought it would be most adviseable to face them, and try to get back to the town, where we had left our horses. My two companions immediately leaped over a wide ditch, which divided the field. But before I could follow them, one of the mob coming behind me struck up my heels, and gave me a violent fall. When I got up, my friends were out of sight, and the mob surrounded me on every side. I knew not which way to go, neither indeed how to go at all, being exceeding weak and spent, both with the fall, and the many blows I had received. Being a little recovered, I tried to go through them, to a foot bridge that was over the ditch. They forbore throwing, till I drew near the bridge, and then all cried out, "Ditch him, ditch him." And just on the side of the ditch, one struck up my heels again. Yet he stood by me, and let me rise up, and walk quietly over the bridge. There I was in the middle

middle of the mob, and had a large field to go through, parted from the road by high rails, which had a broad ditch on either side. When I came to the rails, I knew not how to get over, my breath being almost spent. And if I could, I saw no likelihood of escaping the being thrown into the ditch. However they let me crawl over, without much hurt. But as soon as I was on the road, the same person who stopped us on the bridge collared me, to drag me to the horse-pond, while the rest plastered me over afresh with dirt. But just as we came to the pond, a gentleman called out to him that held me, "Let the man go." He immediately let go his hold, and I passed by the pond.

I had still to walk through the whole town, my horse being at the far end of it. When I came into the street, they got the dirt out of the kennels, and threw it in my face. As no door was open to take me in, I was obliged now and then to turn and face them (otherwise they seldom looked me in the face) in order to get breath. When I came into the Market-place, there was a general shout, for the glorious victory. Before I got to the inn, I was just ready to lie down, when one struck me violently, in order to strike up my heels. But I kept my feet, I know not how; which I looked upon as a great mercy; as such a fall upon the stones might have done me much hurt. At the same time one threw a stone, which struck me on the temple. I then concluded, I must die in their hands. But by the mercy of God, I was strangely brought through all the multitude, to the inn where I had alighted. Being sat down, my first thought was, "Father, forgive them; for

they know not what they do." Indeed my mind, (glory be to God!) was kept through the whole in perfect peace. By this time some of my friends, who had followed at a distance, were come in, and were washing my wound; when the mob came to the door, threatening what they would do to the house, if the landlord did not turn me out. He came in and said, "I cannot keep you here; for the mob will pull down my house." I told him, "Sir, I am in your house: but while I use it as an inn, it is mine. Turn me out at your peril. If you fear your house, apply to a magistrate for protection." He went to his landlord, who was a magistrate, and ordered him to take down the names of the chief rioters. After a while, I mounted my horse in the yard, and then the gates being opened, rode through a shower of stones, and came safe to our friend's house. But I was so bruised, almost from head to foot, that when I was cold, I could hardly stir. And it was a full year, before I quite recovered the hurts which I then received.

The next day I went back with a friend to the town. I soon found three of the rioters, to whom I could swear; but the rest were absconded. Hearing the Justices were in the Hall, we went thither without delay: and telling the Clerk, we had business with the Court, we were speedily introduced. The Chairman, after we had made our complaint, roughly said, "You are the aggressor. And now you have the impudence to come to us, requiring justice against others!" I answered, "I am here. If I have broke any law, inflict the penalty upon me. But in the mean time, I require you, in his Majesty's name, to do justice upon these rioters." After more threats,

threats, I was desired to call upon one of them at his own house, when the Court was over. I did so, and he behaved exceeding well, sending his serjeant for two of the rioters; one of whom brought his master to speak for him: but the justice told him plainly, "Either make it up with Mr. Mather, or I will send you to gaol directly." They both then asked pardon, promised good behaviour for the future, paid the expences and were dismissed. The third fled; but a warrant being given, he was apprehended; but upon the same terms he was released.

I cannot but remark another thing which happened this year. Nottingham had at this time no regular preaching. I had a strong desire to make a trial there, and came thither in the afternoon. At Matthew Bagshaw's, I found John Johnson, of York, who said, "I am glad you are come; for here is a poor man, who is to die to-morrow, whose behaviour is terrifying; he curses, swears, and threatens death, to all that have given evidence against him; the jailor in particular. He will see no clergyman, but says, he resolves to be a devil, that he may revenge himself. The minister has given me free leave to visit him: I went this morning; but he said, "Give yourself no trouble about me. By this time to-morrow, I shall be a devil, and then I will come and tear that villain in pieces." We immediately went to prayer, and vehemently wrestled with God on his behalf. After prayer, we went to him, and at first sight observed an entire change in his behaviour. We enquired, when this sudden change began? And found, it was just while we were at prayer. But we had little opportunity of speaking to him, the minister (for

whom he had sent) being just come, I could only say, as he passed by me heavily ironed, "Jesus Christ is both able and willing to strike off the heavier fetters of sin from your soul." He looked earnestly, but said nothing. We applied again to the throne of grace, before and after the preaching: and likewise great part of the night. We went early in the morning, and he was brought to us in the parlour. We talked and prayed with him some time. After rising from prayer, he said to the jailor, "I now forgive and love you: and I hope, and pray, that you will forgive me." This was quickly noised about the town, which filled the yard with spectators, who crowded about the windows, which gave us an opportunity of speaking to them also. He now acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and was resigned to it, having a strong hope of finding mercy. We attended him into the yard, when his irons were knocked off, amidst a vast croud, to whom we spake much on the occasion. Thence we accompanied him to the church, and afterwards to the cart, which stood at the gate, ready to receive him. But as he desired to walk between us, the sheriff gave him leave, and took much pains to keep off the croud: at the end of the town, we sang part of that Hymn.

" O for a thousand tongues to sing,  
My great Redeemer's praise!"

During the three first verses, he seemed lifted up: but when we came to those words in the fourth verse,

" His

“ His blood can make the foulest clean :  
His blood availed for me !”

he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. When we came to the place of execution, the minister prayed and went away. The sheriff allowed us to pray with him again. And we committed his soul to God, in chearful hope of meeting him again in Abraham's bosom.

In the year 1758, being stationed in Newcastle circuit, (which then reached as far as Musselborough) I made a visit to Brechin, in my way to which, I was seized with the bloody flux. As soon as I got home, I took my room. I was not able to come down stairs for a month. My wife was quite a stranger at Newcastle: but I could leave her and all things to God. I spoke freely to all who came to see me, not letting any escape out of my hands. Mr. Blair, the minister, came frequently: and his son, a physician, visited me several times a day. It was now I discharged the clotted blood, which had lain in me ever since the riot at Boston. Yet I did not recover, till I prevailed upon my mother to give me a large quantity of toast and water. The disorder was then presently stopped, and in a day or two I went down stairs.

The Sunday following, the Sacrament was to be administered. I sent a line to Mr. Blair, and desired to be admitted to it, if it would not offend any of his parishioners. He immediately sent me a token, saying, “ I will admit you, if they are all offended.” I went on Sunday, the first day I was abroad. The service lasted from nine in the morning to five in the evening; but I received no hurt. The next morning I breakfasted.

fasted at Mr. Blair's, with the minister that assisted at the Sacrament. They were sensible candid men. Mr. Blair desired me to give them an account of the work of God in England. But when I mentioned the greatness of the work, and the fewness of the labourers, he said, "Among so great a number of people, there must be many men of learning: why does not Mr. W. send them out?" This led me to mention the pre-requisites of a Methodist Preacher: namely, 1. A knowledge of God, as his God, as having pardoned all his sins. 2. A life and conversation suitable thereto. 3. A clear conviction that he was called of God to the work: otherwise he could not bear the crosses attending it. 4. Some fruit of his labour, in convincing and converting of sinners. Mr. Blair broke out, "If these are the pre-requisites of a Methodist Preacher, they must not come here for them." I preached twice before I left Brechin, to a vast concourse of people: and afterwards at Montrose; but I know not that it had any lasting effect, unless the removing of prejudice.

In 1759, I was stationed in York circuit, which then included Yarm, Scarborough, and Hull circuits. In this year the work at Whitby began, and we had a great out-pouring of the the Spirit in many places. The next year I was in Staffordshire, where it pleased God to work in a very eminent manner: at Darlaston in particular, where there was a small, but steady Society of long standing. Several of these had borne much persecution, and took joyfully the spoiling of their goods. Ever since their behaviour has been unblameable: and yet none of them could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

liveth." Some of these coming over to the prayer meetings at Wednesbury, and hearing (what they thought they had never heard before) that they were to believe now; that they might come to Christ now, without any other qualification, than a sense of their own sinfulness and helplessness, were utterly astonished: and they began to be amazed at their slowness of heart. Presently a prayer meeting was set up at Darlaston. And in a little time many souls were set at liberty. The oldest stood out longest. After all they had done and suffered, they found it hard to come, as having done nothing. And when they were urged to it in a class or prayer meeting, they were ready to gnash with their teeth. But whether they would hear or forbear, God continued to add more and more souls to his genuine gospel. Nothing stood before it. Many of the servants and children of these old professors, cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" Being pointed to the Lamb of God, they believed and rejoiced in God their Saviour, to the utter astonishment of their unbelieving masters and parents. In one night it was common to see five or six (and sometimes more) praising God for his pardoning mercy. And not a few in Birmingham, Dudley, and Wolverhampton, as well as in Wednesbury and Darlaston, clearly testified, that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed them from all sin.

Meantime the Societies increased greatly. In Darlaston we purchased ground and built a Preaching-house, and in Birmingham we hired a large building. Satan was alarmed at this, and stirred up outward persecution, both at Birmingham and Wolverhampton. But it did us no hurt. Our brethren went on, not counting their  
lives



lives dear unto themselves. He then made the minds of some of the old Methodists evil affected towards their brethren. They began to speak much evil, (particularly in their classes) of them and of this new doctrine. And any defect in these new converts (as they called them) were magnified to the utmost: and then brought as an undeniable proof, that the whole matter was wrong. These were earnestly supported by Mr. J—s, formerly an itinerant, now a local Preacher. To him they sent every tale that malice could invent, either against the work, or the instruments employed therein. my wife in particular; whom indeed God had been pleased to make eminently useful. This embarrassed me a little: however, we went on, and the work did not suffer much, till about the time of the Conference, when some of the Preachers, going through the circuit, and hearing only one side (though they might have heard both, as I was present) both privately encouraged the opposition, and in their public discourses, dividing the people into the new and old believers, used many unkind expressions, to encourage the old and discourage the new believers, as they called them. This went hard with one that was not an old Preacher, this being but the fourth year of my preaching, and the first of my acting as an assistant. However, by the grace of God, far less hurt was done than might reasonably have been expected:

As I wrote to you the most minute circumstances of the work, and you were there in the very height of it, you judged it best to place me in the Circuit another year. But I made a false step in the beginning of it. Longing for peace, and preferring the judgment of other men to

my

my own, I agreed that my Wife should not hold any more prayer meetings. Immediately the work began to decay, both as to its swiftness and extensiveness. And though I continued to insist as strongly as ever upon the same points, yet there was not the same effect, for want of seconding by prayer meetings the blow which was given in preaching. Mr. Westell laboured with me this year. We constantly attended Stroud and Painswick: at both places there was a large increase; as also in several other parts of the Circuit, which then included Coventry and Shrewsbury.

After having been married near ten years, I had this year a son. May he prove a blessing to many, and a comfort to his parents! In May and June, you desired me to visit Wales, and regulate the Societies there. They were all then supplied by Mr. Taylor, who was exceeding useful among them. But the people in general were difficult to get, and more so to keep, in Society. In many places however, they joined together: and not a few of them remain to this day.

In 1763, God revived his work in the Staffordshire circuit: especially at Birmingham; notwithstanding the disturbance which we constantly had during the preaching, and the danger of being murdered by the mob, when we came out of the house. No magistrate could quell the rioters: or rather I should say, none would. For it is certain, any magistrate has power to preserve the peace, if he will. But at length Mr. Wortly Birch took them in hand: he laid some of the rioters in the dungeon, and left them there a night or two to cool. He fined the rest according

ing to law ; obliged them to pay the money down, and gave it to the poor. By this means their stout spirits were humbled, and we have had peace ever since. This year a Preaching-house was built at Stroud ; and another at Wolverhampton. But this was not long-lived : for soon after the mob assembled, and pulled it down to the ground.

They had reigned here for a long time, inso-much that it was difficult for a Methodist to pass the streets. And now, one could, hardly appear in them, but at the hazard of his life. The rioters had broke most of their windows, and swore they would pull down their houses, and every Preaching-house near. Hearing of this at Stroud, I rode over immediately and found the whole country in terror, as they expected every night the mob from Wolverhampton, to pull down the preaching-houses, at Dudley, Darlaston, and Wednesbury, with the houses of the Methodists. They came first to Darlaston, a place long famous for rioting, hoping to meet with good encouragement. But a hog-butcher, who lived near the house, hearing the alarm, leaped out of bed, seized his cleaver, and running out, swore death to the first that meddled with it. So unexpected a reception quite discouraged them, and made them run away faster than they came. Here we saw the good effect which the late revival had upon the town in general. There were few left, who would either persecute themselves, or suffer others to do it.

But Wolverhampton itself was still in a flame. A friend who was to accompany me to the town, had procured a pair of pocket-pistols, and offered me one. But I told him, " No : I am in  
God's

God's work, and trust to his protection. And you must return your pistols, or I cannot accept of your company." He did so. When I came to the end of the town, the alarm was quickly spread. So that before we came into the main street, we had company enough. But they were restrained, so that we received little abuse, further than bad language. I immediately went to the justice, who granted a warrant; but the constable gave notice of it to the rioters, so that none was taken: some fled; some hid themselves: the rest set the justice at defiance. This occasioned several neighbouring justices, to fix a day for meeting in the town. When they met, several of the rioters were brought before them. Three were bound over to appear at Stafford, where all the magistrates gave attendance. The proof against the rioters was full: yet the honourable jury acquitted them all!

This gave them fresh spirits: so they hasted home with ribbons flying, and were saluted with bells and bonfires, in one of which they burnt me and my friend in effigy. Our friends now found it more dangerous than ever to come into the town, or get to their houses. Before I left Stafford, I waited on Lord D—— with Mr. Hayes, attorney, the person who prepared the mob, and himself made the first breach in the house. I told him plain, either let Mr. Hayes rebuild the house, or we will try him for his life. He promised it should be rebuilt in such a time: and it was built accordingly. So did God deliver us out of this complicated trouble. And all the time his work prospered.

But what could not be done by persecution, has been done by those who brought in a new

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doctrine

doctrine among us. This soon checked, and has now well nigh destroyed, both the root and branch of vital religion. They who receive this new light, not only despise and speak evil of those that begat them to God, but even deny the reality of that unspeakable blessing, which they then received. They say, "We were then blind, and knew nothing." Happy ignorance! Which enabled them to endure reproach, pain, want: yea, to carry their lives in their hands, counting nothing dear, but to have a conscience void of offence, towards God and towards man.

In August 1770, I was stationed in Bristol circuit. Here I met with various exercises. But I was more than conqueror, and good was done in Bristol, and in several other places. Particularly at Bath, where they were obliged first to enlarge and then to gallery the Preaching-house. In the Spring I was called to Monmouth, to open a Preaching-house, which was duly licensed. We preached with tolerable quietness till Sunday evening. The church-wardens then came before me, went in, and shut the doors. Meantime the street was all in an uproar: I went on with Mrs. Hern and Miss Fortune (my only companions) till we met the mob, who opened to the right and left, and let us pass to the door. It was shut, but in a while I prevailed to have it opened. And one of them asked, what authority I had to preach? I asked, who he was? He said, the churchwarden. "Then you have no authority to question me. I shall not shew mine, but to a proper person. And I desire you will either behave well, or withdraw." Another said, "Sir, will you shew it me? I am the chief constable." I answered, "Sir, I will." While he was reading,

ing, the Churchwarden looked over him, and said, "O Sir, this will not do." I said, Sir, it will do for me: and I require all of you who stay, to behave in a becoming manner? The chief constable then withdrew: but the crowd was so great, that they could not half get in. And those without were so noisy, that nothing could be heard. So after a time I judged it best to withdraw.

In the evening the mayor sent desiring me to attend him in the morning at the town-hall. I went. Soon after came the mayor, the clerk of the peace, and all the chief men of the town. The rector and curate used some harsh words. The other gentlemen behaved civilly. But they asked so many questions, and spoke so many at a time, it was impossible to answer. I said, "Gentlemen, be pleased to speak one at a time." But this could not be done. Only they all agreed in desiring me to promise, that I would come no more. I told them, "I would make no such promise; no, not if my life depended upon it." So we parted as we met, and the next day I got safe to Bristol.

In 1773, I was stationed at Canterbury. During my stay in this circuit, we had a fair prospect of doing good at Gravesend. The congregations were large, and not a few appeared to be much affected. The Society increased, and all things were in a flourishing condition, till a poor creature, one George Gould appeared, who at first came as one of our friends. But no sooner had he gained the affections of the people, than he pulled off the mask, and preached Calvinism. And hereby such a wound was given to the Society, as is not healed to this day.

In the year 1777, I was appointed for the Coltr circuit. It was not long before, that the gallery in the Preaching-house, being full of people had fallen flat to the ground. And though no one was killed, yet some limbs were broken, and many poor people bruised. This obliged me to travel through many Societies, in order to defray those large expences, of taking care of those who were hurt, and rebuilding the gallery, as well as building and furnishing a house for the Preachers. But whatever fatigue I had was abundantly made up, by the kindness and liberality of our brethren.

Having prepared the materials for the preaching-house at Paddiham the next year, on the first of October we laid the foundation. But a person pretending a claim to the ground, when the wall was about a yard high, threw a part of it down. We bore this outrage, and proceeded in the work. This emboldened him to engage three masons, who came in the night, when the roof was on, wrested out the sides of both doors with the lintels, with a yard of the wall above. They broke the sides of the two large windows, near three feet on each side; they then made a large hole in the pillar between the two windows, intending to throw down the house. But suddenly such a panic seized them, that first one and then the other stopt short and ran away. These returned no more. But their employer, with the third man, resolved to finish their work. Presently he was himself struck with a fear of being killed, and ran away, dragging his fellow with him.

Being averse to law, we bore this also: but we set a watch on the house every night, till it was

was covered in and licensed, in hopes we should then be quiet. But on December the 21st, he brought two men at eleven in the forenoon, with a pickax and a crow, and directed them to begin at one of the doors, which was not quite repaired. The workmen stood amazed, but several of the townsmen quickly came to the place, two of whom were remarkably weak men, and one of them lame besides, one laid hold of the pickax, and one on the crow. They that held them were stout men, the terror of the country. Many took part on each side. I was in my room, and at first thought not to stir out. But fearing mischief might be done, I sent for a constable, and myself walked to the chapel. The young man was struggling with him that held the pickax, to whom I spoke, and he promised to be quiet. Meantime some took the crow from the other man, which their employer observing, struck a lad that helped them. He returned the blow. A battle ensued, wherein the gentleman was worsted, and rolled in the dirt.

Finding there was no other way, I procured a warrant from Serjeant Aspinwall, for the chief riotors. This was served immediately. The next morning we waited upon him, at his house, and he bound them all over to the assizes. But I recollecting that Mr. W——n had said before the serjeant, he was willing to refer the whole affair to him, I sent him word, "I was willing too;" and desired him to name the time and place. But he would do neither. After preaching at Millend in the evening, I went to bed; but my sleep departed from me. However, I rose as usual; but before I went out of my room, I heard a knocking at the door. It



was one from Paddiham, who mournfully cried out, "O Sir, we are all ruined! Mr. W——n has got a warrant for seven and twenty of us, and you are the first in it. We must be all at the Serjeant's by noon." I told him, "I would be there." As soon as I came, I saw Mr. W——n just going into the yard. I followed him close, to the great joy of my friends. We were near forty in number. The serjeant coming to the door, I asked, "Why I was summoned?" He answered, "For a riot." I said, "Sir, you cannot but know, that Mr. W. has done this out of mere litigiousness. But why should we trouble the whole country with our affairs? Cannot we settle it between ourselves?" To this Mr. W. agreed. So as we had no bonds of arbitration ready, we both signed a memorandum to the same effect. The poor people then went home in peace. After some difficulties the bonds were signed, and after hearing all parties, the serjeant's sentence was, 1. That the ground (part of which we had purchased) should be equally divided between us and Mr. W. and 2. That he should pay us five pounds for the damage he had done. Thus we were at length delivered out of our trouble, and peace re-established at Paddiham.

What I may meet with hereafter, I know not: I can only say, I find it in my heart, to spend and be spent for God, in promoting his glory and the salvation of men. To that end I am determined still to preach the whole Methodist doctrine, and to see that the discipline to which God has led us, be executed in all its branches. I see more and more, that where it is not executed, little lasting good is done. I know this is not the way of ease, nor the way to popularity.

But

But as I set out, without a view to either, so I hope to continue, by the grace of God.

I remain your affectionate,

And dutiful Son in the Gospel,

ALEXANDER MATHER.

After reading and considering the foregoing account, I observed to Mr. Mather, That he had wholly omitted one considerable branch of his experience, touching what is properly termed, The Great Salvation. He wrote me a full and particular answer, the substance of which I have subjoined.

JOHN WESLEY.

“ I answer, 1. With regard to the time and place, it was at Rotherham, in the year 1757. that I enjoyed it in a far larger degree, than I ever did before, or do now. And although my situation the next year laid many hindrances in the way, yet I both preached it plainly, and strongly encouraged those that had before experienced it, and such as professed to receive it at that time, either at Sunderland or elsewhere. This I continued to do in 59 and 60: in which time many were made partakers of it, in York, at and near Pocklington, in Hull, and various other places. It was the enjoyment of this which supported me in the trials I met with at Wednesbury, in the two following years. During which, many were added to the witnesses of it in Birmingham, Dudley, Darlaston, Wolverhampton and Wednesbury. It was my own experience which emboldened me to assert it, even  
where

where it was opposed by our chief members; partly because of the faults of some that professed it; but chiefly because of the natural enmity of their hearts to God.

“ What I had experienced in my own soul, was an instantaneous deliverance from all those wrong tempers and affections; which I had long and sensibly groaned under. An entire disengagement from every creature, with an entire devotedness to God: and from that moment, I found an unspeakable pleasure, in doing the will of God in all things. I had also a power to do it, and the constant approbation both of my own conscience and of God: I had simplicity of heart, and a single eye to God, at all times and in all places; with such a fervent zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls, as swallowed up every other care and consideration. Above all, I had uninterrupted communion with God, whether sleeping or waking. Oh that it were with me, as when the candle of the Lord thus shone upon my head! While I call it to mind, my soul begins to wing its way toward that immediate enjoyment of God. May it never be retarded, but press into the glorious liberty, which is equally free for all the sons of God.

“ As to the manner wherein this work was wrought, 1. After I was clearly justified, I was soon made sensible of my want of it. For although I was enabled to be very circumspect, and had a continual power over outward and inward sin, yet I felt in me what I knew was contrary to the mind which was in Christ, and what hindered me from enjoying and glorifying him as I saw it was the privilege of a child of God to do. And such I knew myself to be,  
both

both from the fruit and the witness of his Spirit ; which I felt in a strong degree, supporting me in conflicts of a very close and particular nature. 2. My conviction of the need of a farther change, was abundantly increased, by the searching preaching of Mr. Walsh, of blessed memory. This kept my conscience very tender, even to a degree of scrupulosity ; and helped me to be much in private prayer, and kept me watching thereunto. 3. When I saw my call to preach, the difficulties attending that office shewed me more and more the need of such a change, that I might bear all things : and by searching the Scriptures, I saw the possibility of it more clearly, and was stirred up to seek it more earnestly. 4. When I began travelling, I had no end, aim, or design, but to spend and be spent for God : not counting my life, or any thing dear, so I might finish my course with joy : which indeed I expected would be very short, as “ I dealt my life at every blow.” I saw as clearly, as I do now, that nothing furthers that end so much as a heart and life wholly devoted to God.

“ This made me neglect the advantage I had in my youth of a tolerable acquaintance with Latin, which I could easily have recovered : but this and every other gain I counted but loss, that I might win that intimacy with God, which I still think to be the life of preaching. Therefore I husbanded all the time, that I could save from company, eating or sleeping, to lay out in wrestling with God, for myself and the flock : so I devoted to God, some part of every leisure hour : over and above the hour from eleven to twelve in the forenoon, and from four to five  
in

in the afternoon. Herein I was sweetly drawn after God, and had many and large views of that salvation which I wanted, and which he had provided in his Son. The exceeding great and precious promises, were clearly opened to me. And having a full assurance of the power and faithfulness of the Promiser, my soul often tasted of their sweetness. And though unbelief prevented my immediate possession, yet I had a blessed foretaste of them. This made me desire full enjoyment more and more. I abhorred whatever seemed to keep me from it. I sought out every obstruction. I was willing to offer up every Isaac; and inflamed with great ardour in wrestling with God; determined not to let him go, till he emptied me of all sin, and filled me with himself.

“ This I believe he did; when I ventured upon Jesus as sufficient to save to the uttermost. He wrought in me what I cannot express, what I judge it is impossible to utter. Yet I was not long without reasoning: not concerning the work; of this I was absolutely sure: but whether such and such things as I soon discovered in myself were consistent with it. And this had its use, as it qualified me to advise others, who, though saved from sin, were tried in the same way.

“ Upon this head I consulted Mr. Walsh and his advice helped me in some degree. But God helped me much more in private prayer: herein I was clearly satisfied. 1. That deliverance from sin, does not imply deliverance from human infirmities. 2. That neither is it inconsistent with feeling our natural appetites, or with the regular gratification of them: and 3. That sal-  
vation

vation from sin is not inconsistent with temptations of various kinds. And all this you have clearly and fully declared in the "Plain Account of Christian Perfection."

"I have only to observe, that while my soul was following hard after God, I had frequent temptations to resume my Latin and learn the other languages: especially when I observed some of my brethren who had made some progress therein, though they had not the same advantages with me. But the comfort I found in spending all my time as above, and the thought, that however this might recommend them to some hearers, yet they were not hereby more instrumental than before, either in awakening, converting or building up souls, made me quite easy about it. This I have considered as the only business, and peculiar glory of a Methodist Preacher. Not that I think our brethren who have made this progress, have not been useful in all these respects; but I think they are not more useful than they were when they were strangers to these things. And I doubt, whether they are so useful as they might have been, had they employed the same time, the same diligence, and the same intenseness of thought, in the several branches of that work, for which they willingly gave up all. For my own part, I want to feel the same principle ever actuating me, which I felt the moment I set out.

"Upon the whole, I find abundant cause to praise God, for the support he has given me under various trials, and the wonderful deliverance from them. I praise him for so preserving me from impatience in them, that the enemy had

no room to speak reproachfully. In all, he has given me free access to the throne of grace ; often with a strong confidence of deliverance. I bless God, that the trials I have met with, even from my brethren, have never given me an inclination to decline the work ; nor for any time together, to be less active in any branch of it. I always considered, I had nothing which I had not received, and that the design of the Giver was, that all should be used with singleness of heart, to please God and not man. I praise Him, that though some of the affairs I have been engaged in, being quite new to me, so deeply employed my thought as sometimes to divert me from that degree of communion with God, in which is my only happiness, and without which my soul can never be at rest : yet he gives me always to see, that the fulness of the promise is every christian's privilege ; and that this and every branch of salvation, is to be received now, by faith alone. And it can only be retained by the same means, by believing every moment. We cannot rest on any thing that has been done, or that may be done hereafter. This would keep us from living a life of faith, which I conceive to be no other, than the now deriving virtue from Jesus, by which we enjoy and live to God. My soul is often on the stretch for the full enjoyment of this, without interruption, nor can I discharge my conscience, without urging it upon all believers, now to *come unto Him, who is able to save unto the uttermost !*"

An account of his Character and DEATH,  
as delivered by Mr. BENSON, in his Funeral  
Sermon.

**M**R. MATHER travelled in the Methodist  
Connexion forty-three years ; laboured  
in most Circuits in the kingdom, and has been  
peculiarly well received, and, I believe I may  
say, very useful in them all. In labours, you  
all know, he has been abundant ; and, as he  
laboured in dependance on divine grace, and  
with a single eye to the glory of God, he  
who sent him, did not suffer him to labour in  
vain, but gave him many seals to his ministry.  
Many I am persuaded were awakened, many  
justified, and believers in general edified, by  
his ministry, wherever he came. What sort of  
a preacher he was, you, in general well know,  
having heard him frequently, not only during  
the last two years, in which he has had the care  
of this Circuit, but many of you, twenty-seven  
or twenty-eight years ago, when also he laboured  
in London, as you have likewise, since that  
time, often heard him occasionally. So that it  
is not necessary I should give you any character  
of him in this respect. You will generally allow,  
I think, that he had very clear and just views  
of the truth as it is in Jesus, in all its branches ;  
and that his preaching was peculiarly instructive,  
and very forcible and impressive. He was never  
at a loss for abundance and variety of edifying  
matter ; and, had he had the aid of a classical edu-  
cation,



cation, his discourses, through a better arrangement, would have appeared to much more advantage. His apprehension was peculiarly quick, his genius fertile, and his memory tenacious. Being naturally a man of strong passions, and divine grace having softened and humbled his heart, he generally felt *himself*, the truths he delivered to others, and in consequence thereof, his hearers felt them too.

Indeed he had a *feeling heart* in every sense, especially towards persons in want and affliction; with whom he always sympathized, whom he was always ready to relieve according to his ability, and for the relief of whom, he was often entrusted with considerable sums of money, by some friends who were rich and benevolent, and whose almoner he was. He was a man of strict integrity, of exemplary conduct, and of great zeal for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. This made him instant in season and out of season in his endeavours to spread the Gospel of Christ, which he well knew to be the grand means God hath made choice of both to save mankind, and to advance his own glory. Nor did he confine his efforts for this purpose to the pulpit, but in private conversation, and in all companies where it could with propriety be done, he laboured to diffuse the odour of the knowledge of God, and of the truths of his precious word. I have known few persons more careful than he was, to improve conversation to the edification of those present; or more apt to *teach*, to *reprove*, *rebuke* and *exhort*, with all *long suffering* and *doctrine*. And as his life was consistent with his teaching, and he was "an example to believers in word, in behaviour, in love, in spirit,

spirit, in faith, in purity," what he advanced was generally well received, and attended with a blessing.

13. As the work of God in general was dear to him; so especially the welfare of the Methodist connexion. This, with the doctrine and discipline thereof, lay very near his heart indeed; and when, at any time or place, matters wore a gloomy aspect, and circumstances arose which seemed to militate against the safety or prosperity of our cause, it touched him to the quick, and he was very prone to yield to excessive grief. And this, perhaps, was his great failing, for that he had failings I do not deny, for I do not deny that he was *man*. His grief on these occasions sometimes wore the appearance of, and was mistaken for *anger*, and perhaps I may allow that, in a sense, it was anger, even anger similar to that which he felt, who, we are informed, "looked round about on the multitude with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." During these thirty years that I have known him I never knew any thing affect him so deeply, as what he thought touched the cause of God, and affected the welfare of the Methodist connexion.

14. But I shall tire out your patience. One thing more it seems of importance I should observe before I give you an account of his last sickness and death. When he, was labouring at Rotherham, in the year 1757, he tells us the Lord greatly deepened his work in his soul. He was delivered from those wrong tempers and affections which he had long and sensibly groaned under. He felt an entire disengagedness from every creature with an entire devotedness to

God; and from that moment found unspeakable pleasure in doing the will of God in all things, having also power to do it. And as he had the approbation of his own conscience; so he believed also he had the approbation of God. His heart then was undivided, and his eye single to the glory of God at all times and in all places; and he was inspired with that fervent zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls, which swallowed up every other care and consideration. And above all, he had, he says, uninterrupted communion with God sleeping and waking. He seems to have retained this close union with Christ, and conformity to him for some time, but by no means till he wrote the account (which as I said, was in the year 1780.) I suppose, however, he frequently enjoyed it, and that it was his chief support under the many trials he met with from affliction and pain, from mobs, by scoffs and insults, by dirt, stones, and brickbats, with which he was sometimes attacked, when about his Master's work; from false brethren, and from seeing the work of God hindered, and the societies and congregations, divided and scattered through strife and contention.

Speaking on this subject, he says, "I find  
 " abundant cause to praise God for the support  
 " he has given me, under various trials, and the  
 " wonderful deliverance he has granted me from  
 " them. I praise him, for so preserving me  
 " from impatience in them, that the enemy has  
 " had no room to speak reproachfully. In all  
 " he has given me free access to the throne of  
 " grace, often with strong confidence of deli-  
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" met with, even from my brethren, have ne-  
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 " work: nor for any time together to be less  
 " active in it. I always considered I had no-  
 " thing, which I had not received, and that the  
 " design of the Giver was, that all should be  
 " used with singleness of heart to please God,  
 " and not man. I praise him, that though some  
 " of the affairs I have been engaged in, being  
 " quite new to me, have so deeply employed my  
 " thoughts, as sometimes to divert me, from  
 " that degree of communion with God, in which  
 " is my only happiness, and without which my  
 " soul can never be at rest; yet he gives me always  
 " to see, that the fulness of the promise is every  
 " christian's privilege, and that this, and every  
 " other branch of salvation is to be received now  
 " by faith."

Such were his views, desires and resolutions  
 twenty years ago, and I believe they were not  
 materially altered after that time. What his  
 spirit and conduct were of late, many of you  
 know better than I. He has been your minister,  
 and superintendant of the societies in this city,  
 and the neighbourhood, these two last years, and  
 you have had frequent opportunities of observ-  
 ing, how he conducted himself, and, which is  
 the chief evidence of the power of grace, with  
 what degree of *patience* and *resignation* he sup-  
 ported the tedious, complicated, and painful af-  
 fliction, wherewith it pleased God, to exercise,  
 and perfect him. For it was necessary that he,  
 like his Master, should be perfected through suf-  
 ferings. His sufferings indeed, for some years,  
 have occasionally been great; but for six or eight  
 months nearly uninterrupted. At the time I last

saw him, the time referred to before, his affliction was great indeed. And what I was then a witness to I shall never forget. The moment his dear friend Mr. Pawson, and I entered the room, his pale face, his emaciated body, and his death-like appearance, struck and affected us exceedingly, and for some minutes we both remained silent and wept. At length he attempted to address us, and with a low whisper, not being able to speak above his breath, he said, "Through the mercy of God I have got hither, by a miracle; but why I am here I know not; for I seem to be of no use." I said, "You are here, that you may be an example of *patience*, by suffering the will of God, as you have long been of diligence in doing it. And doubtless, you find this an harder duty, than the other." "Indeed I do," said he, "but I find, the grace of God sufficient for this also." He then expressed himself, in a most clear, pertinent, and feeling manner, concerning our redemption by Christ, as I have mentioned above, and of his whole dependence, being on this alone, and not on any thing he had done or suffered, for salvation. We were both much affected while he discoursed on this subject. After this he spoke concerning the Methodist connexion in a way, which shewed how much his soul was wrapped up in the prosperity of it, and gave us many cautions and advices, urging us especially to attend, at the Conference, to the state of the poor Preachers, many of whom, he said, he knew to be in great want and distress. After he had quite spent himself with speaking to us, on these, and some other subjects, we kneeled down to pray, as we had reason to believe, for the last time. But we  
could

could not speak much. We could do little more than weep in silence, and gave vent to our tears and sighs. We then bid him farewell. Mr. Pawson, indeed, might intend to see him again the next day, but I took my leave of him not expecting to see him again, as it has happened, till the resurrection of the just.

He continued to be patient and resigned, as he had been all along from the first attack of his disorder, and retained his confidence in God, and his hope of everlasting life, to the very last; exemplifying, in a glorious manner, in his experience and behaviour, the following well known, and striking description of a triumphant death:

“ Thro’ nature’s wreck, thro’ vanquished agonies,  
 (Like the stars struggling thro’ the midnight gloom,)  
 What gleams of joy? What more than human peace?  
 Where the frail mortal,—the poor abject worm?  
 No, not in *death*, the *mortal*! to be found!  
 His conduct is a legacy for all,  
 Richer than Mammon’s for his single heir.  
 His comforters he comforts: Great in ruin,  
 With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*,  
 His soul sublime, and closes with his fate.”

On Saturday night, August 16, speaking to his much esteemed friend Mr. Robert Spence of York, he said, “ What I told you upon your first visiting me after my arrival at York, I still feel to be a truth, viz. that I have no where to look, nor any thing else to depend upon for salvation, but Christ: and my confidence in HIM IS FIRM AS A ROCK. My faith has frequently been assaulted, during my affliction, in an unusual manner, but it has never shrunk in the least degree: I feel a blessed evidence of my acceptance;

ance, and a sacred sense of God's presence being with me *always*. How comfortable are these words, "He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out. God so loved us, that he gave his only Son to be the propitiation for us." There is no other name, no other Redeemer; on him my soul relies. Mine is a hope of more than forty years; it cannot easily be shaken."

On Monday the 18th, being in extreme anguish, he said, "I long to be gone; I long to be gone;" and desired me to pray for his dismissal. After rising from my knees, I said, that this could only be asked with submission: he sweetly and reverently answered, "With great submission; with great submission." After pausing a while, he said, "I am happy in Jesus, but my sufferings are *very great*;" and added,

"Rivers of life divine I see,

"And trees of Paradise:

"O let me be there:—I'll be there, there, there: O that it might be THIS night; O hide me among these trees:—Here may I have an abiding place!

" 'Tis there, with the Lambs of thy Flock!—

"There only I covet to rest.

"But if I may not have the privilege, the happiness, the honour, of being with thee THIS night, may I be resigned to thy will—O that exercise of praise and thanksgiving! It has been the delight of my soul—my chief exercise on earth.—I have loved thy word, thy law, thy people, and I still love them.

"Let.

" Let it not my Lord displease,

" That I would die to be his guest.—

" Jesus answers, Thou art all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee.—Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away—Jesus has made me all fair." Again, when labouring under the most extreme pain, anguish, and anxiety, (for his complicated afflictions, racked his body with the most torturing sufferings, and bowed down his formerly strong spirits with the heaviest depression,) he most affectingly cried out, " O God, my heart is broken within me—Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming?—Lord, grant me patience ; and then, as though his prayers were immediately answered, he calmly said,

" To patient faith the prize is sure,

" And they that to the end endure

" The cross, shall wear the crown."

On Wednesday morning the 20th, after a night of inexpressible sufferings, he was composed and slumbered a little. When he awoke he seemed surprized to find himself still in the body, and said, Why did you call me back?—I have been in Paradise.—As surely as I shall go there again, I have been in heaven this morning." Then, after taking leave of, and giving his dying advice to the family, he turned to Mrs. Mather, and said, " As for you my dear, I can say nothing to you that I have not already said ; but, (pointing to the Bible,) that book is yours, and the Author of it." On this night, amongst many other heavenly breathings, I observed him to say, " O Jesus, whom I have loved, whom I do love, in whom I delight, I surrender myself unto thee." This was a night of peculiar affliction,



tion, which he bore with the utmost degree of Christian patience.

On Friday the 22d, about two hours before his departure, and nearly the last words he uttered, he was heard to say, " I now know that I have not fought thee in vain ; I have not—I have not—I have not." And then, " O thou that caused light to shine out of darkness, shine upon my soul with the light of the knowledge of the Son of God. That Name above every Name for ever dear—it dispels all my fears—O proclaim, proclaim JESUS. Tell me, shall I be with him THIS night?" On being answered, Yes, there is no doubt of it, he cried out, " He that I have served for near fifty years, will not forsake me now.—Glory be to God and the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen. Amen. Amen."

Soon after this his voice failing, he spoke very little *audibly* ; but by the motion of his lips, appeared engaged in silent ejaculations, till seeming to fall into a sweet slumber, he silently, and almost imperceptibly, breathed his soul into the arms of his loved and adored Redeemer, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

And now, my brethren, is not this most animating ? Methinks had we been present at *such a close, of such a life, by such a man*, we should have felt a little of the ardour described in the lines immediately following those above quoted.

" How our hearts burnt within us at the scene !

" Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man !

" His God sustains him, in his final hour !

" His final hour brings glory to his God !

" Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.

" We gaze ; we weep, mixt tears of grief and joy !

" Amazement

“ Amazement strikes ! Devotion bursts to flame !

“ Christians adore ! and infidels believe.”

Thus lived, and thus died, Alexander Mather. Than whom, perhaps, no person has been more universally respected among us, as an “ intelligent and judicious man, a pious and exemplary Christian, a sympathizing and steady friend, and a faithful, diligent labourer in the Lord’s vineyard.” What was said of Demetrius, by St. John, (as some of you heard from Mr. Bradburn, this morning,) was indeed very applicable to him,—“ He had a good report of all men, and of the truth itself.” May we, whether preachers or people, follow him, as he followed Christ ! Considering the end of his conversation, and how the Lord supported him in his last moments ; may we imitate his faith and patience, and persevere in our endeavours to aid the good cause, which he so long laboured to support, and help forward in the earth :—the cause, which the Apostles, the Evangelists, the Saints, and the Martyrs of former ages, had so much at heart ; which the Son of God himself came from heaven to promote, and for which he did not think it too much to give his life. We ourselves also, let us remember, are ready to be offered, and the time of our departure is likewise at hand. Let us, like our departed friend, make it our chief care to “ fight the good fight, to finish our course, and keep the faith ;” that for us also, through the same Redeemer, and in consequence of redemption in him, there may be laid up “ a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, may give us in that day ; and not to us only, but to all that love his appearing.” Amen ! Amen !

THE

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THE  
EXPERIENCE  
OF

*Mr. Thomas Mitchell.*

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I WAS born in the parish of Bingley, Yorkshire, Dec. 3d, 1726. My parents both died in the faith. I lived with them seven years, and seven more with an uncle, who was in the same parish. From five years old I had strong convictions at times, and put up many prayers for mercy. And though I had no one to teach me, yet I had the fear of God in my heart. If I was overtaken in any sin, I was much troubled, till I had said my prayers, which I thought would make all up.

At fourteen, I was put apprentice to be a mason. While I lived with my master, I had little concern for my soul. But after six years, at the time of the rebellion, I enlisted among the  
Yorkshire

Yorkshire Blues. I continued with them about a year. There was one man among us, who had the fear of God before his eyes. He gave me good advice, which one time, in particular, took great effect upon me and my comrade. We both of us were under deep convictions, but knew not what to do to be saved. I began to fear death exceedingly, knowing I was not fit to die. These words followed me continually; "Curst is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law, to do them." I thought I must fulfil the law, or be damned. I strove all I could to fulfil it; but I thought I grew worse and worse, till my load was many times heavier than I could bear.

In the year 1746, the rebellion being over, we were discharged. I then sought for a people that feared God, and soon joined the Society. I heard John Nelson several times, and began to have some hope of finding mercy: some time after I went to hear Mr. Grimshaw, and was convinced that we are to be saved by faith; yea, that the very worst of sinners might be saved, by faith in Jesus Christ. Soon after, I heard Mr. Charles Wesley preach from these words, "I am determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." He shewed clearly, that Christ is able and willing to save the greatest sinners. I was much refreshed under the sermon, and much more so, in singing these words:

Whither should a sinner go?  
His wounds for me stand opened wide:  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified.

T

But

But when he told us, we might know our sins forgiven in this life; yea, this very moment, it seemed to me new doctrine, and I could not believe it at all. But I continued in prayer; and in a few days, I was convinced of it to my great joy. The love of Christ broke into my soul, and drove away all guilt and fear: and at the same time he filled my heart with love both to God and man. I saw that God was my salvation, and now could trust him, and praise him with joyful lips. I could sing with all my heart,

O what shall I do, my Saviour to praise?  
 So faithful and true, So plenteous in grace?  
 So strong to deliver, So good to redeem,  
 The weakest believer that hangs upon him?

Soon after this, Mr. John Wesley came to Bradforth, and preached on, *This one thing I do*. He joined several of us together in a class, which met about a mile from the town. But all of them fell back and left me alone; yet afterwards some of them returned. Before this, I thought my hill was so strong, that I could never be moved. But seeing so many fall into sin, I began to see danger in my way. I began to feel an evil heart of unbelief, and was fully convinced, that there must be a farther change in my heart, before I could be established in grace. Afterwards I removed to Kighley, and had many opportunities of hearing, and profiting by Mr. Grimshaw. But feeling my corruptions, with strong temptations, I fell into great doubtings. I was almost in despair, full of unbelief. I could scarce pray at all. I was in this state near half a year, finding no comfort in any thing. But one evening, one of our friends prayed in the Society, and my soul  
 was

was set at liberty. All my doubts fled away, and faith and love once more sprung up in my heart. I afterwards saw, that God had a farther end in these trials and deliverances.

Not long after this, I felt a great desire to tell others what God had done for my soul. I wanted my fellow creatures to turn to the Lord, but saw myself utterly unfit to speak for him. I saw the neighbourhood, in which I lived, abounding with all manner of wickedness. And no man caring for their souls, or warning them to flee from the wrath to come. I began to reprove sin wherever I was, though many hated me for so doing. I did not regard that; for God gave me an invincible courage. But still I did not see clearly, whether I was called to speak in public, or no. After many reasonings in my mind, I ventured to give notice of a meeting. When the time came my soul was bowed down within me; my bones shook, and one knee smote against the other. I had many to hear me: some of them heard me with pain, and advised me to speak no more in public. But one young woman was convinced of her lost condition, and never rested till she found redemption.

But this did not satisfy my friends. So, as they were not willing to receive me, I went to those that would; and God began to bless my weak endeavours. Yet I was not satisfied myself. For several weeks I had great trouble in my mind. I thought no man's case was like mine. Sometimes I wished, I had never been born. Most of my friends were against me. I was full of fears within, and had a persecuting world without. But all this time my heart was drawn out in prayer, that God would shew me

the way wherein I should go. Being now employed at Sir Walter Coverley's, in the parish of Guiseley, I met with a few serious people at Yeaddon. They were just setting out in the ways of God, and desired me to give a word of exhortation among them. I did so a few times, and God was pleased to bless it to their souls. The little society increased, and they all dearly loved one another. But Satan was not idle. Every time we met, a riotous mob gathered round the house, and disturbed us much.

One evening, while William Darney was preaching, the curate of Guiseley came at the head of a large mob, who threw eggs in his face, pulled him down, dragged him out of the house on the ground, and stamped upon him. The curate himself then thought it was enough, and bade them let him alone, and go their way. Sometime after, Jonathan Maskew came. As soon as he began to speak, the same mob came, pulled him down, and dragged him out of the house. They then tore off his clothes, and dragged him along upon his naked back, over the gravel and pavement. When they thought they had sufficiently bruised him, they let him go, and went away. With much difficulty he crept to a friend's house, where they dressed his wounds, and got him some clothes. It was my turn to go next. No sooner was I at the town, than the mob came, like so many roaring lions. My friends advised me not to preach that night; and undertook to carry me out of the town. But the mob followed me in a great rage, and stoned me for near two miles, so that it was several weeks before I got well of the bruises I then received.

About

About this time a carpenter was swearing horribly, whom I calmly reprov'd. He immediately flew into a violent passion, and having an axe in his hand, lifted it up, and swore he would cleave my head in a moment. But just as he was going to strike, a man that stood by, snatched hold of his arm, and held him, till his passion cooled. At first, I felt a little fear, but it soon vanished away.

While I was working at Sir Walter's, some one inform'd him that I was a Methodist. He was much displeas'd, saying, "I like him for a workman; but I hate his religion." This was chiefly owing to his steward, whom I had often reprov'd for swearing. He mortally hated me on that account. But in a little time he was taken ill. Perceiving himself worse, he sent a message to me, earnestly desiring, I would come and pray with him. I went, and found him in an agony of conviction, crying aloud for mercy. I shew'd him, where mercy was to be found, and then went to prayer with him. While I praying, his heart seem'd broken, and he was bathed in tears. He own'd, he had been a grievous sinner; but he cried to God with his latest breath, and I believe, not in vain.

I stay'd some time after in these parts, and was fully employ'd. All the day I wrought diligently at my business; in the evenings I call'd sinners to repentance. And now the mobs were not so furious, so that we had no considerable interruption. In the mean time, I wait'd to see, whether the Lord had any thing for me to do? I made it matter of continual prayer, that he would make my way plain before me. And in a little while, I had much



more of the best work upon my hands. I was desired to give an exhortation at a village, called Hartwith. I went thither several times. Several here were deeply convinced of sin : and two or three soon found redemption in the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of sins. Afterwards I was invited to Trisk. Here I found a few hungry souls. But they were as sheep without a shepherd, seldom hearing any thing like the gospel. I spent two nights among them. The serious people were much refreshed : some were awakened and saw their danger, and cried out for mercy.

After this I went to Stockton, where I found a lively people, who had been joined in society for some time. I preached several times among them with great liberty of soul, and freedom of speech ; and to all appearance the word had much effect on the hearers. Here I met with Mr. Larwood, who behaved very kindly to me, and told me he hoped I should be very useful if I kept humble. He then sent me before him to York and Leeds, where I preached and gave notice of his coming. From Leeds I went to Birstal. It happened to be their preaching night. John Nelson was sick in bed, so the people desired me to preach, or give them a word of exhortation. Accordingly I preached in the best manner I could, and the people seemed well satisfied. The next day I went to High-Town, and preached to a large congregation in the evening. I had much liberty in speaking, and found a great blessing to my own soul ; and I have reason to believe that the people were well satisfied.

From

From Birstal I went to Heptonstol. Here I met with a lively people who received me very kindly. I gave several exhortations among them, and the word went with power to many hearts. I continued some time in these parts, and went to several places in Lancashire. Here also I found many were awakened, and several found peace with God, while I was among them. I endeavoured to form a regular circuit in these parts, and in a little time gained my point.

I continued in these parts some time, and have reason to hope that I was useful among them. In one place I met with a mob of women, who put me into a pond of water, which took me nearly over my head. But by the blessing of God, I got out safe, and walked about three miles in my wet clothes, but I caught no cold. I continued some time in these parts, encouraged by the example and advice of good Mr. Grimshaw.

One time, Paul Greenwood and I called at his house together, and he gave us a very warm exhortation, which I shall not soon forget. He said, "If you are sent of God to preach the gospel, all hell will be up in arms against you. Prepare for the battle, and stand fast in the good ways of God. Indeed you must not expect to gain much of this world's goods by preaching the gospel. What you get must come through the devil's teeth; and he will hold it as fast as he can. I count every covetous man, to be one of the devil's teeth. And he will let nothing go, for God and his cause, but what is forced from him."

In the year 1751, I was stationed at Lincolnshire. I found a serious people, and an open door; but there were many adversaries. This  
was

was far the most trying year which I had ever known. But in every temptation God made a way to escape, that I might be able to bear it.

On Sunday, August the 7th, I came to Rangdale, very early in the morning. I preached, as usual, at five. About six, two constables came at the head of a large mob. They violently broke in upon the people, seized upon me, pulled me down, and took me to a public-house, where they kept me till four in the afternoon. Then one of the constables seemed to relent, and said, "I will go to the minister, and enquire of him, whether we may not now let the poor man go?" When he came back, he said, "They were not to let me go yet." So he took me out to the mob, who presently hurried me away, and threw me into a pool of standing water. It took me up to the neck. Several times I strove to get out, but they pitched me in again. They told me I must go through it seven times. I did so, and then they let me come out. When I had got upon dry ground, a man stood ready with a pot full of white paint. He painted me all over from head to foot; and then they carried me into the public-house again. Here I was kept, till they had put five more of our friends into the water. Then they came and took me out again, and carried me to a great pond, which was railed in on every side, being ten or twelve feet deep. Here, four men took me by my legs and arms, and swung me backward and forward. For a moment I felt the flesh shrink; but it was quickly gone. I gave myself up to the Lord, and was content his will should be done. They swung me two or three times, and then threw me as far as they could into the water. The fall and  
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the water soon took away my senses, so that I felt nothing more. But some of them were not willing to have me drowned. So they watched till I came above water, and then catching hold of my clothes with a long pole, made shift to drag me out.

I lay senseless for some time. When I came to myself, I saw only two men standing by me. One of them helped me up, and desired me to go with him. He brought me to a little house, where they quickly put me to bed. But I had not lain long, before the mob came again, pulled me out of bed, carried me into the street, and swore they would take away one of my limbs, if I would not promise, to come there no more. I told them, "I could promise no such thing." But the man that had hold of me, promised for me, and took me back into the house, and put me to bed again.

Some of the mob then went to the minister again, to know what they must do with me? He told them, "You must take him out of the parish." So they came, and took me out of bed a second time. But I had no clothes to put on; my own being wet, and also covered with paint. But they put an old coat about me, took me about a mile, and set me upon a little hill. They then shouted three times, "God save the King, and the devil take the preacher," and left me.

Here they left me penniless and friendless: for no one durst come near me. And my strength was nearly gone; so that I had much ado to walk, or even to stand. But from the beginning to the end, my mind was in perfect peace. I found no anger or resentment, but could heartily pray for my persecutors. But I  
knew

knew not what to do, or where to go. Indeed one of our friends lived three or four miles off. But I was so weak and ill, that it did not seem possible for me to get so far. However, I trusted in God, and set out: and at length I got to the house. The family did every thing for me that was in their power: they got me cloaths, and whatever else was needful. I rested four days with them, in which time my strength was tolerably restored. Then I went into the Circuit, and (blessed be God!) saw much fruit of my labour. In the midst of persecution, many were brought to the saving knowledge of God. And as the sufferings of Christ abounded, so our consolations by Christ abounded also. As to the lions at Rengdale, an appeal to the Court of King's-Bench, made both them and the Ministers quiet as lambs.

Coming in December into Lancashire, I found trials of quite another kind. The poor people were in the utmost confusion, like a flock of frightened sheep. John Bennet, who before loved and revered Mr. Wesley for his work's sake, since he got into his new opinions, hated him cordially, and laboured to set all the people against him. He told them in the open congregation, that Mr. Wesley was a pope, and that he preached nothing but popery. December the 30th, I met him at Bolton. I desired him to preach; but he would not. So I got up and spoke as well I as could, though with a heavy heart. After I had done, he met the Society, and said many bitter things of Mr. Wesley. He then spread out his hands, and cried, "Popery, Popery! I will not be in connexion with him any more." I could not help telling him, "The  
spirit

spirit in which you now speak, is not of God. Neither are you fit for the pulpit, while you are of such a spirit." While I was speaking, a woman that stood by me, struck me in the face with all her might. Immediately all the congregation was in an uproar. So I thought it best to retire. After, I believed it was my duty to expostulate with him. But it did not avail: it seemed to me that all love was departed from him. His mind was wholly set against Mr. Wesley, and against the whole Methodist doctrine and discipline. And he had infused his own spirit into the people in many places: so that I had hard work among them. But the Lord kept my soul in peace and love. Glory be unto his holy name!

In May 1752, I came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where, after all the storms I had gone through, I was greatly refreshed among a loving, peaceable people, with whom I laboured with much satisfaction. And it pleased the Lord to prosper my labour in Berwick-upon-Tweed. Gateshead-Fell, and many other places, where many sinners were both convinced and converted to God.

On May 8th, 1753, I came with Mr. Wesley from Newcastle to York. On the 12th, he preached to a large congregation; and the next morning, from "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may find mercy, and grace to help in time of need." I never saw a congregation so affected. Most of the people were in tears, some for joy, and some from a sense of their sins. He had designed to go on to Lincolnshire. But through the importunity of the people, he consented to stay a little at York, and desired me to go in his place.

From

From the following Conference, (at which fourteen Preachers were present, beside Mr. Wesley and his brother,) I went into Wiltshire, where Mr. Pearce, of Bradford, was as a father to me. Here I formed a firm resolution of cleaving more closely to God than ever I had done before. I longed to be wholly freed from the enemies which I carried in my own bosom. I saw no other could possibly hurt me, if I could but conquer myself. I read the Bible much, and prayed much, and found many blessings from the Lord. And I found in particular an entire disengagement from all earthly things. My soul was even as a weaned child. I was willing to be any thing or nothing. I had no desire for any thing in this world, but to live unto the glory of God. Oh how easy does it make every thing, when we can give up all for Christ!

After I had spent some time in Devonshire and Cornwall, I was sent for up to London. Here I had a fever for some time. When I was pretty well recovered, Mr. Wesley desired me to go down to Norwich. I was not well upon the road, but was abundantly worse when I came thither. But following the advice of a skilful man, I was, in a while restored to health and strength. Here I found much comfort among a poor, but a very loving people. I was here (putting the first and the second time together) about four years. But in the latter part of this time, I had many trials from J. Wheatley's people. Mr. Wesley had been prevailed upon to take the tabernacle, and to receive his people under his care. Wheatley used to call them "his dear Lambs," but such lion-like Lambs did I never see. Discipline they knew nothing of: every one would do what was right in his own eyes. And our doctrine was an abomination

tion to them. Great part of them were grounded in Antinomianism. The very sound of perfection they abhorred; they could hardly bear the word holiness. Nothing was pleasing to them, but "faith, faith;" without a word either of its inward or outward fruits.

Between the first and second time of my being at Norwich, I spent some time in Suffex. The first place that I preached at was Rye, where no Methodist had ever preached before. Yet there was no opposition, but they received the word with joy and readiness of mind. And many soon felt the burden of their sins, several of whom quickly found peace with God. Most of these very willingly joined together in a little Society. Some of these are lodged in Abraham's bosom; and others still remain walking in the way to Sion.

Hence I went to several country places. But they were not at all as peaceable as Rye. At the desire of a serious man I went to Hawkhurst; he had requested me to preach at his house. About six in the evening I began. But I had not spoke many words, before a numerous mob broke in, pulled me down from the place where I stood, and forced me out of the house. Then they struck up my heels, and dragged me upon my back about half a mile, to a public-house, called Highgate, where I found many gentlemen, with the minister of the parish. They asked, by what authority do you preach? I answered, "By the authority of King George," and shewed them my license. They spoke a little together, and said, "You may go about your business." But observing the house was filled with a drunken mob, I said, "Gentlemen, I will not go, unless

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I have



I have a constable to guard me." They immediately sent for a constable, who guarded me to the house from whence I came. But as it was winter time, and the road very dirty, I was in a poor condition: being a good deal bruised, and all my clothes plaistered over with dirt. However, after I had got some dry clothes, and taken a little refreshment, I prayed with the family, and then God gave me quiet and refreshing sleep. When I came to London, I applied to a lawyer, who sent down writs for five of the ringleaders. But they quickly came to an agreement. They readily paid all the charges. And here ended our persecution in Suffex. I found a thankful heart for a good King, good laws, and liberty of conscience. About this time I had much of the presence of the Lord: he was good to me, both as to my body and soul. I prayed much, and the Lord heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

In August 1778. I was stationed in Staffordshire, where I spent the year with much satisfaction. I now look back on the labour of three and thirty years, and I do not repent of it. I am not grown weary, either of my master, or the work I am engaged in. Though I am weak in body, and in the decline of life, my heart is still engaged in the cause of God. I am never more happy than when I feel the love of Christ in my heart, and am declaring his praise to others. There is nothing like the love of Christ in the heart, to make us holy and happy. It is love alone that expels all sin out of the heart. Wherever love is wanting, there is hell: and where love fills the heart, there is heaven. This has been a medicine to me, ever since I set out.

When

When I was low, it was this that raised me up.  
When sin and Satan beset me on ever side, it was  
this that drove them all away.

O love, how cheering is thy way ?  
All pain before thy presence flies :  
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise,  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing hear, feel, or think but thee.

## A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH,

*By Mr. Atmore.*

MR. MITCHELL's talents for the ministry were but small, but the Lord was with him, and proved to the comfort and salvation of many that *He had sent him*.—He was a very plain, honest, pious man, and after spending near forty years in the service of his Divine Master, he finished his course with joy about the year 1786; and quietly, and in great peace returned to Abraham's bosom.

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THE  
EXPERIENCE  
OF  
*Mr. Thomas Hanby.*

*In a Letter to the Rev. J. Wesley.*

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DEAR AND REV. SIR,

MY father removed from Barnard-Castle, in the county of Durham, to live in the city of Carlisle, where he was employed by a company of gentlemen, to carry on a branch of the woollen manufactory. Here he married my mother, who was a person of some small property; by whom he had three children, myself being the youngest. I was born December 16th, 1733.

After some years, the factory was given up, and my parents came to live at Barnard-Castle again. My mother died when I was about seven years of age, and my father soon after. He was much addicted to drunkenness, which made him neglect the care of his family: by which means  
he

he reduced his helpless offspring to a variety of afflictions. I lived some time with an aunt, who had been a person of considerable fortune, but was reduced by the extravagancy, of my uncle, my father's brother. It is true, I was put to school for some years; but made no considerable progress in learning. Before I was twelve, I was put out to a trade; whereby a kind Providence enabled me to provide for myself such things as I stood in need of.

The first serious impression that I remember, was, when I was about six years of age. I was in a yard belonging to the house where we lived, in Barnard-Castle, and looking up to heaven, I was struck with wonder, and called aloud "God Almighty." But such horror seized me, as made me run home, and shut the door with all speed. My mother reproved me, and said I had been doing some mischief; but I assured her I had not. She then insisted upon knowing the cause of my uncommon haste, and of my shutting the door with such violence. I told her I was in the yard, and called aloud, "God Almighty," and I was afraid. What she thought, I cannot say; but she said no more to me upon the subject. A few years after, I was greatly alarmed by my sister talking of the day of judgment, which I had not heard of before. But these serious impressions wore off, and I began to be,

"Rough in my manners, and untam'd my mind."

When I was about thirteen, hearing the bishop was coming to confirm the children in our town, I began to think some kind of reformation and preparation was necessary. Accordingly I ap-

plied to a relation, one John Robinson, a maltster, who was a sincere man, and esteemed and beloved by all men. He taught me all he knew ; viz. many questions and answers, with a great number of prayers ; instructed me in the church catechism, (for though I had learned it when at school, I had now entirely forgot it,) and in short, made me I thought, a very good boy. The Sabbath came when the bishop was to confirm ; and I having passed my examination with the minister, was introduced to the bishop. This was in the forenoon ; and towards evening, I went with some of my companions into the fields, and played at our usual games. But before I went to bed, horror of conscience seized me, and I thought I heard a voice say, " Thy confirmation is made void, for thou hast broke the Sabbath." What to do now I knew not. However I began to make myself good, by reading and repeating many prayers.

In this state I continued, till it pleased God, of his infinite mercy, to send a poor man, one Joseph Cheeseborough, a shoemaker, and a Methodist, from Leeds : who having received the *truth* himself, was willing to impart it to others : not by preaching or exhortation, but by friendly discourse with his former acquaintance ; for he was a Barnard-Castle-man. Joseph Garnet, one of our preachers, now with God, and a few others, first received the *truth*. They met together in an upper chamber for fear of the mob. They read the scriptures, and the book you had then published, sang hymns and prayed. I went one evening with a few of my ungodly companions, and as they were disposed to mock,  
I joined

I joined with them. However I found something within that was far from justifying my conduct, and a secret persuasion that those despised, and persecuted people, were able to shew me the way of salvation. I went again the next night, (for they met every night) and begged I might be permitted to come in among them. Accordingly I was admitted, and found myself sweetly drawn to seek an unknown God. From that time I missed no opportunity of assembling with them. My cousin Robinson went at the same time; but the minister sent for him, and laboured to convince him that he and the Methodists were all in an error; and to prove it, he shewed him several old puritannical books, which treated on the New-Birth, &c. and told him, "It is a false religion, because it is an old religion!" My cousin, at that time, and for four years after, was an entire stranger to himself and his need of a Saviour: the minister prevailed on him to leave the Methodists; and my great opinion of his piety, made me, though contrary to my inclinations, leave them also. The minister told my cousin, provided he would form a religious Society upon rational principles, he would sometimes come himself. He accordingly did, and in a little time we had a larger Society than the Methodists, of formal professors who could play at cards, take their pleasures, and conform to the world in almost every thing. During this period, God still worked upon my tender mind, and I was fervent in prayer, reading, and every other exercise of religious duty. I was sometimes much tempted, but knew not that it was temptation. I also found remarkable comforts, but knew not what they meant. I thought I  
would

would pray at the same place again, which I did, and was greatly surprised not to meet with the same joy. In this state of ignorance I continued till our Society dwindled away, and none remained but my cousin and me: I said to him one night, I fear we are wrong in leaving the Methodists; we can meet with none who can shew us the way of salvation like them; come and let us go and join them again. He had some objections, but my importunity prevailed with him. Accordingly we went, and it being their class-meeting, we were admitted. In about twelve months he found peace, and ever after continued in the way, a very serious, steady, and circumspect walker, till the Lord took him to himself. About this time Mr. Whitford, the first Methodist Preacher, came to Barnard-Castle. He preached abroad to a very large, but unruly congregation. I was much affected, especially when he repeated those words, "Oh let not Christ's precious blood be shed in vain." [Mr. Whitford left the Methodists some years after and turned Calvinist; and I suppose would now be shocked to use the words which had such an effect upon my mind, that I never could forget them.] After Mr. Whitford, we were favoured with Mr. Tucker, Mr. Turnough, Mr. John Fenwick, Mr. Rowel, and others; who often preached to us while the blood ran down their faces, by the blows and pointed arrows thrown at them, while they were preaching. Soon after you, Sir, paid us a visit, but were interrupted by the fire-engine being played on the audience. I, and our few friends, did all we could to prevent it, but were overpowered by the multitude.

God

God continued to draw me with strong desires, and I spent much time, praying in the fields, woods, and barns. Any place, and every place, was now a closet to my mourning soul, who longed for the Day-Star to arise in my poor benighted heart. And it pleased infinite mercy, while I was praying in a dark place, (greatly terrified for fear I should see the devil,) that the Lord set my weary soul at liberty. The next day the Lord was pleased to withdraw the ecstasy of joy, though I had no condemnation, and I had well nigh given up my confidence, thinking it was nothing but a heated imagination. But the Lord met me again, while I was in the fields, my usual place of retirement, and from that time I was enabled to keep a weak hold of the precious Lord Jesus.

When I was about eighteen, I had a desire to see Newcastle-upon-Tyne : thinking, if I was among more experienced christians, I might be taught the ways of the Lord more perfectly. I stayed a few months there, and boarded with our worthy friend, Mr. Robert Carr, whose tenderness for my youth, and truly christian behaviour, was of singular use to me : for which I shall ever love and esteem him. By attending preaching, night and morning, and conversing with many mature christians, my understanding was much enlightened ; and I think I may say, through all-sufficient mercy, that I grew in the fear and knowledge of God.

When I returned to Barnard Castle, I stayed some time there, and told my beloved friends all I could remember, of the many excellent sermons I had heard in Newcastle, the nature of their discipline,



discipline, and the christian spirit of the Society in that place.

Having profited so much by my Newcastle journey, I thought I would take one more journey to Leeds, and after that I meant to settle at home for life. Accordingly I went, and here Providence was equally kind, in casting my lot into Mr. Richard Watkinson's family: where they put themselves to some inconvenience in boarding and accommodating me with a very agreeable lodging. I have often had a thankful remembrance of their kindness to me, and I hope the Lord will reward them for it.

My business now, was that of stuff-making, and as I loved to labour hard, I was able to procure more than my necessities required. My method was, as formerly, to be much in the fields, praying and meditating. I also attended all the means of grace, and on the Sabbath I frequently took a walk with Mr. Watkinson into the country, where he preached.

During this period, I can truly say, I walked in the fear of the Lord and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost; and my delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law I meditated day and night.

About this time, a sudden impression was made upon my mind, that I ought to preach the gospel. I concluded it was nothing but temptation, and would not for a moment encourage such a thought. But it came again, and with it "a horror of great darkness fell upon me," like that mentioned in Gen. xv. 12. and I was truly miserable. I remembered the wormwood and the gall that the preachers drank at Barnard-Castle; and I said in my heart, I will not preach. But the terrors of the Lord made me afraid, and his  
fear

fear took hold upon me. I was in great bitterness of spirit, because of this conviction. Sometimes I thought it was from God, at other times I thought it was all from the devil. In this perplexed situation I continued some time, without ever mentioning my case to any one. I would frequently retire into my closet, and express myself in words like these: "Lord, of what use is my existence in this world? I am profitable neither to God nor man! I cannot preach, for I am a fool, and a child. Oh let me die, for it is better for me to die than to live."

However I was willing to preach, provided I was sure it was the will of God concerning me. But

"This way, and that, I turned my anxious mind."

When a friend of mine, one John Smith, told me of a poor woman in the Society who was supposed to be dying, and that she was wonderfully happy. I had read in your tracts, the accounts of many happy deaths, but had never seen one. I desired my friend, if he could, to introduce me to see her. He promised to call on me the next night. He did so, and as we were going, I prayed to the Lord that he would remove my intolerable load, and that if it was his will I should preach, he would shew it to the dying saint I was going to visit. I said, "Lord, thou canst as easily do this, as thou canst cause her to triumph over death. If thou wilt but shew me a token by which I may know thy will, then I will preach thy word wherever thou shalt please to send me."

We came to the house where the sick woman lay, and as I was an entire stranger to her and  
every

every body besides, I stood at a distance. Mr. Shent came in and prayed with her ; I followed him to tell him our Barnard-Castle brethren would be glad of a visit from him. After I had delivered my message, I returned to the sick woman ; and was told, she had made much enquiry for the young man who stood in the corner. I came to the bedside, and she looked me earnestly in the face, and said, " God has called you to preach the Gospel, you have long rejected the call ; but he will make you go ; obey the call, obey the call." She put such an emphasis upon, " he will make you go," that it shocked me exceedingly.

I now resolved through the grace of God, to make a trial. Accordingly I sent word to Bramley, that preaching would be there the next Lord's-day in the morning. As I went along, my mind was perfectly resigned. I did not think about what I should say, but my heart said, " If he will have me to preach, something will be given me to say that will be profitable : and if he has not sent me, it will be a less cross to be confounded before the people, than to be a preacher of the gospel."

I was rather behind the time, and the people were waiting, expecting brother Watkinson, as usual. They came to me, and asked where he was, and what must be done ? I said in my heart, " The Lord will provide himself a sacrifice. I stepped to the place, gave out a hymn, prayed and took those words for my text, " If ye be risen with Christ seek those things which are above." The people trembled for fear of me, and prayed heartily. God was pleased to  
visit

visit us ; two persons received a sense of pardon. I preached again at noon, and at Armley in the evening. This, dear Sir, was my beginning, and, what I looked upon as my call from God.

I was now occasionally employed by Mr. Shent, and the other Preachers, to take part of a Circuit for them.

In 1754 brother Mitchel desired me to come and help them in the Staffordshire Circuit for a few months. Accordingly I went to Birmingham, Wednesbury, &c. Brother Crab was then along with us, and as we were too many for the few places about Birmingham, I made an excursion into the wilds of Derbyshire. Preached at Wootton, near Weaver-hill, the Ford, Snellson, and Ashburn, where there had been no such a being as a Methodist Preacher. I had often found a great desire to preach in that town, but was at a loss how to introduce myself. However, I providentially heard of a serious man, Mr. Thomas Thomson, who kept the Toll-gate, about half a mile from the town. I took Thomas White with me, from Barton Forge ; we came to Mr. Thompson's, and introduced ourselves in the best manner we could. He informed a few of his neighbours, that there was a preacher at his house. Accordingly, Mr. Hurd's family, Mr. Peach's, and a few others came in the evening ; I suppose as many as they durst invite. I talked to them, and expounded a part of the eighth chapter of the Romans. I found much liberty in my own soul, and the power of God rested upon the people who were deeply affected. I stayed a few days preaching morning and evening, to as many as the house would hold.

Miss Beresford condescended to assemble with us, and the Lord opened her heart, as the heart of Lydia. When I had been preaching Christ as a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, she cried out, "Oh precious gospel! Oh precious gospel!" From that time she continued steadfast, growing in grace, till the Lord took her in glorious triumph to himself.

I left Ashburn for about a fortnight, to visit my new friends in Snelfon, Wootton, the Ford, Bottom-House, &c. and returned again. I now found I must preach no more at the Toll-gate house, the Commissioners of the road had forbid my friend Mr. Thompson to admit me. But Mr. Hurd, a gentleman farmer, by the desire of his family whose hearts the Lord had touched, suffered me to preach at his house. It was now that a furious mob arose while I was preaching, and beset the house, and sprang in among us like so many lions. I soon perceived that I was the object of their rage. My mind was variously agitated; yet I durst not, but cry aloud, as long as I could be heard, but at last I was overpowered with noise. Some of my friends, in defending me, were bleeding among the mob; and, with difficulty, I escaped out of their hands. But as Mr. Thompson, Mr. Isaac Peach, Mr. Hind's family, Miss Beresford, and a few others remained steady; I was constrained to repeat my visits, till the Lord gave us peace. Mr. Thompson grew in the knowledge and love of God, till the Lord took him to himself.

In a few weeks, I returned again to Leek, and put up at one of the principal Inns, in hopes of seeing some of the Society, to encourage them

them to suffer patiently for the sake of him, who suffered death for them. I had ordered dinner; but before it was ready, the mob collected together in a large body, and beset the Inn. The landlord came to me in great confusion, and entreated me to leave the place immediately, or his house would be pulled down, and I should be murdered. I was obliged to obey, I mounted my horse in the yard, and rode through the mob, amidst stones, dirt, &c. whilst they were gathering in vast numbers from every part of the town, crying, "Kill him, kill him." There was from this time, no access to Leek, till the chief men of this mob died miserably; and of the rest, some went for soldiers, and all of them were dispersed, except one man, who was alive a few months ago, in miserable circumstances.

I had frequently passed through Burton-upon-Trent, in my way to Ashby-de-la-Zouch; and found a desire to preach in that place, which appeared to me, to be fit for him who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. I obtained leave to preach in a large house, belonging to a shoemaker. Many attended, and I had reason to believe some were awakened. I gave out preaching for another day, and went accordingly. The town was alarmed, and a mob, (as I understood afterwards) were hired, and made drunk, by the principal persons in town, effectually to prevent my preaching. It was in the winter season, and a dark night. All was quiet till I gave out a hymn. Then they approached the house; broke first the window-shutters, and then dashed the windows in. The head of this mob, was a forgerman, half an idiot,

who had bound himself under an oath, he would that night have my liver. He brought the pipe of a large bellows, with which he made a frightful noise, and which was to be the instrument of my death. He made what way he could to me, but was rather retarded by the multitude that was before him. I observed him with the fury of a fiend; but knew not well what to do. To attempt to preach was in vain, for I could not be heard. I stepped off the chair, and got into a chamber unperceived by my enemy. When he found I was gone, he insisted upon going up stairs, and it was impossible to hinder him, and the numbers that were with him. It came into my mind, "Go down stairs, escape for thy life." I went down and walked into the shoemaker's shop, unobserved by any one, though I passed through part of the mob. Soon after he got up stairs, searched the closets, beds, chests, &c. and when he could not find me, foamed at the mouth like a mad dog. Then there was a cry in the street, "He is in the shop, he's in the shop." I now concluded all was over with me, and said, "Lord give me strength to suffer as a christian; nor may I count my life dear unto myself for thy sake." I went under the shoemaker's cutting board; mean time the mob were not long in breaking open two strong doors, that led into the shop. They did not see me: but one of them put down his hand where I was and cried out, "He is here, he's here." I had now no other means to use; so I committed myself into their hands.

They hurried me into the house, and a very stout man, one of those who had been made drunk

drunk for the purpose, approached me : but his countenance fell : he took hold of my hand, and said, " Follow me." I imagined he intended to take me and throw me into the river, and I was content. I committed myself to the disposal of a kind providence, expecting nothing but death. With difficulty he got me through the mob ; and as he was one of the best boxers in the town, nobody durst oppose him. When we came to the door, he drew me short by the corner up a narrow street, put me before him, and said, " Run." I made my way to the fields, and he kept behind, keeping the rest off, then helping me over walls and hedges, till we had lost them all, I remained in the fields till midnight, and returned with a friend into town, and lodged till early in the morning, when I rode away.

After some time I went again to Leek, stayed ten days, and joined twenty-four in a Society. A lawyer then raised a furious mob, who beset the house where I lodged. My few friends kept them off for a considerable time. But at last they lost all patience : they broke in, and were determined to drag me away ; but it pleased the Lord, that a woman who then, neither feared God nor regarded man, opened a window that looked into the yard, and desired me to come into her house. Here I stayed till about two o'clock in the morning, and then made my escape over the mountains to the Bottom-house. This woman is yet alive : but she is a new woman, and in our Society. The next day the mob were not a little chagrined to find they had lost their prey ; and had no other



way to avenge themselves, than to burn me in effigy.

Soon after I was pressed in spirit to visit Burton-upon-Trent once more. The mob soon gathered : and had it not been for a peculiar Providence, in turning one of the head of them on my side, I believe I should have had that night, the honour of martyrdom.

In weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in joy and sorrow, in weakness and trembling, were my days now spent. And I have frequently thought, if God would excuse me from this hard task, how gladly should I embrace the life of a shoe-black, or of a shepherd's boy. I was surrounded with death, and could seldom expect to survive another day, because of the fury of the people. And yet it was, "*Woe unto thee, if thou preach not the gospel.*"

The summer following, 1755, the Conference was held at Leeds, where I was admitted as a travelling Preacher. The next year I was sent to Canterbury. My little stock of money was nearly exhausted, by the time I got to London ; and, though it was rather too long a journey for a winter's day, I was under a necessity to push forward, not having money enough to keep me and my horse upon the road all night. It was about eight o'clock at night, when I got within sight of the lamps in the city. Two men, with large pistols, then rushed out upon me from a narrow lane, and demanded my money. They took my watch, and all the money I had in the world, which was two shillings and eightpence. (Indeed, sometimes if a halfpenny would have purchased the three kingdoms, I had

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it not for weeks together.) I believe this robbery was permitted for good. It was at the time we expected an invasion from France, and the city of Canterbury was full of soldiers. They were two soldiers who robbed me, and this excited a curiosity in their comrades to hear the Preacher who had been robbed: and it pleased God to convince many of them. About ten were in Society before this; and when I came away, they were increased to sixty.

Several of the following years I spent in Scotland. And I think, this was in general, the happiest period of my life. In 1763, brother Roberts and I, came to Dundee. I preached in the evening, and he the next morning, when we parted. I came to Edinburgh, and he went to Aberdeen. Some time after, I had a strong desire to give Dundee a fair trial. Accordingly I went there and stayed three or four months. I continued preaching in the open air till the tenth of November. And it was there God met with many poor sinners, and truly awakened them to a sense of their misery. So that before I left the place there were near an hundred joined in our Society. About this time Mr. Erskine published Mr. Hervey's Letters, with a preface equally bitter. Oh the precious convictions those letters destroyed! They made me mourn in secret places. Mr. Erskine being much esteemed in the religious world, and recommending them through the whole kingdom, our enemies made their advantage of them. These made the late Lady Gardiner leave us, after expressing a thousand times in my hearing, the great profit she received by hearing our preaching.

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Many were then brought to the birth, but by those letters their convictions were stifled. What a pity good men should help to destroy the real work of God in the hearts of men !

In 1765, I was appointed to labour in the Leeds Circuit. Here the Lord was pleased to try me, by the death of a most amiable wife and my only child. Oh how great a debtor to that grace which forbids our murmuring at the dispensations of Providence, though it allows us to sorrow, but not as men without hope.

In 1766, I laboured in the Bristol Circuit. In 1767, in Staffordshire. In 1768, In Bedfordshire. In 1769, and 1770, in Newcastle. In 1771, in Edinburgh and Glasgow. From hence I made a short visit to my old friends at Dundee ; and notwithstanding the many difficulties they had to encounter, I found many of them serious and steady. In 1772 and 1773, I laboured in Staffordshire again. In 1774 and 1775, in Gloucestershire. In 1776 and 1777, in Macclesfield. There the Lord was pleased again to afflict me in a very tender part, by making a second breach in my family.

“ Our lives are ever in the power of death.”

In 1778, I was appointed for Liverpool. I am now going on in my second year, among a loving, kind, good people, for whom I feel the greatest affection, and hope my weak labours are acceptable.

Thus, dear Sir, I have given you a short account of my life ; but fain I would do something for him, who has loved me and given himself for me. My sentiments in religion are the  
same

same they ever were. I believe man by nature is sinful and helpless. That his only remedy is in Jesus Christ, who tasted death for every man. That the holy Spirit works conversion in the soul, and a fitness for the kingdom of heaven, by transforming it into the image of the ever blessed God. This conformity I most ardently long for, and hope, dear Sir, you will intreat the Father of Mercies, for your affectionate Son and Servant in the Gospel,

THOMAS HANBY.

Liverpool, Nov. 12, 1779.

## A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

HE was admitted as an Itinerant Preacher, at the Conference in 1755, and continued a faithful Minister of the Lord Jesus for about forty-four years. He preached till within a few days of his happy and triumphant death, and was the oldest Preacher then in the work, as an Itinerant.

On Christmas-day, 1796, Mr. Hanby expounded part of the second chapter of St. Luke, at six o'clock in the morning, at Nottingham. In the forenoon, he preached from Isaiah ix. 6. His name shall be called Wonderful, &c. And in the evening, at six o'clock, he preached again from 1 Timothy, iii. 16. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness. This was the last public testimony which he bore for his blessed Master in the pulpit. Added to the above labour, he met four or five classes, and renewed their quarterly tickets. In the evening, after all this hard work, he felt himself unwell, and the next morning much worse.

On the Monday morning he had a violent pain in his stomach. In the evening, and on Tuesday, he thought himself much better. On Wednesday he was very ill, but did not complain of pain :  
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He was much oppressed with stupor, and yet was quite sensible. In the evening, observing his affectionate partner in great distress, he said, "God will be a Father to the fatherless, and an husband to the widow." And soon after he said, "I have left my *all* with God! What should I do, if I had my religion to seek *now*?" Speaking of the grave, he observed, "There the weary are at rest! On Thursday the Doctor called to see him, and said, "My good Sir, how are you?" He answered, "I am departing: but I have fought a good fight."

He was now so weak that he could with difficulty articulate the last words. His end was now fast approaching, and while two of his brethren were commending his soul to God in solemn prayer, the power of the Highest overshadowed them, and the glory of the Lord filled the place! A few minutes after they rose from their knees, and were watching to see this faithful servant of God breathe his last; he quietly, and without a sigh, fell asleep in Him, who is the resurrection and the life, on Thursday, December 29, 1796, in the sixty-third year of his age.

He was a man of genuine piety, of an amiable temper; and literally possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. Yet in any matter which related to conscience, and the cause of God, he was firm, unshaken, and courageous. His ministerial talents were considerable, and he faithfully employed them all for God. His labours were every where acceptable, and he was eminently useful in most Circuits where he laboured.

boured. His moral character was unexceptionable and unblemished; nor was there, in all the years he travelled, a single charge of immorality preferred against him. He was chosen President of the Methodist Conference in the year 1794, and was the first after Mr. Wesley, who filled that office, that was called to his great reward.

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THE  
EXPERIENCE  
OF

*Mr. Duncan Wright.*

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I WAS born, May 1736, in the Kirktown of Fortingale, near the river Lyon, and not far from the lovely banks of the "Soft winding Tay," Breadalbin, Perthshire.

I claim kindred to the Stuarts, M'Donalds, and M'Gregor's families; perhaps more famed in story for martial exploits, than for any extraordinary attainments in religion.

It might have been better for me to have had a hardy, Highland education; but of this I was deprived by the removal of my Parents to Edinburgh, when I was very young. Here I had the best education my Father could give me, who was my only Schoolmaster. He was  
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esteemed



esteemed a pretty good scholar ; but I doubt knew little of the life and power of religion. Yet he prayed with us at times, made us learn the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and took care of us to the best of his knowledge. I lost him early, which was a loss indeed ! For my Mother being too easy and indulgent, let us have our own way, which led us to all the follies and sins we were capable of. I do not remember that any creature took any pains to instruct me till I was near twenty years of age ; but old Lady D. of Preston-Field, who at times, advised me as well as she could. And yet the Lord did not leave me without drawings from above : for having a bookish inclination, I read, and wept very often till my head ached, and hardly knew what ailed me. Only I wanted to be a Christian, and to be easy and happy, but knew not how. Had any living Christian taken a little pains to inform me, I doubt not but I should have embraced the proffers of mercy long before I did. Indeed I never felt any spirit of opposition to religion and religious persons. For as I had neither the form nor the power of religion myself, I knew I had little reason to speak an unkind word of those, that had any appearance of either.

I was from my infancy feeble and tender : yet having many relations in the army, no employment would relish with me but a soldier's life ; hence my Mother never could prevail with me to follow any regular business, and this exposed me to vain and wicked company. Yet having some tenderness of conscience left, repenting and sinning, resolving and breaking through my resolutions, made my life a weariness indeed. So, in  
order

order to be happy, I resolved to see the world in a military life. Hence I enlisted, the latter end of 1754, into the tenth regiment of foot. None of my friends knew what was become of me, till I wrote to my Mother from Limerick, in Ireland. My Mother being infirm did not survive this long; she died the Spring following: and I fear my disobedience, hastened her departure. An awakened conscience will smart, first or last, for this sin, among others, stubbornness and disobedience to parents. So did mine, for the day I enlisted, I thought, now I have done for soul and body: for I could form no conception how a soldier could be religious.

In the Summer of 1755, we encamped near the city of Cashell, eight regiments of foot, and two of horse, where William Coventry, a corporal in the Royal Scotch, frequently preached. I heard him once, and felt nothing but a kind of wonder at his courage in preaching among such a set as we were. I little thought, that in less than four years, I should be engaged in the same work in another camp.

We returned to Limerick for winter-quarters, where I began to consider, (as the soldiers had then a great deal of leisure time in the winter,) how I should pass my tedious moments; I could play at cards, and other games, (then common among the soldiery, but now happily suppressed,) but I seldom liked my company. For though I could swear sometimes, yet I could not relish so much of it, as they were addicted to. I therefore bought and borrowed all the plays, novels, and romances, I could lay my hands upon: reading late and early. And my reading had this effect, at least, that it kept me out of worse di-

versions, and gave my mind a turn above such intemperance and lewdness, as were too common in men of my rank.

At last an old soldier, in the same barrack-room with me, found fault with me for spending my time, and spoiling my eyes, in reading such trash. I thought, I will shew you I can read religious books as well as others. But I had none of my own. I borrowed two from one of our soldiers. One of them was the Marrow of modern Divinity, which being wrote by way of dialogue, attracted my attention; and before I read it half through, I was truly, though gently convinced, that I was a lost sinner, and that Christ was all I wanted to make me easy, satisfied, and happy.

Now it was that a deep sense of my time, youth, and health, spent in sin and folly; my ingratitude to God, the best of fathers; my slighting of Christ so long, and grieving the blessed Spirit, melted my heart, and made my eyes a fountain of tears. I awoke as from a dream, and saw all about me, like the men of Sodom, blind and groping about for happiness; or asleep, with storms of wrath ready to burst upon their heads. The immediate consequence was; a distaste to all my books and diversions. I exchanged them for religious tracts: and, having a praying heart, it soon found a praying place; for as I had no place of retirement in my room, I found a covered battery on the Castle wall. This soon became my closet; and when on guard, I used to cover my head with my watch-cloak, and stopping my ears with my fingers, spent many a happy moment in converse

verse with God, weeping and making supplication.

Although I now forsook, in a sense, all for Christ, yet there was, at times, such a mixture of seriousness and levity, that some might conclude I had no tincture of the fear of God. But my trifling in the day, made me often water my couch with tears at night. But I had none to guide me, I did not know a man, among seven hundred, that had any knowledge of such a work as I now felt in my mind.

There was one indeed, who I thought must have something in him, because he was sober, and read good books. But when I began to tell a little of what I felt, I found him an entire stranger to every thing of the kind. However, the Lord made up the want of christian-fellowship, by sending me such books, from time to time, as surprizingly suited my case; particularly Allein's Alarm, which proved of wonderful service to me. Among his directions for Conversion, he advises the reader to enter into covenant with God; a form of which he has there given. I took the advice, set apart a day of fasting and prayer, wrote the covenant and signed it; and it was not long before the Lord shewed me he did not despise the day of small things.

There was a Society of Methodists in the town, but I knew them not; and when I did, they were such objects of universal contempt, that I hardly knew what to make of them; however the last night of this year, I ventured to go, and heard Mr. Oddie. I likewise began the year 1756 with them, and from that time never

missed an opportunity of hearing, morning and evening.

I think it was in April this year, that the Lord justified me by his grace. I used to spend all my time in bed, while awake, in weeping and prayer; and it was in one of these weeping nights, that in an instant the Lord brought me out of darkness into his marvellous light. I did not know then what to call it; but its effects were many; I found an uncommon concern for the souls of the soldiers; and the sight of a Methodist used to set my heart on fire with love. Yet for half a year, not a soul of them spoke a word to me, though I sometimes threw myself in their way. For, much did I long to be acquainted with them, but my shyness was such, that I could not break through to speak to them.

Mr. John Wesley, and Mr. Thomas Walsh, made us a visit this summer; and O, what a heaven upon earth did I feel in hearing them! and yet I could not speak to them for my life. At length, that serious man, Mr. Thomas Secombe, took notice of me, and when he was about to leave Limerick, desired Sidney Hoey, (a mother in Israel she was to me and many of the soldiers,) to get acquainted with me. She brought me to her house, and the same day to a Class-meeting, which was a day of gladness to me; for I had often found Solomon's words fulfilled, "Woe to him that is alone when he falleth." For when I fell into perplexities and temptations, I had no one to help me; but now I found the real benefit of having fellowship with a loving people.

Part of 1757 and 58, I spent in Dublin, and found their fellowship there, also of very great service.

service. The Preachers were lively and faithful lovers of discipline. The Society retained much of their simplicity and teachableness, and were in a good degree prepared for the blessed revival which followed some time after, under Mr. John Manners.

It was of uncommon advantage to me to be among the Methodists, at a time when both the Preachers and people loved all our discipline, and practised it. I saw the blessed consequences; for few cared to stay among us, but such as retained their fervour for the whole of Religion. False brethren especially were soon tired, and went to the Independants, Anabaptists, or Moravians. But with great simplicity we used to crowd to the Sacrament at St. Patrick's in Dublin; or the Cathedral, at Limerick, every Sabbath. These were happy times to me; for although I was a Presbyterian, (if I was bred any thing,) yet the love of God threw down the walls of partition, and made me love to be there, where I found most of the people of God. I soon saw our plan to be more noble than any poor, narrow dissenting scheme whatever, as intending the good of thousands and tens of thousands, in the great bodies of the established Churches; and I am still convinced, that our present situation is infinitely better calculated for general good, than the best planned separation that can be conceived.

What occasioned my commencing a Preacher, was as follows. In September 1758, we returned to Limerick; and as Government resolved to shoot a deserter in every city, *in terrorem*, the lot fell on a young man in our regiment to die in Limerick. His name was Joseph Newton;  
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he was a Derbyshire man, twenty-two years of age. I longed to talk with him ; but as he was kept in a public guard-house, with no place of retirement, I could not tell how to speak or to pray with him, among so many people. But when I found the adjutant had been to inform him that he must die on Monday, (this was on the Tuesday before) I saw I had no time to lose. I went in, and found him weeping, as if his heart would break, and reading a *Whole Duty of Man* with all his might : like a drowning man catching at any thing to save him. I spoke a few words to him then, and again in the evening, though with uncommon reluctance, there being many soldiers round us. I prayed with him, and found very great freedom to speak to him, and to all that were present. He had no plea, but saw himself an undone sinner without help, and almost without hope. Some of us visited him twice or thrice a day, and on Thursday his soul was set at liberty. From that time he witnessed a good confession to all that spoke to him. Every one that saw him go to the place where he was shot, could not but admire the serene joy that appeared in his countenance. He said but little, but his calm, happy death, made a deep impression on many of our soldiers ; for they could not but discern the difference between him and one they saw die a while before at Dublin, who shewed the greatest reluctance, the Field-Officer of the day, being obliged to ride up to him several times, to tell him he *must* die ; while Joseph Newton was not above ten minutes on his knees before he dropt the signal, and went to paradise.

I thought now was the time to try what could be done among the soldiers. I therefore told  
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several, that as many as had a mind, might come to my room every night after roll-calling, and I would sing, read, and pray with them as well as could. They came and crowded my room, and in a little while I had a Class of them. But about the beginning of the year 1759, I was ordered for Scotland on the recruiting service. I found this not to be easy work for a Christian, yet, through mercy, I was kept from outward sin.

After an absence of four months, the French being expected to invade Ireland, we were ordered to join the regiment, which lay encamped near Kilkenny, and found my little flock, having had no one to look after them, were all scattered. The first morning we met (in a field adjoining) there were but three of us. But our number increased every time we met; and before our camp broke up, I had a little Society gathered again. And here it was, that I got the name of Preacher: for it being frequently late in the evenings before we could meet, before I had sung and prayed, our light was gone out, so that I could not see to read, but was obliged to say something to them without a book, or send them away empty.

It was well I did not begin to preach among very knowing men, for they might soon have silenced me, as a little thing would have done it: but here there was none to hinder me but the Commanding Officer, and he did not choose to do it. Though he did not like the Methodists, yet he wanted us all to be very good, as we did not know how soon our valour might be tried by the French. Therefore we had very strict orders against swearing, drunkenness, &c. but



but those orders did not effect any great reformation.

When we left the camp, as we still expected an invasion, we were scattered abroad in cantonments all over the South of Ireland. This hurt such of us as were weak in the faith, very much. None can tell, but such as have tried, how hard it is for a soldier to stand his ground among so many unreasonable, as well as ungodly men; for such were most of the officers as well as soldiers. Men whose tender mercies were cruel.

I had myself suffered much loss in my mind for a year, and consequently had little inclination for preaching. Hence when we got the route for Galway, I was not at all sorry that there was no Society to solicit me to preach among them. Even my friends among the officers were much concerned for me, as many serjeants were preferred to commissions, they said, they doubted they could do nothing for me, as I made myself so ridiculous. Indeed this did not move me. But my unhappiness of mind was the great hinderance to my preaching. Yet in Galway it was that I had the most clear undoubted seals to my mission, in the conviction and conversion of souls, who never had heard any other Methodist Preacher. Some of them are a comfort to me to this day; and some are fallen asleep in Jesus.

In 1761, we marched for Dublin again, and the following year back to Galway. All this time, from 1758 to 1763, I walked in darkness, and had no light. I fell into it by degrees: but by what particular thing, I am at a loss to know. But this I know, my case was truly deplorable;

plorable; and yet I did not give way to any known sin; neither did I miss any means of grace. Nay, I often went to the Lord's table, when, to all sense and feeling, I was as dead as a stone. My gracious tears were all dried up. My stony heart could not melt. And yet I heard the greatest Preachers, read the best books I knew, and conversed or corresponded with the most gracious Christians I could hear of. Nay, I frequently exhorted or preached the whole time; yea, and in that season had apparent success to my labours. I remark this, to refute an idle conceit, that none are fit to teach others, but such as are happy themselves. I know, that many times, though I forgot it while preaching, I was as miserable as a devil, both before and after. And it was often suggested to me, "Judas may cast out devils, and notwithstanding all this, be only an outcast." I often saw myself like one enclosed all round "with hewn stone, my strength and my hope perished from the Lord." As I knew very little of myself when the Lord justified me, he saw good to shew me now my utter helplessness, by leading me into the painful school of self-knowledge. And a dull scholar I proved, being five years in learning what others have learned in less than five months.

Yet, notwithstanding my wretchedness, our little Society at Galway, was wonderfully blest. As there was about this time a glorious revival in many parts of the three kingdoms, I communicated to them, from time to time, the intelligence I received of the work, and the fire soon kindled among them also. All were happy, or in earnest but me, and I durst tell very few  
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my sad case, for fear of hurting them. This was often the language of my heart,

“ My soul in sin so rooted stands,  
 No common miracle can move,  
 I know my spirit's cure demands  
 Thy whole omnipotence of love.  
 But whether thou hast ever heal'd  
 A spirit so desperate as mine,  
 It lies, alas, from me conceal'd,  
 In lowest depths of love divine.”

If it be asked, what could induce me to continue in the means of grace? I answer, I never doubted my former experience of the truth and reality of religion; and (besides an unseen hand that upheld me) I retained a full conviction, that in the favour of God alone there was life and happiness. So I was determined to be happy in the favour of God, or refuse every other comfort.

It was when I was thus in darkness, and in the deep, that the Lord, in a moment, “restored to me the joy of his salvation.” This was like a plenteous shower, upon a parched and dry land, that soon made my soul like “a watered garden.” The Lord now “led me into green pastures, beside the still waters.” What a change was this! The soul that was before, all tumult and confusion, was now all joy and peace through believing. This was about June 1763.

And yet I soon found I had not attained what J. Dillon, and S. Hoey, informed me they had attained, “A mind constantly staid upon God, and kept in perfect peace.”

Being

Being about this time confined to my room, by a violent inflammation in my cheek, my pain made me pray the more earnestly, that the peace of God might "keep my heart and mind also." The Lord heard, and gave me a glorious answer. I felt such a sudden, and such a delightful change, as I never before conceived possible. My joy was indeed unspeakable; my hope full of immortality; and my peace flowed like a river. I then understood those words as I never did before, "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Just then we were ordered to the North of Ireland, to quell a set of rioters, called Hearts of Oak. Being something better, I marched on till we came to Carrick-on-Shannon, when our surgeon told me I must go no farther, at the peril of life. My excessive pain, and the being left behind, would at some other times have tried me sufficiently; but now,

"All was calm, and joy, and peace."

And here it was that I first understood, how the blessed Martyrs could clap their hands in the flames; for although for some nights my pain was excruciating, yet all was tranquility within.

The little Society here, and the McNeily's family in particular, took remarkable care of me. "The Lord grant they may find mercy of him in that day." This state continued several months; but having none to direct me, and not being sufficiently aware of the need there was for constant watchfulness and prayer, I fell, by degrees, from that heaven of love.

In the beginning of 1764, I was called to suffer a little for the testimony of Jesus. And indeed but a little; for what were a few threatenings, a little reproach and shame, a few stones, or rotten eggs, to what many of the dear servants of God have suffered even in this age!

Our Lieutenant-Colonel did not care what a foldier's religion was, provided he did his duty; but our Major, a warm blunderer, to whom the command of the regiment was left for a time, thought it a disgrace to have a Serjeant, a Preacher among them. He therefore resolved to drive me out of preaching if possible. I shall not enter upon a detail of the several means he used for this purpose, as I believe he was ashamed of them himself before I left him. He found me so much the foldier, however, as not to be frightened out of what I thought was my duty. Yet I found it no easy matter to walk the streets of Newry, a gazing stock to both old and young. At last, as he found he could not prevent my preaching, he hit upon a method to get quit of me: namely, to put me into the tenth company, which was soon to be reduced. And thus it was that the Lord "thrust me out into the harvest;" for I was determined not to leave the army, till some clear providence set me free. Before the time came for the reduction of the company, some of the friendly Officers wanted me to stay, and said, they would get the Major to put some old Serjeant in my place. I begged they would not, and they acquiesced. Some of them, indeed, wished I could persuade all their men to be religious, for they had no trouble with the Methodist foldiers, but enough with the others. Yet they told me, they feared what our enthusiasm

Gasin would turn to; and mentioned Cromwell, who could preach and pray one part of the day, and kill and plunder the other.

Never were words more applicable to these fearful men than the following,

“ The same in your esteem,  
Falsehood and truth ye join;  
The wild pretender’s dream,  
And real work divine;  
Between the substance and the show,  
No diff’rence you can find;  
For colours all, full well we know,  
Are equal to the blind.”

Were the chaplains men of real piety and courage, much good might be done in the Army; but the chaplaincy is generally a kind of sinecure, and the care of souls is left to any worthless wretch, that will do it at an easy rate. When we lay in one city, the care of four or five regiments was left to an unhappy man, who was an object of common ridicule among the soldiers, for his perpetual drunkenness.

But although my Commanding-Officer could not hinder me from preaching, and God gave me to see the fruit of my labours, yet I was not thoroughly satisfied in my own mind, that it was my duty to preach; but this spring, at Waterford, God revived his work wonderfully among that Society, and set my mind free from every scruple; so that when Mr. Wesley wrote me word, that if I left the army, he had immediate work for me, I had no objection, but the precarious state of my health; for by preaching loud, and long, and by reading at all hours, I

had brought myself so low, that our Surgeon sometimes thought me in a consumption. Mr. Wesley told me in answer to my objection, "that our master had all power in heaven, and in earth, and that as my day, so should my strength be." And in the latter end of 1764, I found myself at liberty to go where Providence directed.

I was now entering upon a new scene of life, and though I was twenty-eight years of age, I was an utter stranger to mankind: hence I imagined that blunt honesty, with innocency, would bear me through any thing; but I have since learned, that we need the wisdom of the serpent, as well as the innocence of the dove, in our dealings with men, even about their souls. I mention this as an apology for some parts of my conduct, which had not always a due mixture of calm wisdom; my native impetuosity, often hurrying me beyond the bounds of moderation; a thing too common with well-meaning, zealous young men.

I would observe farther, that I was kept in such watchfulness and tenderness of conscience, nine years after I knew something of religion among the soldiery, as to my grief and shame, I have not always retained since that period. I was then continually among the open enemies of religion, which partly obliged me to vigilance, but being since then, chiefly among the profest friends of religion, how often have I been off my watch? But whatever I have fallen into, I could never preach till I recovered a sense of the divine acceptance. O where are we safe, beyond the power of sinning, but in Paradise!

When

When I came to Dublin, our Society and Preachers received me in the kindest manner, and a comfortable time I spent with them that winter.

One of our Captains, without my knowledge, now recommended me to a late Nobleman, who, he told me, had an easy place for me, and desired my answer in two or three days; I thanked him, and told him I had chosen another employment.

Here I was acquainted with Dr. Davis, whose case is worth relating. He was formerly remarkable for a peculiar lively turn of wit on all occasions, and happy was the company that could get him to spend the evening with them. But being persuaded by a friend to hear John Carr, one of our local Preachers, his companions, alas, lost their merry-andrew. He told me that he went to see the Preacher, merely to take him off, as he expressed it: "but, said he, while I was leaning on my cane, looking at him through my fingers, during the first prayer an arrow went to my heart, which sent me home, bruised and wounded." He then sought the true Physician, who soon brought him to a healthful mind.

The regiment of dragoons, to which he was Surgeon, marched into Dublin, while I was there. One day, being at the soldier's Infirmary, a serious man, the porter of the house, one Francis May, said to him, Sir, we want prayer, and a word of exhortation, very much in this house: would you pray with two or three, Sir, if I get them together? Really Frank, said the Doctor, "I never prayed in my life, but with two or three serious people, and I know not how to begin with any other." Sir, said



Frank, it is high time you should begin. Begin to-day Sir, begin now! The doctor was prevailed on. Away went Frank, and informed them through all the house, that Dr. Davis, was going to preach to them. Down came every foul that could crawl; the sick, the lame, and the lazy, to the long room, where the chaplains used to read prayers. Away went Frank to the Doctor. Now Sir, said he, "I have got a few of them." When the Doctor came to the room door, and saw the place full, he was for going back. Nay, Sir, said Frank, "you cannot go back for your life! There they are, the Lord has delivered them into your hands, and will you start from his work!" In short, the Doctor went in, stood on a form, sung and prayed; and having his pocket-bible with him, he read a portion to them, discoursed an hour and a half, and from that time, preached to the soldiers where ever he could. As I knew his dangerous situation, I was a little afraid for him. But God took care of him; for going to visit some prisoners in Newgate, who had a malignant fever, he caught the infection, and finished his course rejoicing in God his Saviour.

We had several remarkable conversions while I was in Ireland. One or two more may be mentioned. We often think it lost labour, to talk to a man about his soul while drunk; but I know to the contrary. I knew one in the North of Ireland, who, going home one summer-evening, much in liquor, saw a crowd of people on a green, at some distance; and imagining it to be a cock-fight, he would see it before he went home. The Preacher being in the application of his discourse, said, "are there any  
drunkards

drunkards here? &c." The poor fellow looking up, said, "Yes, I am one." At that instant he was seized with such concern for his soul, as never left him till he became a new man.

I add another remarkable case. We had a little Society in the county of Wexford, who used to be much pestered with a popish mob. They met in a long barn, with the door near one end. The rabble wanted sadly to know what they did at their private meetings; but as the barn belonged to one that was no Methodist, they durst not break open the door. At length they contrived that one of them should get into the barn before the people came, and let his companions in at a proper time. To conceal himself the better he got into a sack, and lay down behind the door. When the Society were all in, they fastened the door as usual. Soon after came the mob, hollowing and shouting to their friend to let them in; but God found other work for him; for being charmed with the first hymn, he thought it a thousand pities; (as he afterwards said) to disturb them while singing it. And when the prayer began, the power of God did so confound, him that he roared out with might and main. And not having power to get out of the sack, lay bawling and screaming. At last one ventured to see what was the matter, and helping him out, brought him up confessing his sins and crying for mercy: which was the beginning of a lasting work in his soul.

But to return. This winter, three of the Preachers going to Chapel-Izod, where one of them was to preach, as there was room in the coach, they invited me to accompany them. A river, through which we were to pass, happened  
to

to overflow part the road. Our coach-man thinking to drive in the most shallow water, drove near a wall; but the wheels turning on a large stone, overfet us. Through mercy we got out, with little more damage, than being well wet; but the coach-man stood up to the neck, like one distracted, crying, "Murder! Murder!" At last he got out, and then I and two others, (Mr. Johnson and Dempster,) walked home, and were no worse.

In the spring, there being no Preacher in the Waterford Circuit, I went thither, and spent some time very ageeably among my former acquaintances. And now it was that I saw what spirit many of the Irish papists were of. While I carried a sword by my side, few of them cared to speak their minds; but now, that restraint being removed, several of them told me to my face, that they thought it would be doing both God and the Church service, to burn all such as me in one fire! The infatuation of many of them, owing to the ignorance they are kept in, cannot be described; for upon the least pretence, and often without any, they rise in large parties, well armed, to destroy the lives and properties of their neighbours, oppose the magistracy, and even insult the army.

About this time, a party of the light-horse, being on foot, were coveying one of the White-boys to Kilkenny-goal. In going through a village, the papists crossed the way with a mock funeral. When they had got the soldiers in the midst they threw down their coffin full of stones, and fell on old and young, with the greatest fury. The soldiers defended themselves, till the serjeant, and three or four more were killed, and several desperately wounded.

For

For this, five of them were hanged at Kilkenny. They all died "innocent (they said) as the child unborn!" So did five others, who were executed a little while before, for burning a mill, and burying the miller up to the neck. I could not understand at first, how most of the papists that die here, by the hands of the executioner, die declaring their innocence, till I found out the secret: having confessed all their crimes to the priest, and received his absolution, they believed themselves guiltless, and were forbid to make confession to the heretics. However we had the comfort to see several of them brought to the experience of real christianity. And there is no doubt, but if there were a few Preachers of Mr. Walslh's spirit, we should see many more.

Mr. Wesley having signified to me, some time before, that I might travel with him if I had a mind, I gladly embraced the opportunity, and met him at Limerick, in June, 1765. This, and the next year, I had an opportunity of seeing most of our large Societies in the three kingdoms; and had my health, capacity, and industry kept pace with my opportunities, it might have been a time of extraordinary improvement. Besides all other advantages, I had constantly before me, such an example of redeeming time, as I hope will be of service to me while I live. But however profitable my travelling with Mr. Wesley might be, as the exercise was too much, I was obliged to give it up.

It was also of service to me to spend some time in London, among some of our old, happy Methodists; who bore with my weaknesses, and by  
their

their prayers and example, confirmed me more and more in the truth as it is in Jesus.

What the Lord has been doing by me in Kent, Essex, Norwich, Manchester, Macclesfield, in the Yarm, and Thirik Circuits, and in Scotland, is known to him. I bleis God that I have seen his work prosper and increase in most of the Circuits I have been in; not indeed in consequence of my preaching, so much as by some regard to our discipline, and the labour of my colleagues. I have been happy, in having those in general with me, who were not drones, but hearty in the work of God. And their love to discipline has not been labour in vain; to God alone be all the glory!

Before I conclude, I must not forget to mention one circumstance in order to encourage others, and to justify the observation, "That we hardly know what we are capable of, till we are put to the trial."

When I was in Scotland, I remarked that many of the Clergy were men of sense and piety, and took real pains in their work. And yet there was in many places, a want of care and zeal, for the spiritual welfare of the poor Highlanders. Many of these coming for employment to the larger towns, were destitute of all help for their souls; as they did not understand English. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, there have been places of worship built for them, within these few years, and well supplied; but in Aberdeen, Perth, and Greenock, they still had none to help. When Mr. McNab went to Scotland, in 1769, he began to preach to them as well as he could, and wanted me to come to his help. Mr. Wesley,  
accordingly

accordingly, appointed me for Scotland at the ensuing Conference, and desired me to try to recover my Erse : but of this I had no hope ; as I could not read a verse of it, and never spoke two minutes in it on religious subject in my life.

However, when I came to Perth, and saw their forlorn condition, several motives induced me to make a trial. I therefore bought a New Testament in the modern Galic, and got one of the Society who could read it, to give me some instructions. By Christmas I had made such a progress, that my teacher was positive I could preach in it, and would needs invite the Highlanders, to come and hear me. But I knew my deficiency better than he did ; however, I was prevailed upon to let him invite them. He gave out the psalm, and sung it for me. When I began to pray in Erse, I should have been set fast had I not learned the Lord's prayer before-hand. When I began to speak, I was often obliged to break off, and address the people in English. But by the grace of God, in less than four years, I could officiate in that language two hours together, without a word of English. While we were thus employed, the Ministers in Perth, and in several other places, wished us good luck, in the name of the Lord.

This was by far the most delightful work I ever had. But it was often hard enough, as I commonly preached at Greenock, in English, at seven in the morning : then spent two hours from ten to twelve, with the Highlanders : walked to Port-Glasgow, and preached in the streets at four ; then walked back to Greenock, and  
preached

preached at six o'clock, and then met the Society. Although by this means I had many an aching head, and pained breast, yet it was delightful to see hundreds attending to my blundering preaching, with streaming eyes, and attention still as night, or to hear them, in their simple way, singing the praises of God in their own tongue. If ever God said to my heart, "*Go, and I will be with thee,*" it was then, when with much trembling, and deep sighs, I have gone to preach to them, hardly knowing what to say. I extol the name of my adorable Master, that my labours were not in vain. How gladly would I have spent my life with the these dear souls ! but my health would not permit it ; so I was obliged to leave them.

To conclude : how graciously did my heavenly Father strive with me by his Spirit, even from my infant days ! and when I was an outcast, and lost as to any thing of religion, reclaimed the wanderer, and brought me to his fold ; then led me into the wilderness to shew me my heart ! Healed my backslidings, comforted and fortified me for sufferings ; and knowing my feebleness, led me gradually on to preach to those who most needed my assistance.

And, when he saw a little affliction needful, he sent it. And a profitable time it proved to me ; all thanks to the Sender ! I have since seen such beauty in holiness, and in the imitation of Christ, and have had such discoveries of the boundless love of God, as I never had before ! O for an eternity to praise him in !

If ever man could say the following lines, surely I may :

Pardon'd

Pardon'd for all that I have done,  
 My mouth as in the dust I hide,  
 And glory give to God alone,  
 My God for ever pacifi'd !

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## A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH,

*By Mr. Atmore.*

HE was a truly upright, pious, good man ; a faithful dispenser of the word of God ; a great lover, and conscientious observer, of the Methodist discipline ; and an acceptable and useful Preacher for about *twenty-eight* years. He finished his course with joy and triumph, in the city of London, May 13th, 1791, in the *fifty-fifth* year of his age ; and was interred in Rev. Mr. Wesley's vault, in the New Chapel yard, City-Road, London.

The following brief account of his last sickness and triumphant exit, is given by one who was an eye and ear witness.

“ In the beginning of the winter of 1790, Mr. Wright caught cold, which, falling upon his lungs, threw him into a decline. He struggled through the winter with great difficulty, and when attending Mr. Wesley's funeral, on the 9th of

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March,



March, 1791, said, it was most probable he should be the next who would be laid in that vault : which proved to be the case.

“ In the month of April, he was taken with a violent pain in both his sides, and could not lie on either of them, nor on his back, as the cough was exceeding troublesome. His fever was high, and his pulse quick every night, till towards morning ; when he generally began to perspire, which afforded him a little temporary ease. He continued thus for a fortnight, when he was seized one night, with an uncommon and violent pain, which he supposed to be a symptom of immediate death : but at this he was not in the least dismayed. He remarked that in the year 1762, he had entered into a superior light, and greater liberty, than he had ever enjoyed before ; and had ever since that time walked in the constant light of God’s countenance, and could not be satisfied any day without a direct and clear witness of his acceptance with God. He had several remarkable visits from the Lord in the time of his affliction. In one of which he said, “ I am a witness that the blood of Christ does cleanse from all sin ! O the goodness of God to a poor sinner ! The Lord has finished his work, has cleansed, and filled me with his fulness ! O what a weight of glory will that be, when thy weight of grace, O Lord is now so great ! ” It pleased the Lord to exercise him with strong pain, but no word dropped from his lips that bore the most remote implication of murmuring, or complaining. “ The joy of the Lord was his strength, and his hope was full of a glorious immortality. He continued in a triumphant state of mind, till  
the

the morning on which the welcome messenger arrived—when he said, “ Jesus is come ! He is now in my heart ! ” He was quite sensible to the last, and sunk gradually, with a serene and pleasant countenance, into the arms of his Redeemer ; and expired without a sigh or groan : while a few friends were commending his spirit to him who gave it, he

“ Clapp'd his glad wings and tower'd away,  
To mingle with the blaze of day.”

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THE  
E X P E R I E N C E  
O F  
*Mr. John Furz.*

*In a Letter to the Rev. John Wesley.*

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DEAR AND REV. SIR,

I WAS born in the year 1717, at Wilton, near Sarum. My Parents were honest, but ignorant of true religion. My father never went to Church; my mother and her children did. When I was about ten, I began to be afraid of death and hell, and prayed to God to have mercy upon me. At eleven I durst not keep company with boys that cursed and swore. I gave myself to reading, and went constantly to Church. Yet I was more and more uneasy, and had sometimes no sleep in the night, through the dread that was upon my spirits. At fifteen I became a constant communicant. At seventeen, wherever I was, in bed, within the house or without, I had

had something, within me, "One thing is wanting." I read more, and prayed more; but so much the more did this cry echo within me. In this state I continued two years, having no kind shepherd to guide me. I was one day standing in the house, when this inward voice was repeated oftener than usual. I looked up and said, "O God, what is this one thing?" It was instantly answered, "Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

I was astonished; for I thought I had always believed. However I thought, I will read over all the Bible, and try whether I believe or not? I took my Bible and opened it on these words. "The devils believe and tremble." I thought with myself, they tremble, and so do I for the same cause: I too am afraid of the judgment of the great day. I took my Bible again, and read, "We know thee, who thou art, the holy One of God." I laid it down again and thought, the devils know him and tremble; I tremble, but I do not know him. Now I saw, that I was without God in the world; and the sorrows of my heart were enlarged. I had read, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself:" but I knew I had not the witness. I reasoned much concerning this, wishing I could find some man that could tell me, what it is to believe.

One Sunday morning the minister's text was, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned." I stood up, and looked as earnestly at his mouth, as ever a hungry man looked for food: expecting every moment, that he would tell me what it was to believe? He did say something about faith, but I did not understand it. I now thought,

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"I do

“ I do not believe : I shall surely be damned.” When I came to the church-door, I could not restrain myself any longer, but burst into a flood of tears and cried aloud. The people came about me, and asked me, why I wept ? I said, “ I shall go to hell ; for I do not believe.” They answered, “ Young man, if you go to hell, no one in the town will go to heaven.”

From this time for near two years, I was in despair. My sleep in great measure departed from me. My appetite was gone ; my flesh wasted away, and I grew exceeding weak. My mother observing it came to me and said, “ My dear child, can I do any thing for you ?” I said, “ Yes, carry me to Mr. Smith ;” (a Dissenter, to whom many that were in trouble came for advice.) She carried me to him without delay. He asked, what ailed me ? I said, “ let my mother and the men that brought me go out, and I will tell you.” They went out, and I said, “ I believe I shall die soon, and I am afraid of going to hell.” He answered, “ you are melancholy : you must seek for some merry company.” I was shocked, and called aloud for my mother, (who stood without) to come and carry me home, which she did. As I sat down in the street without the door, three young men passing by looked at me, and said, they were sorry to see me look so bad. They stayed some time with me, talking merrily and jocosely. When they parted from me, I thought myself something better. They called on me again. I was pleased with their conversation, and endeavoured to stifle my convictions. I recovered my strength daily : and one evening as I was walking with them, I asked, “ Where did you get all these merry jests ;”  
They

They said out of such and such books, which they named. I said, "If it pleases God, I will go in the morning to the stationers, and buy one of the best of them."

As soon as I left my companions I went home. But I had but just sat down in a chair, when a divine conviction seized me, and I thought, "Lord what have I been doing?" I dropt to the earth utterly senseless. About midnight my senses returned: and I found my mother weeping at my bedside, attended by some of her kind neighbours. I now found such a spirit of prayer, as I never found before. My heart cried, "Lord, spare me a little, before I go hence and am no more seen." For I clearly saw, if I died in my present state I must perish for ever.

But it was not long, before my new companions visited me, and expressed a sorrow for my late affliction. I was soon persuaded to walk with them, and in awhile began to be pleased again with their company and conversation. But one Sunday morning as I was in bed, it seemed to me as if one gripped me by the arm. At the same moment a voice went through my heart, saying, "Go the meeting." I was much surprised, and felt much pain in my arm. However it being very early I composed myself to sleep again. But I had not lain long, when I heard the same voice as before. I rose and walked in the garden: but still found something within me saying, "Go to the meeting." I knew not what to do. I had ever been a zealous member of the established Church, and thought it not right to go to a Presbyterian meeting. I seemed resolved not to go: but the impression on my mind was such, I could have no rest unless I went.

went. When I came in, the minister was in his sermon. I had no sooner sat down than he uttered those words, "Remember the promises you made to God on a sick bed." I thought he spoke to me. I remembered how earnestly I had prayed to God, to spare me a little longer. I returned home in deep distress, thinking, "I am still the same unhappy creature, lost to all sense of good. All my resolves are come to nought, my promises broken, and I am left a poor guilty sinner."

All my former works did now indeed appear to me no better than mere filthy rags. I said, "I have lied unto thee, O God, when I said, My spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour:" and when I professed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ," while I knew nothing about it. A few days after, I saw an unusual number of people flocking together, and asked, Whither they were going? One answered, "Mrs. Hall's son is come from Oxford, and is going to preach in the Presbyterian meeting. Will you go and hear him?" After some pause I went. While I was musing with myself, he pointed out with his finger, as though he pointed at me, and said vehemently, "There are two witnesses that are dead and buried in the dust, that will rise in judgment against you." He took up his Bible, and said, "Here are the two witnesses, that have been dead and buried in the dust upon your shelf, the Old Testament, and the New." I felt what was spoken, I remembered, my Bible was covered with dust, and that I had wrote my name with the point of my finger on the binding. Now I thought, I had signed my

my own damnation, on the back of the witnesses.

I went home, no one speaking to me on the way, or I should have wept aloud. I walked in the garden; but I was afraid the earth would open and swallow me up, or that infernal spirits would be permitted to drag me to the bottomless pit. I went to bed; but the terrors I felt in the night, are beyond all that I can express. About midnight I sat up in bed, and said, "Lord, how will it be with me in hell?" Just then a dog began howling under my window, and I thought, "There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!" Every joint now trembled: the terrors of the Lord seized my soul; the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in me. I rose early in the morning, but did not attempt to pray, as I thought there was no mercy for me. As I walked in the garden, bewailing my misery and wishing I had never been born, God put a desire to pray into my heart, and those words into my mouth: "Lord, are there no bowels of mercy for such a sinner as me?" I went and kneeled down at the feet of my bed. Instantly I felt as if cold water ran through every vein. I started up, and ran into the garden and thought, "God will not suffer me to pray. He has driven me from the throne of grace: there is no mercy for me." I went a second time, but had no sooner kneeled down, than I was surprised as before: I flew again. As soon as I came into the garden, I looked round, and said, "Who will shew me any good?" I walked weeping, till I saw a dead toad, and said, "O that I had been a toad? Then I should have had no soul to lose." I then felt a fresh desire to pray. I went again  
into



into my chamber and kneeled down. But I was more surpris'd than ever. I thought the earth moved under me. I leaped down stairs, and fell on the ground; but strong desire constrained me to ask, "Are there no bowels of mercy for me?" Before I could utter it, I heard a small, still voice saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." What a change did I feel! My sorrow was turn'd into joy: my darkness into light! My soul was fill'd with love to God, for his unspeakable mercies. Now I did indeed draw water out of the wells of salvation. Yea, a fountain was opened in my heart, springing up into everlasting life. My tongue could not express the feelings of my heart; I was lost in speechless rapture. I now knew, what it was to believe: I knew on whom I believed; even on him that justifieth the ungodly. Being justified by faith, I was at peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. My bands were broken in sunder, and my captive soul was set at liberty.

I that before was dead in trespasses and sins, was now made alive to God. I sat in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. I was as in a new world. If I walked out into the open field, every thing shewed forth the glory of God. If I looked at the sun, my heart said, my God made this, not for himself but for us. If I looked on the grass, the corn, the trees, I could not but stand and adore the goodness of God. My Bible also was become a new book: it was sweeter to my soul, than honey to my tongue. I had near communion with God day and night. And O! how I longed for all the world to know what I knew! I longed also for a companion in the grace of God, to whom I could communicate  
what

what I felt : yea, I thought I would tell the trees of the wood, if I could make them understand what God had done for my soul.

One day as I was going across the market-place, I passed by a man at his labour. I felt all that was in me run out after him, in a manner I never felt before. I past by him again and again : and it was still the same. I thought I can tell this man any thing, though I only knew him by sight, and had often heard, his father used to say, with his hand on his breast, "I have Christ in my heart." I asked him, "Do you believe your father was a good man, and that he is gone to heaven?" He answered, "I do. He died singing the hundredth psalm, just as he uttered those words,

"O enter ye his gates with praise!"

I asked again, "Are you willing to live his life and to die death?" He answered, the Lord knows that I am. But, said I, "Do you believe there is any such thing, as knowing our sins forgiven now?" He looked at me and paused, and then said, "I will tell you a fortnight hence."

That day fortnight I went to his house, took him aside, and told him, "Now you are to answer my questions." He said, I will : I do believe, there is such a thing as knowing our sins forgiven now. I have been seeking it ever since I saw you ; but I have found it." I desired him to walk with me to my house ; I took him into my chamber. We sat down together, and I told him freely what troubles I had passed through, and how God had delivered me. Then I asked, "Are you desirous of the same blessing?" He answered, "The Lord knows that I am." We  
kneeled

kneeled down, and I earnestly prayed, that God would make him a partaker of it. When I had done, he started up, and went out of the room in haste, without speaking one word.

In the morning as I was looking out of my door, I heard one man say to another, "Do you hear that John Kirby is run mad?" And about an hour after, I heard another asserting the same thing. In the evening he came to my house, looked earnestly at me, and said, "I am undone." He then instantly turned and went away, giving me no time to speak to him. The next morning he came in the same manner. I was sitting at a table reading. He struck the table with his hand, and said, "I am undone to all eternity." He then went out hastily. I followed him to his house, and found him sitting silent, looking with a look of deep sorrow. His wife sat looking at him. She said to me, "O Sir, our family is ruined." I said, "I hope not." She said again, with a flood of tears, "My husband is distracted. He neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps." However I persuaded him to go to bed, and went home. But I had not long been in bed, before he was knocking at the door, crying out, "For Christ's sake, quickly, quickly!" I ran down undrest and let him in. He clasped me fast in his arms, and said, "I will never go home more unless you go with me." I put on my clothes and led him home. As I went I advised him to pray. But he said, "I cannot; if I attempt to pray in my chamber, I am affrighted, and so I am, wherever I attempt it." When I came to his house, I found a most distressed family; his wife, his son, and his daughter all weeping. I desired him to go to bed. He said  
he

he would never go into his chamber more, unless I would go with him. I did so, and saw him in bed, desiring his wife and children to go to bed also, and to be as still as possible. Then I returned home. But I had scarce been in bed ten minutes, when he was knocking at the door with more earnestness than before; he again said, "I will never go home, unless you go with me." I went the third time, when I came to his house, the family was in bed. I heard his wife weeping. But he repeated, "I will never go into the chamber again, unless you go with me." I said, "O for shame! Your wife is in bed." She cried aloud, For Christ's sake, do not mind me, but bring my husband up stairs." She was sitting up in the bed, in her night gown, bewailing herself and her family. After seeing him in bed, I kneeled down by the bed side, and commended him to God.

In the morning he came to my house again. But the whole form of his visage was changed. He walked to and fro with tears dropping from his eyes. I asked, "How is it with you now?" He said, "Glory be to God! all is peace." I desired him to sit down and tell me how this change came. He said, "As soon as you were gone, I looked up, and it appeared to me, as if the roof of my house was taken away, so that I saw the firmament. While I was wondering at this, a dark cloud arose, which I thought was a thunder-cloud. The cloud was drawn aside, and left in view, Jesus Christ, all besmeared with blood. He looked down upon me and said, "I have loved thee, and given myself for thee? I felt the word in my heart, and all guilt and fear, and sorrow fled away. Now I know that I

“ have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the propitiation for my sins.” We wept together for joy, and praised God for his abundant mercies bestowed upon us.

From this time, as the souls of David and Jonathan were knit together, so were our souls knit together in God. We had close fellowship with each other, and sat together as in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Neither of us were content to eat his morsel alone, but what was imparted to one, the other must partake of: we gladly met together every evening, to pray with and for each other, and pour out our souls before God in thanksgiving for all his mercies. Meantime our hearts burned with desire, that all men might know this love of Christ that passeth knowledge. But how to impart what we had received to others we knew not, or which way to begin.

After a while I heard, there was a company of Dissenters, that met together at a private house every Sunday evening. I told my friend, I was in hopes they were partakers of the same blessing that we were. I wrote a note, to desire leave for me and my friend to come and sit behind them. They sent word, we were welcome to come. When we came, we found about ten of them sitting round a large table, on which were the Bible and the news-paper, with a decanter and glasses. They were quite complaisant. They all rose up, and desired us to sit in rank with them. But I refused; saying we will only sit in the place we named, that is, behind you. They then began their evening exercise. First, they ridiculed the Vicar, particularly for his covetousness. Next, they drank one to another, and offered the glass to us: but we did not drink.

Then

Then they related the faults of the church-wardens and the overseers of the poor: till one read part of the news-paper, which gave occasion to discourse on the state of the nation. At last one of them read a chapter in the Bible: another looking at his watch, said, "Bless me! It is time to go home. It is past ten o'clock." But said, one, we ought to go to prayer first. But they were not agreed which of them should pray. At last one of them stood up against the back of a chair, spoke a few words, and concluded. My friend and I were kneeling together, I was weary with forbearing, and began earnestly to pray, that God would awaken them, and by his goodness lead them to repentance, that they might know the things which belonged to their everlasting peace. They turned about, and stared at me, as if I had been speaking Greek. However they told us, we should be welcome to come again the next Sunday evening.

The next Sunday evening we came again. But one of the company having told his neighbours, that I had preached, I suppose not less than a hundred persons were standing about the door. The man of the house asked them, "What do you want?" And endeavoured to keep them out. But when he stood aside for me and my friend to come in, they poured in after us. At first he seemed displeased, but soon after called to his wife, and said, "Bring me the Testament." He opened it, sat with it in his hand some time; then starting up came to me, with the book open, saying, "if you have a word of exhortation say on." The first words presented to my view were Romans viii. 1. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in

Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." I had had no thought of exhorting or preaching to this hour. But now the power of God came upon me, and enabled me to speak from an experimental knowledge, of freedom from condemnation. Now I was able to testify, "By grace I am saved through faith:" not for any thing that I have done: it is the gift of God. Many of them that stood before me, felt the word and wept much. And from this time, by the help of God, I have continued to preach "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

This same gentleman, in whose house I began to speak of the things of God, procured a licence for his house, that none might molest me. I likewise preached in my own house, to all that came and heard me. Their number continually increased: many were convinced of their evil ways, and about fourteen converted to God, who met with me daily, to spend some time in prayer. We loved as brethren, being partakers together of the same grace of God. And we began to suffer reproach together, to shew us that "the servant is not above his Lord." Mr. Conway, the Vicar sent his footman to me with this message: "My master bids me tell you, you have a soft place in your head." I said, "Be pleased to tell your master, the sheep when diseased do not run after the Shepherd, but the Shepherd after the sheep. Your master passes by my door almost every day. I wish he would call in, and search about my head: and find out what my disorder is, and prescribe a remedy." About two hours after, I saw him coming. I opened the door and waited for him. But when he saw  
me;

me, he drew farther off, and shook his cane at me, and passed by. He went strait to the Earl of Pembroke's (the old Earl) and told him, "There is a young fellow in the town, who under a pretence of preaching, makes three riots every week, and disturbs all the inhabitants of the town, from one end to the other." The Earl said, "I will send for the young man, and talk with him myself."

But instead of sending for me, he sent for the Mayor, with whom he used to converse frequently. He had heard me preach himself. Afterwards I learned, what passed between the Earl and him. "The old Priest has been here, said the Earl, but I know not what he would have. He was at first a dissenting minister. But he came to me and said, His conscience constrained him to conform to the church, and begged I would assist him to procure ordination. Then he begged me to give him a benefice which was vacant: I did so. He came again within the twelvemonth, complaining he could not live on it. I gave him a second of two hundred a-year. Still he followed me with the same complaint, till I gave him a third: and now he comes to me with a complaint, about some young man that preaches. Pray, do you know the man? He said, "My Lord, perfectly well: he lives but three doors from me." His Lordship said, "I said at first, I would send for the man: but I have thought otherwise. Take Lord Herbert and your son, who has taken his degrees at Oxford, and all the Aldermen with you: and you will judge whether it is the Preacher who makes the riot, or they that come to disturb him. Af-



terwards come all of you to dinner with me, and give me your cool judgment."

I knew nothing of their coming, till they came; but according to my day, so was my strength. The people seeing the Mayor coming from his own house, attended by Lord Herbert and the Aldermen, called one upon another, saying, "My Lord, and the Mayor, and Aldermen, are gone to pull down the preaching-house." The rabble ran from all quarters, to lend a helping hand. I was praying, when they poured in upon us like a flood. They pushed down some that were on their knees, and trampled on them. Lord Herbert rose from his seat and said, "I desire you will let me hear quietly." But instead of regarding it, some of the mob gave him a very impertinent answer. The Mayor then rose up, and with a loud voice, commanded the King's peace. I then said, "My Lord, and Gentlemen, I and those that meet with me are members of the established church. We meet together ever Sunday, before and after divine service, to make prayer and supplication, with and for one another. And I read a portion of scripture and explain it as God enables me." I paused. His Lordship bowed his head, and I went on, "I will preach now, as well as I can in this confused noise." I then read, "I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached by me, was not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." When I had ended, high and low went away, and I and my friends were left alone.

When the Mayor and his brethren came to the Earl's (I was informed in the evening,) he asked,  
If

If they had been at the preaching? The Mayor said, "Yes, my Lord." And what have you to say concerning the man that preaches? The Mayor replied, "My Lord, I have known him from a child; he has lived an exemplary life from the beginning." The Earl said, Now that we know the truth of the case, we know how to proceed. If I was Mayor of the town, the next time that young man preaches, I would go and read the riot act." The Mayor promised he would: and the next time I preached, he came with the riot act in his hand. The mob gathering together, he made them come near, and then read the act. They quickly shrunk back: but one of them cursed the Mayor, and said, he was a Methodist too. He looked upon me and said, "John, you see, I have got a bad character too." I said, "I wish it was true." He said, "So do I: it would be better for me." From this time we had peace.

This method not succeeding to his wish, the Vicar thought good to try another. He procured the Rev. Mr. Horler, to preach before his lordship. And he did preach as extraordinary a sermon, as ever was heard at Wilton. His text was, "Take heed brethren, lest there should be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God;" that is, said he, from the church. For there is sprung up among us a new religion, called Methodism: it is like the plague. They that have it infect whole families. Now in such a case, if one were to come and warn you, to shut your door, and keep out the man and his distemper, would not you be thankful? I am now come to do you this kind office. I will describe the persons in three particulars.

particulars. In the first place, they look just like toads, that are crept out from under a faggot-pile. In the second place, they pretend to be led by the Spirit; and when they "are under his guidance," as they call it, they look like toads that are crept out of a dung heap, and croak just like them. In the third place, they look just like toads, that are dragged from land's end to land's end under a harrow." I was curious to observe, what notice his lordship took of the Preacher, who stood bowing at his side, as he went out of church. He passed by him without making the least motion, or taking any notice of him at all.

After he was got home, he sent a footman to tell the Preacher, "If you please, you may come and dine with his lordship." When he came, and was sat down, the Earl asked his name. He answered, "My name is Joseph Horler." His lordship then asked, "Mr. Horler, what have you been doing? He answered, "Preaching, my Lord." "What have you been preaching?" "The Gospel, my Lord." "I deny that Mr. Horler; you have been preaching against the government." He said, "I ask your lordship's pardon: I do not know that I have." "Nay, said his lordship, have not the king, lords, and commons, all agreed that every Englishman shall worship God according to his own conscience? And are there not licences granted for this very purpose? But pray who are those toads who creep out of the dung-heap? I hope they are not your neighbours! Let me hear of it, Sir, no more. I will hear no more of it. I will send a note immediately to the Vicar, to let me know, when I am in the country, any day that you are  
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to preach. And I will be sure not to be at church that day."

Some time after, that honest man, John Haim, called upon me, and preached at my house. Here our acquaintance and mutual love began, which has continued to this day; he gave me an invitation to come to Shaftsbury. I often went, and found much life and love among the people. I was afterwards invited to Wincaunton; Robert Brockway informing me, that the dissenting minister was a pious man, and had promised me the use of his pulpit. And notice was given on the market-day, that a Methodist was to preach there on Sunday. But when Robert Brockway reminded the minister of his promise, he said, "My congregation is not willing." I asked, "Is there any among you that has courage to go through the town, and tell the people, there will be preaching on the Common?" One answered, "I will for one." When we were there; a man brought me a table to stand on. Some of my friends from Shaftsbury were with me. After singing a hymn, and spending a little time in prayer, I gave out those words, "Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" The people were as still as night, and gave good heed to what was spoken, till the minister of Brewham, with an attorney, and Mr. Ring, the town-clerk, came to the outside of the congregation. Some then cried out, "Make way, make way!" But the people stood closer and closer together, till I desired them to open to the right and left, and let the gentlemen come forward. Mr. Ring then read the riot act. I said, "Sir, was there any appearance

appearance of a riot here, till you came?" He looked me in the face, and said with the utmost vehemence, "Thou rascal." Then the blood spouted out in a stream from both his nostrils. He dropt to the earth, crying aloud, "They will say this is a judgment." (No wonder if they did.) All possible means were used to stop the bleeding; but in vain. From that time he was lunatic. He was carried to Bath, and died soon after. In about a fortnight (I was informed) the minister of Brewham died also.

Some time after this, one of Mr. Whitefield's Preachers preached in the street at Wincaunton. While he was preaching, a carrier came with a string of pack-horses. The fore-horse had a strap of bells about his neck. The carrier took them off, and put them about his own neck. He then ran in among the people, jumping and dancing with all his might. While he was thus employed, the horse he took the bells from, dropped down. They went to him, but he was stone dead. So God, in judgment mixed with mercy, took the horse, but spared the man!

Some years before I was a travelling Preacher, I was invited to preach on Salisbury Plain, near the New Inn. It being on a Sunday, a very great company was gathered together, from the neighbouring villages on both sides the Plain. Here I was met by John Haim, with a few of our friends from Shaftsbury. As soon as I began to preach, a man came strait forward, and presented a gun at my face; swearing that he would blow my brains out, if I spake another word. However I continued speaking, and he continued swearing; sometimes putting the muzzle of the gun to my mouth, sometimes against my

my ear. While we were singing the last hymn, he got behind me, fired the gun and burnt off part of my hair. But he did not lose his labour, for he was so soundly beat, that he kept his bed for several weeks.

The occasion of my leaving Wilton was this. Hearing that Mr. Hall, after all the good he had done, had brought a huge reproach upon the gospel, and was removed from Sarum; I went to Mr. Marsh, to know the truth of it. He said, "He is gone; but he has not carried away with him, what we have received." We hid ourselves awhile; the world rejoiced, and we sorrowed. When the storm was a little over, I went often to Salisbury, and conversed, and prayed with some of the poor people. After some time, I was desired to preach in Mr Hall's chapel. More and more came, till we had a good congregation. Mr. Marsh then took part of the house adjoining to it, for me to live in, and to receive any of Mr. Wesley's Preachers that could find time to call. Here I continued about five years. But some of the people being afraid, lest I should follow Mr. Hall's example, I left the house, and left off preaching, till being afflicted both in soul and body, and knowing it was the hand of the Lord upon me, I made my mind known to Mr. Wesley, who advised me to go into the west of Cornwall. I did so: I took up my cross, left my wife, and children, and went without delay. I was very kindly received by the people. My labours were blest among them. My bodily strength returned. And great was the comfort that I felt in my soul.

Mr. Wesley sent me next into the York circuit. I went in the simplicity of the gospel, being

ing only afraid, lest I should not be useful. But it pleased God to give me some fruit here also; which engaged me to go on, and made me willing to spend and be spent for the souls of men. Afterwards I spent two years in Cheshire and Lancashire, where was the most rapid work of God that I ever saw. At a love feast in Manchester, we had eighteen persons justified in an hour. And many experienced a higher work of God, being cleansed from all sin. After deeply hungering and thirsting for righteousness, they were satisfied with it. Some of them agonizing in prayer, fell to the ground, and cried out, "It is enough, Lord! My cup runs over! Withhold thy hand, or enlarge my heart." Our leaders feeling the weightiness of his presence, and the exceeding greatness of his power, were filled with zeal for the glory of God, and the good of souls. They dispersed themselves on Sundays, went into the country villages, sung and prayed, and exhorted the people to turn to God. Many came from those villages to hear the word, and great good was done.

A poor woman that lived about ten miles from Manchester, hearing some say, "We have been there, and have found the Lord," told it to a neighbour, and said, "I wish I could go Manchester and find the Lord." Her neighbour said, "Then why do not you go?" She said, "O dear child, I have no shoes." Her neighbour said, "I will lend you mine." She said, "Then I will go." She came to Manchester on a Sunday; but knew not where to go. Seeing a gentleman walking in the Market-place, she went to him, and asked, "Where is it that people go to find the Lord?" He said, "Among the  
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the Methodists, as far as I know." She asked, "Where are they?" He answered, "Come, and I will shew you." He brought her to the passage that lead to the Preaching house, and said, "Go in there." Thomas Woolfinden came to her, and asked, what she wanted? She said, "Is this the place where people find the Lord?" He went and called John Morris, one of the leaders, to whom she told all that had happened. He took her in and placed her near the middle of the room, and advised her to look at none but the Preacher. She took his advice, and about the middle of the sermon cried out, "Glory be to God, I have found the Lord!" which she repeated over and over, being filled with joy unspeakable.

There was likewise a glorious work of God at Liverpool. Many were enabled to repent and believe the gospel: and many believed that the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed them from all unrighteousness. The same flame broke out at Bolton, at Macclesfield, at Congleton, and at Burslem. One instance of the goodness of God at Congleton deserves a particular notice. Two men were there, pot-companions, David and Samuel. David made it his business to stand in the street near the time of preaching, and swear at those that were going to it. About this time we had many remarkable conversions. At this he seemed much perplexed: and asked his companion, "What can this be? What the d—l is it that they do to the people to convert them? I have a good mind to go and see." Accordingly both of them came. But after they had sat about a quarter of an hour, David started up and said. "I will stay here no longer." He

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attempted



attempted to run, but quickly dropped down. However he rose, and with some difficulty got home. He went straight to his chamber, and got to bed. He turned himself a few times; then leaped up, saying, "I will lie here no longer." He ran into the fields, and then wandered up and down all the night. In the morning he came home, went into his shop, and thought he would go to work. He heated his iron in the forge, and lifted up his hammer over his head. But he imagined, the devil was just behind him, ready to carry him away. He let fall his hammer, ran out of the shop, and went to the fields, where he wandered all day. In the evening a farmer passing by, said, "David, why are you not at your work! I have been three times at your shop to-day; but you were not to be found." David answered, "I think, I shall work no more." The former asked, Why so? He said, "I am afraid I shall be converted." It quickly spread throughout the town, that David was going to be converted. But David protested he would not; he would go and get drunk directly. Accordingly he went into a public-house, and with all speed drank two quarts of Ale, with half a pint of Brandy. Three men sitting by, one of them said, "David, you will be converted for all this." David said, "I will convert thee," knocked him down, took him by the heels, and threw him out of the door. He did the same to the second and the third. Then he caught up the woman of the house, ran with her into the street, threw her into the kennel, saying, "Lie thou there." He went back to the house, tore down the door, broke it in pieces, and threw it into the street. Then he went home.

home: but he was no sooner laid down in bed, than he thought, "Now I am sure the devil will have me." He leaped out of bed, took to the fields, and wandered about all the day. At last he went to his companion and told him, "Ever since I heard that old fellow preach, I can neither eat nor sleep." Then, said Sam, "take it for a warning, or I will keep thy company no more; else the devil will have us both." David said, "Then, what shall we do?" He answered, "Whatever thou dost, I will join the Society." David fell a weeping; and said, "If thou dost, so will I, if they will let me." As soon as their design was known, many came running to me, and desired, I would not receive either of them. I said, "If they come, I will act according to the best judgment I have." A little before preaching they came. "Sir, said Samuel, we are a couple of desperate wicked fellows. But we want to be better. And we beg you, for Christ's sake, to receive us into your Society." I said, "Yes, for Christ's sake I will receive you." They looked one at the other, with tears flowing from their eyes, and said, "For Christ's sake receive us now, and let us come in at the Love-feast." I said, "I do receive you now, for Christ's sake." After preaching, one desired me to look at David. His body was writhed many ways, and his cries and groans were such as struck terror into those that were near him. I kneeled down and prayed: while I was praying, David started up, and cried aloud, "Glory be to God! my sins are forgiven." At the same time Samuel said, "O precious Lamb of God! all in a gore of blood for me!" David then broke through the people, and caught Sam in his

arms, saying, "Come, let us sing the Virgin Mary's song. I could never sing it before; but now my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour!"

Is any thing too hard for thee,

Almighty Lord of all?

I married while I was at Wilton. When I was young, I was frequently at the Earl of Pembroke's. Here I came acquainted with one of the house-maids. We met frequently, and always parted with prayers. She seemed very religious; but when we were married, I soon found my mistake. She was fond of dress, and loved to walk about for pleasure on the Lord's Day. She refused to kneel down when I prayed, saying, "I do not love such Presbyterian prayers. I took a book in my hand; but prayed as I did before. Then she kneeled. One evening she was much affected, and rose early in the morning and searched the book to find the prayer. But she could not find it; and afterwards she would not kneel down, whether I had a book or not.

One Sunday morning, a little before church-time, being about to go to the Sacrament, I came down the stairs. She stood silent at the stair-foot, and then stepped down, struck me in the face, and beat out one of my teeth. She stepped back, sat down in a chair, and wept aloud, saying, "Lord, I cannot help it, I am so tempted by the devil." I went to her, put my tooth into her lap, and went into my chamber again without speaking. It was a sorrowful day with her. The next morning she rose before me.

When

When I came down, I found her weeping. She said, "Can you forgive me?" I made towards the door. She said, "For God's sake, do not leave me." I said, "It is God against whom you have sinned." She wept aloud. I went out, and walked in the fields three hours, praying for her: and when I returned home, I found God had spoke peace to her soul. Nothing would satisfy her, but I must sit on her knees, and hear her praise God. I believe she never lost his love from that hour, but was daily growing in grace. When I set out as a travelling Preacher, leaving my children to her care, she never once asked me, When I should come home? But in all her letters said, "I find difficulties: but let not that distress you. I am content. Go strait forward in the work God has called you to."

When I was informed she was very ill, I rode seventy miles in one of the shortest days, to see her. I found two young women with her, who came to see her at the beginning of her illness, and never left her after. One of them asked, if they should let her know that I was come? I said, No; and went in softly to her. She looked at me, and said, "My dear husband, I am going to Abraham, to Isaac and Jacob. I am going to all the prophets, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. I am going to my dear Jesus;" and added,

"Not a doubt can arise,

To darken the skies,

Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

No, not for a moment! She then paused awhile and said,

“ Hark ! hark how they shout  
All heaven throughout !

Lord, let me come up !” And so departed. I found her clothes had been sold, to procure her necessaries in time of affliction. So that naked as she came into the world, naked did she return.

As to my mother, I was her youngest son, and she was the kindest of mothers. Yet it was not till I had preached a whole year that she would come to hear me. After she had heard, she was all prayer, and soon found peace ; which she enjoyed without the least interruption, to her life’s end. Living and dying, she was possessed of that quietness of spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. Her last dying words were, “ Lord Jesus ! into thy hands I commend my spirit.”

Many years ago, when I was at Hornby in Yorkshire, I had a violent illness. None about me expected I should ever recover. When to all appearance I was near death, Mr. Olivers sent Mr. Minethorp to Hornby with a letter, to inform me, he would come and preach my funeral sermon, and rejoice over me. The good women that sat round my bed, said, “ We never had a Preacher died here before. We shall have a great company of people to hear the funeral sermon.” I heard one of them say, “ Now he is going.” Meantime the cry of my heart was, “ Lord sanctify me now or never.” In that instant I felt the mighty power of his sanctifying spirit. It came down into my soul as a refining fire, purifying and cleansing from all unrighteousness. And from that instant I began to recover. But  
O how

O how flow of heart have I been to believe, and how hard to understand the deep things of God ! Before my conversion I thought, if I repented all my days, and was pardoned at last, it would be a great blessing. But when it pleased God to pardon me, I knew, "Now is the accepted time : now is the day of salvation." But I had the same conceptions of sanctification, that I had before of Justification. I preached it as a slow, gradual work. And while I did so, I gained no ground : I was easily provoked, which made me fear lest after I had preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away. But now, glory be to God, I feel no anger, no pride, no self-will : old things are past away. All things are become new. Now I know, he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him !

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## A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

*By Mr. Atmore.*

MR. FURZ continued to labour in the vineyard as an Itinerant as long as he was able ; but the infirmities of old age coming upon him, he was constrained to yield, and from  
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the Conference 1782, he acted as a supernumerary; and thus continued to put forth all the remainder of his strength, in promoting the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom. For some years previous to his death, he resided chiefly in the Salisbury circuit; and often visited Frome; where he was entertained in the most affectionate manner, in the family of Mr. Blunt: but, at last, his mental powers were so decayed, that he seemed sunk into a state of second childhood. He, however, retained his piety, and closed his life in holy triumph, in the year 1800.

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THE  
EXPERIENCE

OF

*Mr. Peter Jaco.*

*In a Letter to the Rev. John Wesley.*

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REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I AM sorry I cannot comply with your desire so effectually as I could wish; having left the papers containing the particulars of God's dealings with me, some hundred miles off. At present I can only give you some circumstances as they occur to my memory.

I was born of serious parents, at Newlyn, near Penzance, in Cornwall, in the year 1729. When capable of learning, I was put to school, where I continued till I was near fourteen. But being of a gay, lively disposition, and my master being given to drink to excess (on which account I soon learned to despise both him and his instructions) did not make that proficiency which I otherwise might have done. As I could not endure



endure the school under such a teacher, my father took me home, and proposed several businesses to me; but I chose rather to be under his care, and to be employed with him in the Pilchard-fishery: 1st, because I knew him to be a perfect master of his business; and 2dly, because I knew he was a truly serious man.

From my infancy, I had very serious impressions, and awful thoughts of God; which, with the care and precepts of my parents, prevented my running into many excesses incident to youth; though in other respects I was bad enough. I was exceeding proud, passionate, and ambitious; and so fond of pleasure, that at any time I would neglect my ordinary meals to pursue it. But amidst all my follies, I was still miserable; and often, to such a degree, that I wished I was any thing but a rational creature. After many a restless night, I was ready to say with Job, "He scareth me with dreams, and terrifieth me with visions." I frequently resolved to leave my sins: but, alas! my goodness soon vanished away. Thus I repented and sinned; and, as I was totally ignorant where my strength lay, I was frequently at the point of up all striving against the torrent; and of gratifying every passion as far as my circumstances would permit.

About the year 1746, God sent his messengers into our parts, who proclaimed free and full redemption in the Blood of Christ. But though this was the very thing my conscience told me I wanted, yet I would not give up all to come to him. No: I would dispute for his servants; fight for them (an instance of which you, dear sir, saw the first time you preached on the green between Penzance and Newlyn, when a few lads rescued

rescued you from a wicked mob); but I would come no nearer. However, going one Sunday night to hear Stephen Nichols, a plain, honest tinner; the word took strange hold on me, and seemed like fire in my bones. I returned filled with astonishment, retired to my apartment, and, for the first time, began to take a serious review of my past life, and present situation with regard to eternity. My eyes were now truly opened. I saw myself a poor, naked, helpless sinner, without any plea, but "God be merciful to me." My convictions became more and more alarming, till I was driven to the brink of despair. And though my religious acquaintance (for I immediately joined the Society) did all they could to encourage me, I would often say, I have no hope. In this deplorable state I continued for near four months; when one Sunday (may I never forget it!) as I was attending to the exhortation before the Sacrament, when the minister pronounced, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself (a very wrong translation) not discerning the Lord's Body;" I immediately concluded, "Then I am lost for ever." Yet through the persuasion of my father I staid, and resolved, if I did perish I would perish in the means of grace. Accordingly, in the afternoon I set out by myself for church, a mile distant from the town (for solitude was all my comfort). I had not walked far before it was strongly suggested to my mind, "Jesus Christ died for the vilest sinner." I immediately replied, "Then I am the wretch for whom he died!" In that moment it seemed to me as though a new creation had taken place. I felt no guilt, no distress of any kind. My soul  
was

was filled with light and love. I could no more doubt of my acceptance with God through Christ, than I could of my own existence. In this state I continued near two years, and am firmly persuaded might have still continued in it, but for my own unfaithfulness.

I was now convinced it was my duty to do all I could for God; and, accordingly reprov'd sin wherever I saw it, without regarding the character or station of the person; and wherever I found a disposition to receive it, added a word of exhortation.

Some years after, my friends thought I might be more useful, if I was to exhort in the Society: with much reluctance I made the attempt; but though God blessed, in a very remarkable manner, my feeble efforts, I was with difficulty persuaded to continue it.

When you, Sir, visited us in 1751, you persuaded me to enlarge my sphere, and appointed me to visit several societies: I accordingly complied, but still with unwillingness. In your next visit to Cornwall, you thought I was not so useful as I might be, and propos'd my taking a circuit. This I could by no means think of. I looked on myself as an occasional helper, having a good deal of time on my hands: and if a Preacher was ill, or unable to keep his circuit, I thought it my indispensable duty to fill his place. But though I knew I was call'd to this, I could not see that I should go farther, on account of the smallness of both my gifts and grace.

In the year 1753, you propos'd my going to Kingswood school, and accordingly having settled the terms, I set out for Bristol, in April 1754; but to my great disappointment I found the school full,

full, and a letter from you, desiring me to come immediately to London. This, together with your brother's telling me, that if I returned back to my business, he should not wonder if I turned back into the world, determined me to comply with your desire. At the Conference in London, the 4th of May, 1754, I was appointed for the Manchester circuit, which then took in Cheshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and part of Yorkshire. Here God so blest my mean labours, that I was fully convinced he had called me to preach his gospel. Mean time my hardships were great. I had many difficulties to struggle with. In some places the work was to begin; and in most places, being in its infancy, we had hardly the necessaries of life: so that after preaching three or four times a day, and riding thirty or forty miles, I have often been thankful for a little clean straw, with a canvass sheet to lie on. Very frequently we had also violent oppositions. At Warrington I was struck so violently with a brick on the breast, that the blood gushed out through my mouth, nose, and ears. At Grampound I was pressed for a soldier, kept under a strong guard for several days, without meat or drink, but what I was obliged to procure at a large expence, and threatened to have my feet tied under the horse's belly, while I was carried eight miles before the commissioners: and though I was honourably acquitted by them, yet it cost me a pretty large sum of money, as well as much trouble.

For many years I was exposed to various other difficulties and dangers. But having obtained help from God, I continue to this day! And, all thanks to him, I wish to live and die in his ser-

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vice.

vice. At present I find my mind as much devoted to him, as I ever did. I see and feel the necessity of a greater conformity to Christ. May I never be satisfied till I awake up after his likeness!

Thus, dear Sir, I have given you a brief account of my life, as far as my memory would assist me. If it is useful to any soul, my purpose is fully answered.

PETER JACO.

*London,*  
*October 4, 1778.*

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A SHORT

ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

*By Mr. Atmore.*

HE was remarkably comely in his person, tall and handsome; he possessed an amiable natural temper. His understanding was strong and clear; he had acquired an eminent degree of useful knowledge, which rendered him an agreeable companion. His talents for the work of the ministry were very considerable, and he was as a scribe well instructed in the things of the kingdom  
dom

dom of God. He was necessitated to desist from the itinerant life for several years previous to his death, on account of bodily indisposition; and he died in peace at Margate, in Kent, in the year 1781. His body was interred in the New Chapel Burying Ground, City Road, London.

The following inscription is on the stone erected to his memory.

In  
Memory of  
MR. PETER JACO,  
Who died, July 6th, 1781,  
Aged 52 years.

Fisher of men, ordain'd by Christ alone,  
Immortal souls he for his Saviour won;  
With loving faith, and calmly potent zeal,  
Perform'd and suffer'd the Redeemer's will;  
Stedfast in all the storms of life remain'd,  
And in the good old ship the haven gain'd.

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THE  
EXPERIENCE

OF

*Mr. John Valton.*

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*To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I HAVE long resisted your importunate desire, that I would give you a short account of my experience; being desirous to conceal my insignificant life, till I was no longer interested in the honour or dishonour that cometh of man. But your last letter on the subject, and the Rev. Mr. Fletcher's opinion on the same, have satisfied me that I "owe it to God and his Church." I shall therefore humbly submit an extract thereof to the perusal of candid people, while I implore the benediction of my God.

I was born in the year 1740. My parents were natives of Franche Comté near Switzerland, and members of the church of Rome. They came to England a year or two before I was born, so that I was providentially born and brought up in England. I was (with a brother and sister) made a member of that church, and remained so during the early part of my life. I  
can

can well remember that serious impressions were very early made upon my mind ; but I had no one to guide me. When I was about nine years of age, I was sent to France for education. I was there boarded at a Priest's, who was a school-master. At this school I remained many months, imbibing the baneful notions of idolatry and superstition. But as the Priest half starved me, I never let my mother rest till she removed me back to London. Soon after I returned, I was sent to a Latin school in Yorkshire, and was boarded at a Clergyman's, who was master of the school. Having had but little knowledge of popery, I readily attended the Church of England, during the seven years that I was there. But as nothing was ever said to me about religion, I remained in utter darkness, and lived without God in the world. While I was here, I once met with Mr. Hervey's Meditations. I was very powerfully affected, and resolved to amend my life. For several days I was careful not to offend my God ; but the impression was soon effaced.

At seventeen years of age I returned to London, and after spending a year or two at an Academy, was soon after, through the interest of a nobleman, got into a public office under the government. I was appointed a clerk at Portsmouth, where God was pleased to restrain me in a wonderful manner, amidst innumerable temptations. After I had been in office near three years, I was appointed to attend the army in Portugal, last war, as a clerk of the stores, &c. I found in myself a fear when I went to sea, lest the ship should be lost and my poor soul perish. I had the same fear of being killed in an engage-



ment when I landed, and of my soul becoming a prey to the worm that never dies. While I was at Lisbon, I frequently visited their churches, saw their idolatry and superstition, and rejoiced that I had escaped the mother of harlots.

Soon after I returned to England, I met with a sore trial which made me think of, and seek after God. But being amongst my gay companions, this, and some temptations that now were thrown in my way, quite overturned my resolution, and I became as vain and sinful as ever. However, I purposed, that if God should please to remove me where I was unknown, I would then give myself up to him. The desire of the unrighteous was granted; for the merciful God was pleased to make way for my removal in two or three months. I was then sent to the King's Magazines at P——t, where I was an entire stranger. In this place there was a gentlewoman whose husband was in the king's service. She had been a member of the Methodist Society for some years, and was the only one in that neighbourhood. She invited me to her house one day, and spoke something on serious subjects. I threw in my mite, which made an impression on her mind in my favour. She now frequently invited me to her house, and led me out of the paths of error and misery, to the fountain of life and love. She put several books into my hands which were made very useful to me. In a few weeks, painful convictions began to fasten upon my mind, and I sincerely strove to forsake all sin, and make a sacrifice of my accustomed amusements. Fear prompted me to pray, sometimes with, and sometimes without a book. Her conversation roused me: and I began

began in good earnest to seek after God. But being in danger of resting on my form of godliness, she, with some difficulty, beat me out of all my retreats, and convinced me that nothing would avail without faith, and that salvation was the free, unmerited gift of God, through the redemption that is in Jesus. The books that I read bore the same testimony, which at length threw me into self-despair. Prayer became a burden, and I knew not what to do. At length I resolved to write to you, Sir, and in an anonymous letter unbosomed my heart, and sought your advice. Your letter I beg leave here to transcribe for the benefit of such as may be in the like state with me.

*London, Jan. 31, 1764.*

“ Dear Brother,

“ It is certainly right, with all possible care to abstain from the outward occasions of evil : but this profits only a little : the inward change is the one thing needful for you. You must be born again, or you will never gain an uniform and lasting liberty. Your whole soul is diseased, or rather dead, dead to God, dead in sin. Awake then and arise from the dead ; and Christ shall give thee light. To seek for a particular deliverance from one sin only, is mere lost labour. If it could be attained, it would be little worth ; for another would arise in its place : but indeed it cannot, before there is a general deliverance from the guilt and power of all sin. This is the thing which you want, and which you should be continually seeking for. You want to be justified freely from all things, through the redemption which is in Jesus. It might be of  
use

use if you were to read over the first volume of Sermons, seriously and with prayer. Indeed nothing will avail without prayer. Pray, whether you can or no; when you are cheerful, when you are heavy pray: with many or few words, or none at all; you will surely find an answer of peace. And why not now? I am, &c. J. W."

This letter proved a blessing unto me indeed. I now gave up myself to God, and resolved to seek the general deliverance that I wanted. A few weeks after this, I was much encouraged by a child of seven years old, who came to drink tea with me. I called her once, "My little angel." The girl replied, "O, I dreamed last night that you were made an angel, and me too, and that you flew up to the skies, and that I followed you calling upon you to stop, but you would not, but flew up till you got to heaven."

About this time my scepticism appeared. I was tempted to question the being of a God; whether he could hear my prayers, especially as there might be many praying at the same time. I doubted of the divinity of the Scriptures, and the purity of the Lord Jesus Christ, being born of a woman. My prayers now were very dry and formal. I quarrelled with all the books I read, as they appeared dark and mysterious: the Scriptures doubtful and unintelligible; thought God had nothing to do with me, nor ever regarded my prayers. However I continued to pray several times a-day. Satan now set upon me with great power. He represented the many stages I had to go through before I got to heaven: 1. Deeper conviction; 2. Justification; and then through many tedious steps to Sanctification: after that, through many more to glory. He suggested

suggested to me, That I had better postpone the work, till by marriage, I had acquired a fortune, and then I might retire, and wholly give myself up to God.

I had also grievous assaults from fear and shame, and felt at times my heart as hard as adamant. Yet I had now and then wonderful tokens of the divine goodness, and have risen up in the middle of the night to pray and praise the Lord. One day I uttered my soul in these words, "This afternoon I found the river of joy swelling in my breast, through the influence of the sweet, heavenly shower: and the Son of Righteousness arose upon me, and gave a warmth to my heart, and called forth the enlivened seeds of gratitude."

About this time I had a remarkable dream. I thought that I was in a very large house, which was then building at the place where I lived. I thought I went up stairs into the garret, where I saw the devil in bed. I went up to his bed's feet, got hold of his clothes and stript him naked. This enraged him so, that I thought he got up and pursued me. In my flight I met my Redeemer, who told me, "if he touches thee, he will have thee." I replied, Lord, how it is possible that I should escape touching him? I thought he made signs to me to get behind him, and lay hold of the hem of his garment, by which I escaped the grand adversary. I knew not the purport of my dream till I was about to strip the devil of his subjects.

I generally found that the drawings of the Father were followed with painful discoveries of my evil nature. My heart now appeared to me like the Ethiopian's skin, and I had no ease in  
my

my bones by reason of my sin. I said in my haste, all comforters are liars, and I was sorely tempted to give all up. In the agony of my soul I one day swore that I would give up religion. I was so stung with remorse for what I had done, that I raved like a madman, bit myself and became fit only to dwell among the tombs. Who but those who have felt the like, can conceive the horrors of my soul? I fell on my face, but durst not lie there, expecting to be hurried into everlasting burnings. The sun, and the light were a pain to me. The condemned hole in Newgate would have best suited the gloomy horrors of my soul. I charged my God most foolishly, and uttered expressions only befitting the mouth of a devil. After this I went upon a visit to London, and being at Mr. Windsor's, Mr. Mark Davis came there to drink tea. I accompanied him to Wapping, where he preached, and found the word made a blessing to my soul. This was the first time of my hearing a Methodist Preacher.

After this, the trials and temptations that I endured were so various, that I cannot, Sir, consistent with your plan, recount them, and therefore must pass to the eve of my deliverance.

The enemy of souls had for some weeks stirred up the husband of my mother in the gospel, who was determined that I should not be permitted to see her. To effect this, he both secretly, and openly defamed me, and made me out such a monster, that I became universally despised by the gentlemen in the office, and the country round about. On the third of May, things were come to the height. I had the severest trial that I ever felt. But an invisible hand supported me and enabled

enabled me to bear the indignation of man. I went into my room, with a variety of suggestions to put an end to my life; but by the grace of God I was preserved. I prayed with great violence, till nature was exhausted; I then stripped off my coat and wrestled upon the floor in great agony. In this posture I continued all the night, groaning to be delivered, and in the greatest torment. In the morning nature failed, and I was so ill that I was obliged to go to bed. But alas! I could not rest! I got upon my knees again and began crying to God for mercy. I had such a sense of the wrath of God due to my sins, that I expected the pit to open its mouth and swallow me up quick. While I was praying, suddenly I was wrapt up the visions of the Almighty. I saw the holy God with vengeance in his countenance, and thunder in his hand. He seemed determined to deal the vindictive blow. At the same time I saw the great Priest of God, standing in his seamless garment, interceding for me. For a time, the Almighty seemed inexorable. At last he looked with a placid smile upon his Son, and then upon the malefactor, and it seemed as though he had said,

My Son is in my servant's prayer,  
And Jesus forces me to spare.

My burthen was gone, and my soul became calm and serene, and I laid me down in peace and took my rest. This fight I had for several days, and yet I knew not clearly the purport of it for some months, not having an interpreter with me, one among a thousand.

After I had a little breathing time, my soul was tried to the very uttermost. A dangerous plot

plot was laid for me by the implacable husband of my friend; but God wonderfully delivered me. The sins also that I had been guilty of before my conversion were brought to my view. A light from hell gleamed upon me! Despair seized me, and I had not a shadow of hope. My body was so chastised at the same time, that I had well nigh lost my senses. O how my soul mourned and prayed! Notwithstanding all this weight of affliction, I began now to warn and woo the sinners that came in my way, to flee from the wrath to come. I felt a very earnest desire for the salvation of all mankind, and could not help throwing in my mite for this purpose.

About this time my relations began to be very uneasy about me. They thought that all the hope of my gain would be gone, and I should lose the favour of my noble patron, which would entirely prevent my promotion. In answer to this, the reply of my soul was, "Come Lord Jesus, and then adieu to friends, the world and all its delusions." The loss of these was nothing to me, while a sight of my evil nature absorbed my spirits, and reduced me to the very depths of misery. O how bitterly did I lament the force of my passions from day to day! In what agonies did I bewail my nativity, and how often have I cursed the hour that gave me to the light? I have over and over gnashed my teeth, and could have tore myself to pieces. The fear of instant damnation prevented me from giving utterance to the horrible blasphemies, that passed through my mind. Pride haunted me like a shadow. I have been frequently upon the point of cursing my God and all around me.

O what

O what a loathsome hypocrite  
 Am I? a child of wrath and sin,  
 An heir of hell, a son of night,  
 An outward saint, a fiend within :  
 A painted tomb! a whited wall!  
 A worm! a sinner stript of all!

It was about this time that predestination presented its Medusa's head to my mind, and the old murderer at times persuaded me that God had ordained me, in free wrath, to the worm that never dies, and to the fire that is never quenched. This suggestion has often thrilled through my soul with horror. When I have been in the extremity of suffering from self and Satan, I have had this thought strongly suggested, "That I was so tried more than many others, because God intended me to preach the gospel, that by the experience of temptations, I might know how to succour others." In spite of all my sufferings, I continued in much prayer. Indeed most of my time was spent in this exercise, as I had very little business in the Office. Sometimes I have had great power in prayer, and my soul has been raised into an ecstasy; but like Samuel, I knew not the voice of the Lord. One night I dreamed twice that God had pardoned my sins. In the first dream, I thought I told a friend that the Lord had forgiven me my sins, and that the witness of the Spirit came into my soul like the "rushing of mighty waters." I then awoke, and prayed to God that if he had forgiven me, He would then give me the assurance of it. I dreamed the same again, but thought then that the witness "came as a rushing, mighty wind." Notwithstanding this, I kept praying,

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Send



Send forth the witness of thy Son,  
O God, into my panting heart :  
That governed by thy blood alone,  
From thee I never may depart ;  
But following my celestial Guide,  
Be number'd with the glorified.

One day being in an agony of grief and temptation, I fell on my knees, but could not pray. I then came to a resolution to give up all. I said in a deluge of tears, " Lord I do not wonder at my wicked thoughts and desires, for how should it be otherwise ? Can clean water flow from a foul spring, or good fruit grow upon a bad tree ? Lord let me now fall into thy hands, do with me as seemeth thee good. I have given up all, and must quit the field. I see I can do nothing till thou hast changed my nature." Scarce had I pronounced these words, but I found something inwardly concurring with my resolution, and saying, " Why, that is the thing thou shouldest do." I was suddenly comforted. I now saw that God permitted me thus to suffer in order to divorce me from the law, and to bring me to Christ. I walked in sweet freedom and was happy, having as it were shook off my chains. I leaned upon Jesus and was truly supported. He was my wisdom and righteousness, and I could praise my God with joyful lips. But O ! how short-lived was my liberty ! The next day I was reduced to the utmost misery. Hell rose up against me. I felt hatred to God and longed to curse him. I gnashed my teeth, stamp round the room like a Demoniac, and wanted only fire to complete my hell. This scene was introduced by the tempter. He suggested to my timorous heart,

heart, "Aye, thou art now become quite light and trifling, instead of mourning for thy sins." I believed him and fell into bondage. Under my sufferings I still endeavoured to win souls for God. I met and prayed with four or five persons once a week, and read to them, and occasionally spoke to those that came in my way.

About the beginning of September I was taken by a friend to Miss March's. A few select friends were met together, to whom I freely unbosomed myself. They greatly comforted me, when they told me that it was clear to them that God had forgiven me all my sins. I think when they went to prayer, God gave me the witness of his Spirit, and I could truly praise him. About this time I was seized with a long and dangerous intermitting fever, but my temptations were then suspended. I had a longing desire to depart, that I might be with Christ, for I had no doubt but that I should see and enjoy my God for ever. But in the midst of my consolations, I had many hours of long interruption by temptations. Once, for near eight hours together, I had such horrible views of the mansions of eternal misery, that the sweat ran down me, like tears. But I was heard in that which I feared, and the Lord, one day, in the midst of my sufferings, applied these words, "I will do thee good in thy latter days." I believed although I knew not the import of the words. I concluded this first year with some days of sun-shine; a sweet promise was applied to me, and I was enabled to receive it. I felt my bosom glow with love, and was overwhelmed with a sense of his abundant goodness.—Here ends a small part of my experience in the year 1764.

In the beginning of the second year of my pilgrimage, the language of my soul was, "I find my evil nature thrust fore at me. O God, if thou art not on my side, I shall be ruined. O Lord, arise and fight for me : for Christ's sake deliver me. What avails it Lord that thou hast pardoned me, if thou dost not also give me the mind that was in Christ Jesus? O come, Lord, and fix thy throne in my heart, and rule in me without controul. Bring me to the perfect day, when I shall love thee with all my heart and soul, and all I do be a holy and acceptable sacrifice to thee, through Jesus Christ my great High Priest. It seemed to me at times that the Lord wanted to keep me in close communion with himself, and to sequester me from every thing worldly : and indeed the language of my soul was,

Thy only love do I require,  
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,  
 Nothing in heaven above :  
 Let earth and heaven and all things go.  
 Give me thy only love to know,  
 Give me thy only love.

In March I received the abiding witness of the Spirit, and was truly happy. In a deluge of delight, I gratefully acknowledged the goodness of my God. But this only prepared me for deeper discoveries of my evil nature, and forer conflicts. A while ago the battles of the warrior were as a confused noise ; but these as with garments rolled in blood. My consolations were of short duration, and as it were, given me like cordials to men under the surgeon's knife, to prevent my fainting.

fainting. I have had such horrid blasphemies injected, that I have been forced to put my handkerchief in my mouth to prevent my bringing forth monstrous births. At times I have raved, bit and tore myself like a madman, and have cried out, Lord I cannot drink this bitter cup; O remove it from me. I have been near to curse my God, religion and my natal day. Sometimes I have, in the most moving, piercing, lamentable cries, called the Redeemer to my help. My arms and heart were open to embrace, and welcome the Desire of nations, and in the extremity of grief, I have rolled, and twined like a worm upon the floor.

During this year I generally arose between four and five in the morning. My hours of prayer were five, seven, nine; and one, six, nine; besides short prayers between, and the rest of the day was mostly spent in reading and singing. Twice a week I observed as solemn fasts, as also some particular days. Sometimes I extended my fasts to near six in the evening, by which I nearly ruined my constitution.

I frequently suffered much in my mind, through coldness, dryness and heaviness in my devotion, although the very language of my heart was,

Father I long my soul to raise,  
And dwell for ever on thy praise:  
Thy praise with glorious joy to tell,  
In extasies unspeakable:  
While the full power of faith I know,  
And reign triumphant here below.

Now and then I had very precious seasons in prayer; it was after one of these that I said,

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“ This .

“ This morning I had a very close conference with my God. The Lord gave me whatever I asked. O what sweet communion I had with my God ! With what rapture did I anticipate death ! And who would not, with such a hope full of immortality ? ” At another time, “ At nine o'clock-prayer, Jesus did sweetly reveal himself unto me. His garments smelled of myrrh, aloes and cassia, and I could truly rejoice in him. ”—Meantime I had many fears of falling away, and dreaded being exposed to company, lest I should, through shame, omit reproving them. These fears followed me more or less through the year, and made me pour out strong cries and tears unto God. However, in the general, I took up my cross, and endeavoured not to suffer sin upon my brother, and with some good effect. I also read a sermon once a week to about nine persons, and met them as a Class, when Mrs. *E*—— could not come ; and sometimes I had sweet refreshments in this work, though it was often a great trial to me.

Towards the latter end of this year, William Darney, a Preacher, drank tea with me one afternoon in London. He well nigh ruined my soul. I unboomed my heart to him, and told him the earnest wrestlings of my soul for sanctification. To my great surprise and discouragement, he told me that there was no such a thing as being saved from sin, on this side a death-bed. I was thunder-struck ! I replied, “ Sir, I had rather have given a thousand pounds, than you should have told me this. What ! am I to wait till death comes, to sanctify the elect people of God, and frees the soul from the works of the devil ? ”

*Hei*

*Hei mihi ! quanto de spe decidi !*

My soul was thrown into the greatest distress. I thought I never could continue the war against fleshy lusts all my life, especially the sin that did so powerfully beset me. But he gave me this short recipe, Marry; and I think the next night brought me three or four damsels, I suppose to choose a wife from among them ! I was all this evening in a deplorable state ! My heart was broke, and I was resolved to give all up. I went to bed with a broken heart.

In the morning I awoke, perfectly assured of my Redeemer's love, and I cried out, Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee. Yet, when I rose a little before four, I was variously assaulted. I bitterly lamented my coming to London. I had nothing of this, when in my obscure corner ; I communed alone with my God. O Lord, thou hast hitherto taught and wrought alone with me. Preserve and love me to the end.

A day or two after this watchman smote me, and took away my vail, you, Sir, came to London for the winter months. I went that evening to the Foundry, and heard you adapt a discourse to my situation from these words, Psalm lxxxi. 10. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." This discourse was like oil to my wheels, and rescued my soul from the destroyers. I was now set on my legs again, and the Lord caused the bones that were broken to rejoice. A few days after, it was shewn me that the Lord was sitting upon me as a refiner's fire. My soul was often in an agony of prayer, and drowned in tears with horrible cries and exclamations : I was as it were  
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the sport of devils. However I had hung out the bloody flag, and was determined by the grace and power of Jesus, either to conquer or die.

I have now given a very small extract from the account of my trials and temptations during the year 1765. I trust it will be useful to some precious souls, and illustrate the astonishing mercy, love, patience, power and faithfulness of my God, whom I do now adore, praise and love, and on my bended knees make an offering of it to his favour and patronage. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name.

Jan. 1, 1766. This day I wrote down my state as follows. "I find an abiding sense of God's love to me for Christ's sake, and believe every moment that all my sins are blotted out. I still feel pride, a desire of creature love and esteem, and much wanderings of heart; all which I earnestly desire to be saved from. My constant prayer, and earnest expectation is to be perfected in love. I believe that the Lord will make me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. I believe that I shall soon love the Lord with all my soul. I expect the blessing every time I bow my knee to God. In fine, it is my desire to consecrate myself wholly to God. I regard not riches, honours, preferments, or any thing else that the world esteems. Jesus Christ is the sum total of all my desires. I feel it cleaves to all my thoughts, words and works, and it is my misery. I pray and cry till my strength fails me. Never sure did poor soul long more to love thee, and please thee, O my God: and yet such is my nature that I fail in every thing. O God do  
thou

thou cleanse me from all my idols. Let there be no strange god in me. Save me from pride, and a filthy, unbelieving, heart. Lord, hast thou brought me through two years almost continued agony of soul, to cast me off at last?" O how bitterly did I lament the complicated sin of my heart, and deprecate the demerits of my whole life. My whole employment from morning to night was agonizing prayer, steeped in tears, till exhausted nature could bear no more, and my body could not obey the volitions of my soul. I frequently joined fasting or abstinence to my prayers and cries, and offered violence to the throne of mercy.

One day whilst I was at prayer, the Lord applied these words with power, "The Egyptians thou hast seen this day, thou shalt see them no more for ever." Sometime after this, while I was upon my knees, in one of the invisible flights of my soul, a messenger of love assured me that neither life nor death, &c. should be able to separate me from the love of God. I talked with my Maker face to face, and was hereby strengthened for more grievous temptations. Indeed, before, this I had most dreadful encounters with the powers of darkness, which I wrote down in these words: "At one and six o'clock prayer, I suffered violently from the enemy! O what agony my soul was in. It was the hour and power of darkness. Lord, thou wast faithful and good, and didst not leave me to the lust of my implacable enemy." Above an hour was I engaged. Language is too faint to express or impart an idea of what I suffered.

About this time I fell into the hands of those croakers who say, "Believe God has done it, and



and it is done." My poor distempered soul drank in this potion, and directly, when I went upon my knees told God, I believed he had done the work, and thanked him for it. But soon after, finding it otherwise, I charged God with unfaithfulness, and this made way for some dreadful blasphemies and most grievous suffering. But Providence threw my respected friend, Mr. Robert Windfor into my way, who, by the grace of God, delivered me from this snare of the fowler.

On the 20th of January, the Lord handed me the bitter cup. My soul was in dreadful agonies. I cried out, Lord, now let me drink the last drop, the very dregs. I cried and strained till I was ready to burst.

Yea, Lord, with deepest shame I own,  
 My weariness of all thy ways;  
 My haste to throw the burden down,  
 Nor bear the hidings of thy face;  
 Nor wait till thou create me new,  
 And give the crown to conquest due.

Lord, hast thou chosen for me various sufferings? Through sufferings then let me go. Lead on, my Captain, Conqueror and King.

Me and my brethren in distress,  
 Patient within thy kingdom keep;  
 Sure all thy fulness to possess,  
 Our harvest in the end to reap;  
 Thy spotless nature to retrieve,  
 And glorious in thine image live.

About

About the latter end of April, I entered a hotter furnace than ever. My dearest relation desired to shake me off: all my acquaintances were set against me, and my spiritual family in a poor, dry state. A violent fever seized my body, and sore temptation assailed my soul. One day I seemed near death, and saw nothing but a dark valley before me, through which I must pass. A horrible dread overwhelmed my soul, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me. In the midst of these sufferings, I felt no shadow of murmuring: nothing but love, patience and resignation. This is but a small part of my inward sufferings, but enough perhaps to encourage some who may be under spiritual martyrdom. Notwithstanding all my trials, I continued to meet a few friends weekly, and read sermons to them, and met them as a Class. I reproved sin wherever I came, distributed pamphlets, and warned sinners to flee from the wrath to come. I visited the sick soldiers in their barracks, and instructed them as well as I could. I was uneasy in my mind, when I heard of any that were sick, if I did not visit them. I went among the lime-burners, (a graceless people, near to where I lived) and spoke to them, and gave them pamphlets, and reproved the sabbath-breakers that I used to meet with in my way to church; and in a word, endeavoured to lay out my whole talent for God's glory and the good of souls. The unfaithfulness of several whom I met constantly, as in a Class, caused me to shed many a tear. However, several were brought by my weak instrumentality to a saving knowledge of the truth; and I have now the pleasure to find that the fruit of my tears and toil is not lost.

Under

Under my sufferings, my soul has often been comforted by gracious answers to prayer. Once, when I was in fore trouble, the Lord said to me, "I will shew thee what great things thou must suffer for my name sake." A little after, in an agony of prayer, it was whispered to me, "I have blessed thee, yea, and thou shalt be blest." By these promises my soul was comforted and supported; and indeed without them, it must have fainted, as I had but very few and small intervals between my sufferings. I had greatly impaired my health with fasting, so that I was obliged to diminish this, and only use abstinence. I continued in daily martyrdom for a few months more, earnestly labouring to mortify the deeds of the body, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God. My soul was on the stretch for a full deliverance from all the carnal mind; at times ready to believe that God had done the work, but had not sufficient proof to support my faith till the latter end of August. On the twentieth, I had a notion that the Lord was taking away all my sin. On the twenty-ninth (a day of happy memory) I wrote down the following account in my journal.

Where shall my wondering soul begin?

How shall I all to heaven aspire?

A slave redeemed from death and sin,

A brand plucked from eternal fire!

How shall I equal triumphs raise,

Or sing my great Deliverer's praise!

Up to God my Saviour, in whom I now  
 receive and rejoice. This being my inter-  
 cellion-day, at twelve o'clock I kneeled down be-  
 fore

fore the Lord. No sooner was I upon my knees, than I felt a strange alteration take place in my heart, as in a moment, and after a blissful pause, I cried out for near five minutes, "Glory be to God! Glory be to God." Then I said, Lord, thou hast delivered me from all sin: thou hast not failed of all that thou hast promised. Glory be to thee, thou hast given me my desire over my enemies. I am sure thou hast destroyed sin; I am sure thou hast! After praising my God for some time, I requested a text of Scripture by way of confirmation. I opened the Bible, and fixt my finger upon these words, "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. v. 21. I fell down on my face, and praised the Lord. I was lost in wonder, love and praise! I felt indeed the "silent heaven of love." Soon after, when I returned to prayer, I felt a much greater degree of love than before. I could not contain myself; whilst I was praising God, I was so transported that I essayed several times to fly from my knees. I then began to bless God for Mr. Wesley, who preached to us the whole gospel. And now what shall I say? O Lord! great and marvellous have been thy mercies towards me. They are without number, glory be to thy holy name! Thou, thou alone hast wrought all my works in me. O do thou establish the thing thou hast wrought in me, and grant that it may be found unto the praise and glory of thy name, at the appearing of thy blessed Son, my Saviour, Jesus Christ.

And now my unbelieving brethren, what will you say to these things? Will you go, as other

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times,

times, to seek for enchantments in order to overthrow this truth, or to explain away this glorious salvation? Will you not cease to pervert the right way of the Lord, and bring an evil report on the good land, the rest of grace? Will you still blaspheme the work of the Holy Ghost, till God, in his just displeasure, shall condemn your souls to a wilderness state here, and perhaps save you but as by the skin of your teeth! On the first of September, the language of my soul was, "O my Jesus! my Christ! my Redeemer! my Saviour! Thou art lovely and precious! I glory in thee! I rejoice in thee! How wonderful has been thy love to me; surpassing all conception. O the many snares that are laid for me, and yet my blessed Jesus does preserve me, and will preserve me to the end. I am weakness, ignorance and helplessness itself, but my Jesus is strength, and wisdom, and all things to me! Two or three days after this, satan began to assault me. Impure things were so injected, that I could not read. I sung and prayed, and the Lord answered me by Isaiah vi. 7. "Thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged." But directly after, I was attacked again, and God then directed me to these words, "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established." Isaiah vii. 19. I stood reproved, and was enabled for a few days, to hold fast my faith, in spite of many temptations and foul injections. One night I was sadly harrassed with dreaming of a lion pursuing me up and down. The next day, the lion roared upon me indeed! It was a day of fore temptation. After dinner, I went with the family into the parlour to prayer; but I could scarce speak. Before I had done, I sunk upon the floor, quite overcome.

overcome. I begged of them all to leave me, that I might wrestle it out alone. O how I was torn and tempted! What torment did I endure, and yet I could praise God! I was much harassed concerning visiting the sick, that I had no knowledge of, nor knew how to get admittance to. I believe Satan drove me into extremes in order to weary me out. It is unknown what crosses I had to take up respecting this. In the mean time my language was, "O my God, forgive me all my unfruitfulness, and deliver me from all my fear and shame. My God, thou knowest that I not only delight in thee, but the great desire of my soul is to bring sinners to the fountain of love. I would give my life, that I might to the utmost improve my small talent, and glorify my dear Redeemer. O my Saviour, give me grace, that I may wholly and simply follow thee, bearing thy reproach, and let it ever be my meat and drink to do thy will." Under all my sufferings I was enabled, for the most part, to believe that I was saved from evil, and that God had given me a new heart.

On the 29th of September, being in London, I went to Spitalfields Chapel. After the sermon was over, I went to prayer before sacrament, when the Lord did in a most wonderful manner bless me. He poured his love so copiously into my soul that I hardly knew how to contain myself. There the glorious Lord was unto me as a place of broad rivers. I thought I must have cried out, the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. I never was so overpowered in my life. My breath and strength were well nigh exhausted in praising God. In the midst of my joys I had this scripture impressed on my mind,

“ This day thou shalt be with me in paradise.” Instantly, or ever I was aware, my soul was like the chariot of Aminadab. I was transported to the third heavens, and had a most glorious display of that celestial place! O how did my soul exult and gasp to breathe that purer air! I longed and expected to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. O my God, I bless thee, for thou art mine, and I am thine for ever. Two or three days after this, I had another extatic view of the realms of bliss, and found a strong assurance of my Redeemer’s love.

On the 5th of October, I wrote as follows: “ The Lord poured his love into my soul this morning. I went to church very happy. I do not know that I ever had the testimony of the Spirit more clear to the forgiveness of sin, than I had this morning of my being cleansed from all sin. When I put the question to my soul, Yea, hath God destroyed sin? I felt the Spirit so strongly answer me, that I cannot better express the sensation, than by comparing it to what Elizabeth felt, when she heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leapt in her womb. In prayer, after dinner, I was overcome with what I felt. The love of God came so powerfully upon me, that I could scarcely bear under it. I thought I must have sunk down. A few days after I said, The Lord still blesses me with an increase of his love. I scarce ever go upon my knees but I have very blessed and glorious displays of his love. I feel no doubt, no unbelief, nor (blessed be my God) any thing but pure love. My sole desire is after the living God, and for more of his image. I feel the presence of the Almighty, and his  
banner

banner over me is love. I long to hear that word, Arise, my love, and come away!

October 24. O how did the Lord reveal himself to me this day! He gave me the spirit of prayer and supplication. I recapitulated, with joy and thankfulness, the particular mercies received since my conversion, and felt an inundation of love. All yesterday I felt sweet serenity of soul, and this day has been as yesterday, and much more abundant.

Oct. 26. This morning, from half past four till near eight, I spent delightfully in prayer and singing. I found my God most remarkably present. I sung and prayed with tears of love, till my strength was exhausted.

Nov. 16. I was seized with an illness, which terminated in a Cholera Morbus. I looked for death every hour; but O, with what transport was I filled! My joy was unspeakable and full of glory. I saw the blessed Jesus ready to receive me. I was sick of love! I cried out in these awful moments, The blood of Jesus Christ truly cleanses from all sin. I felt it, giving glory to God. All the day long, Jesus was my joy and my song. The next day my raptures were increased. The name of Jesus, or a thought of him, did so agitate my body, that I thought the vessel must break to set the soul at large! I cried out, "The love of God will kill me! It is too much. I cannot contain myself?" The raptures of my soul were inexpressible, and my joy insupportable. My tongue was fully employed all day, in declaring the loving kindness of the Lord.

Nov. 18. I was apprehensive of death, and was truly happy. In the midst of prayer, these



words were applied to my heart, "Gad, a troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at last." How truly these words were verified the sequel will shew. I told a friend who came in, that I had some trial coming on, and began preparing for battle. About four that afternoon I thought (and only thought) I felt something contrary to love. In an instant I lost sight of God, and Christ, and all consolation.

Despair, almost seized me. When my friends were gone out of the parlour, I fell back in my chair, and with my arms extended, body distorted, and eyes up-lifted, I blessed my God, and kissed that hand that seemed to be consuming me for my unfaithfulness. I could only adore. I could not blame nor accuse my God. I am amazed that nature could endure so much.

To conclude this year's account. Although I endeavoured to be as useful as my small talent would permit, and lived a life of prayer and self-denial, giving myself up to God, and to the profit of my fellow-creatures; yet satan was continually driving me on into things beyond my measure, and hissing into my ears that I was "an unprofitable servant." Not discerning the agency of satan, this, together with an ague and fever, my body was afflicted with, caused me fore distress, as will appear in the subsequent account.

January 1, 1767, I wrote as follows. I have no doubt but that the Lord did deliver me from all sin, but whether it is so now or not I cannot tell. I cannot say that I find any murmuring or impatience. I am content to suffer, so that I may be presented blameless, at the coming of the Lord Jesus. I hate all praise, feeling that I am  
vile,

vile, ignorant, and helpless : yea a dead dog !  
O my God ! shine upon the work that thou hast wrought, that I may know the things that are freely given me of God. Make me a pillar in thy temple that I may go out no more.

Feb. 18. This day that text, " Gad, a troop shall overcome him," was explained to me more clearly and fully than ever. I have, for some months past, run the gantlet, and have had a temptation to most of those sins that formerly dwelt in my heart. I was violently beset by the fear of man, shame of my Master's cross, and fears of not holding out. The horrible decree sounded in my ears, " Thy destiny is damnation." Sloth, envy, jealousy, pride, anger, and love of the creatures, I had temptations to all these : and yet under all, I saw God always to be love, and I also loved him.

These make up but a small part of my fore temptations during this year. But besides these, it was given me to suffer by outward persecution also, as the sequel will shew. On the 12th of March, I went to *R—m* (a place near four miles from where I lived) to hear a Preacher that was invited down by a gentleman of the place, to preach at his house. Soon after the Preacher began, the father-in-law of the gentleman came in, with two more persecutors. He was a great, tall man, and armed with a large whip, and primed with drink. Having asked the Preacher a few questions, he was proceeding to violence, but Mr. *G—k* made his escape into an inner chamber. He then violently attacked me, and thrust me out of the room. I retired then into the kitchen, and was praying by the fire-side, expecting that I had had my portion. Soon after

after he came in, and flew upon me, and swore he would broil me, and immediately seized me by the breast, and thrust my back, against the bars abusing me most horribly. He then took me up, and was going to lay me upon the fire, but was prevented by the other two, who were afraid that he might go too far in his rage. He then dragged me to the door and threw me into the hands of a large mob, who cried out, "Tear him to pieces! tear him to pieces! this is the Clerk." With that they all surrounded me, and began to pull several ways. The first pull tore my shirt nearly from top to bottom. Some pulled me by the hair, some by my cravat, and were about to throw me off the coal-warf, (which was within a few yards) into the river. The tide was down, so that had they flung me in, I should in all probability, have been smothered in the mud. Expecting to be tore, or trod in pieces, every moment, I cried out, "Will you murder me?" Immediately God sent the ringleader of the mob, to tear me out of their hands. He then bade me begone home, and uttered abusive language. A person present that favoured me, undertook to escort me safe from the mob, but meeting the minister and his wife in the town, he left me, fearing to give offence. The minister used me, only not so bad as the great persecutor. I answered him with a few mild words, and went on my way. I had near four miles to go in the dark, but the Lord brought me safely home, thanks be to his holy name for the great deliverance.

Sometime after this, I had another instance of the guardian care of my gracious Lord. I was returning from London in a Gravesend vessel, where

where were some gentlemen and ladies, and others. One of the gentlemen swore like a trooper. I lovingly reprov'd him. This made him exceeding mad, and he called me many names. I spoke to them all in great love, plainness and earnestness, sparing neither rank nor sex. One gentleman spoke very big words, but he could then go no farther. Sometime after, we were standing upon the deck, and looking towards the shore, which was some distance from the vessel, the river being there about a mile over at high water. Whilst I was standing there, the boom of the ship turned over to the side I was standing on, and no one giving me timely notice, I was knocked overboard, and plunged over head with my great coat and gloves on. They never offered to help, or threw out any thing for me to lay hold on, but did me the kindness to cry out to a man on shore, to get his boat out and come to me. As I was nothing of a swimmer, it was a wonder that I was not drowned. My great coat providentially swam on the water, and kept me from sinking till the waterman got to me and saved me. I believe a quarter of a minute more, had landed me on Canaan's shore. The waterman then rowed after the vessel for my things, and the ship's company then gathered about me, expressing their amazement at my deliverance; and could not help owning the adorable hand of my gracious Redeemer.

I was rowed ashore and put into a warm bed, and was as well as ever very soon. O my God, thou hast brought me through *fire*, and *water*, and yet my life is spared. O that I may glorify thee therewith. Indeed I have experimentally known the truth of that scripture, "All that will

will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution." I have made it my one endeavour to do good both to the souls and bodies of my fellow-creatures; yet am I the scorn, derision and reproach of all; and I believe many would think they did God service by murdering me. Added to my other trials, I suffered much from a nervous fever, and sometimes from the ague. For a considerable time, I could hardly speak or read, through a weakness in my head, and often in my limbs; insomuch, that I could not be at ease in any posture. However, my God supported me, and I was enabled to say with the same breath that cried out, "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me.—Righteous art thou O God in all thy dealings.—I lay my soul in the dust, and dare not say, what dost thou? Thou dealest not with me as I deserve, but as I need. I bow my soul before thee, and pray that thou wouldst do with me what seemeth thee best."

On the 5th of May, being ill of a fever, my temptations subsided, and the following scripture, being deeply impressed on my heart, was a great support to it, "I will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on me." The Lord was unto me as a place of broad rivers. His peace overflowed my soul. The dreadfullest representations of hell that I could frame in my mind could not move me. I apprehended that I should die that day, my fever being extreme, yet my soul was a heaven: I had, as it were, a view of paradise. Never did I imagine that it was possible for a soul at death, to be so divested of fear, and have a hope so full of immortality. O how full was my heart of love, peace and joy! I scarcely

scarcely felt any pain, my comforts were so strong ! At another time I expressed myself nearly in these words : I see more and more the love of my dearest Jesus. I see him full of grace and truth. I have power given me to commit myself singly to his disposal, that his excellent wisdom may be my guide. Temptations are frequently helps to me. They keep me awake and stir me up to courage, diligence and prayer. I have greater communion with the world of spirits than ever ; and seem, often, to have sweet fellowship with the saints in paradise. The invisible world seems very nigh, and I often think myself on the very borders of it. Surely now I taste of the powers of the world to come, and feast on the tree of life, which is for the healing of the nations. O God, my soul doth praise thee ; for thou hast redeemed me from sin. Glory be to thee for ever ! Hallelujah !

At another time I said, I am this morning fully assured of honour, glory, and immortality. I feel a kind of heaven in general, and in prayer, I have very wonderful displays of the love of God. I hide me in the dust while I cry out, O God, thou hast wrought all these works in me ! I am nothing ! Christ is all ! No tongue can tell what abasement I have felt : even while writing, I have been obliged to prostrate myself on the floor, and water it with tears of joy. In the morning I thought I that should die. Instantly I felt this scripture applied : " Thou shalt no more drink of the cup of trembling." I believed, and worshipped the Lord. At another time I cried out, O the sweet fellowship I have with the Father and the Son ! My soul has been a heaven for some days. Surely a small  
degree

degree beyond my present experience would quite overcome me. I felt so much, that I was constrained to pray to the Lord, to summons me away, that I might for ever embrace my glorified Redeemer. I must observe, that these strong consolations directly followed my deliverance from extreme sufferings.

I must not omit to mention, that I had many answers to prayer in the course of this year ; and comfortable scriptures were applied at times to my suffering heart : especially towards the close of my sore afflictions. The Lord began my deliverance, with the application of this scripture in prayer, " Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away !" I had then seemingly a view of paradise, and prayed like a man of another world. I find two kinds of prayer in myself. One is, an impetuous, violent crying out for the blessings I seek : there is much of nature in this. The other is, plaintive, weeping prayer, coming from a broken, bleeding, loving heart : there is much of the divine unction in this.—I never set apart a day of prayer and fasting, to implore any mercy for myself, the church, or the nation, but I had some gracious answer.

With respect to my employment this year, I once or twice read and prayed to a few people at the place where I lived : visited all the sick that I could, and endeavoured to be as useful as possible. I had many trials from the deadness and unfaithfulness of the people here, and shed many tears on their account. One day, while I was bemoaning the deadness, and departure of some of them, the Lord graciously answered me with the following words, " Delight thou in the Lord, and verily thou shalt be fed." I wrote many letters

ters to Ministers and others; the success of which will only be known when God shall make up his jewels. After the Lord had delivered me out of my fore distress, and in faithfulness to his promise given me to overcome, I went to London for some weeks, and there lived a kind of angelic life. I frequently went to hospitals and prisons, and exhorted and prayed with the patients, &c. I spent most of the day in visiting the sick and tempted, and on Sundays I used to reprove all the sabbath-breakers and swearers that I met with. It was in the month of August, 1767, that God enabled me to preach from a text, to my little company. He gave me much encouragement, so that from this day I began to lay aside my reading. At times, I was very sorely tired on account of preaching, and have been near giving it up. Wisdom and memory were wonderfully given me, and I laboured to improve my talent. I must here make a remark respecting the erroneous conclusions that those draw from our being made pure in heart, that it swells the soul with pride, and supercedes the merits of Christ. Alas! poor souls, they do err, not knowing this state by experience. Who is so blind as the Lord's servant: as he that is perfect? I loathe myself more and more. The more I know and love my God, the more I loathe myself. The more obedient I am, the more unprofitable I seem to myself. O my God, I am nothing; but thou art my all. Jesus is my hope and my boast. Glory be to my God!

On the 1st of Jan. 1768, I wrote nearly as follows: "O my God, how manifold have been thy mercies towards me, the chief of sinners! Thou hast performed the mercy promised me, by

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delivering



delivering me out of the hands of all my enemies, that I might serve thee without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life. Thou hast given me to overcome, and a hope and belief that I shall no more drink of the cup of trembling. 'Thou art my God and my all. Glory be to thee for ever !'

My next volume contains the most remarkable occurrences in the space of about eighteen months. A few particulars I shall subjoin—— Although God had most wonderfully delivered me, and my soul was a heaven, compared with former years, yet I had many sharp temptations interspersed with my consolations. On the 21<sup>st</sup> of Feb. I wrote, this morning was a morning of sore temptation, till nine or ten o'clock. I most earnestly besought the Lord to deliver me, and cried very passionately to be secured from future evil. In the midst of my distress the Lord answered, " My grace is sufficient for thee." I acknowledged the truth of the scripture, and praised the Lord.—Feb. 28. This was a bitter morning— I was closely beset by my old enemy. My strength was wept away before breakfast. Surely I shall soon weep my last. Known unto the Lord is all my trouble. Surely he will soon wipe away all tears from my eyes. One day, in the midst of my distress, satan hissed these words into my ears, " Examine him with tortures and despatchfulness, that we may know his weakness, and prove his patience." Wisdom of Solomon ii. 19. And indeed he was permitted at times to make the experiment; but I was graciously preserved. In the course of this year, Lord ——— and the Rev. Dr. B—— prevented my extending my little labours among the simple, teachable

teachable people. My friend was forbid giving me entrance into his house. My God ! lay it not to their charge. As I was not without sufferings, neither was I without extraordinary consolations. It was in one of these sweet seasons that I said, This morning Jesus crucified was right amiable to my soul. I saw that whatever I asked I had. I laboured for language to debase myself, and worthily to magnify the Lord my Saviour. Surely I shall live with him for ever. I long to be in paradise. My time is surely at hand. The will of the Lord be done ! Amen. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb ! At another time, when I was walking for my health, my soul anticipated the pleasures of Eden, and tasted of the powers of the world to come. I had a happy assurance of my eternal endurance, and thought that my soul was on the verge of glory, honour and immortality. At times I have been so filled with peace and joy, that I could not refrain leaping and praising God on the road. Indeed, in the general I enjoy a heaven on earth, and find a comfortable assurance that I never shall be blotted out of the book of life.—During this period I was favoured with ability to help my neighbours, both in spirituals and temporals, which greatly increased my confidence in the Lord. One instance I will mention. T. O. belonging to my little society here, was arrested for a debt, contracted in his unconverted state. On their way to the jail they stopt at an inn. His wife came to me, and desired that I would go to the inn, and give him some spiritual advice before he went away. Accordingly I went, and sung and prayed with him, his wife, and the bailiffs. After prayer, the Lord having touched the creditor's

tor's heart, she made a very gracious composition with me for him. I borrowed the money demanded, and paid it for him. On my return home; I was in some pain for having run myself into so much debt: but having lifted up my voice in prayer to God, I came home, and to my very great comfort found more than that sum left for me by a merchant.

This year I was enabled to preach in a friend's house, two or three times a week, and to meet a few in Class. I also catechised a few children, and spent my spare time in writing letters on divine subjects. When I went to London, I often visited Guy's Hospital, and the New Prison, and found much sweetness, and success in my undertakings. At home, sinners were convinced, some justified, and others sanctified by the grace of God. The news of this reaching you, Sir, in London, made you invite me forth to a more entire devotedness to the service of souls. But being conscious that I had neither health, courage, gifts nor grace for the work, I could not agree with your sentiments. The time was not fully come. However I set myself to extirpate sabbath-breaking near me, and what loving advice could not do, I endeavoured to effect by applying to the magistrate. By these things you my suppose, I brought upon myself ill-will; but the Lord stood by me, and suffered no one to do me any harm. Glory be to his holy name!

This year I made an excursion into Gloucestershire, and was at Painswick for four or five weeks, where God was pleased to bless my simple conversation to several. Some received the pure love of God, and many were refreshed, as well as my own soul. I seemed like a pure spirit while

while I was there, and stood on tip-toe to reach the fair regions of the skies.

The next volume of my experience, contains about three years' account of God's dealings with me. During that time my temptations and sufferings were small, compared with what I had undergone in the preceding years. I was enabled to go on preaching and visiting the sick as usual. My greatest trials arose now from my timidity and weakness, respecting preaching. Many times I have been ready to say, "I will speak no more in his name;" but I could not recede. It was come to this, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." However the success that I met with, and the comfort I felt in my own soul, encouraged me to go on. About July 1772, I went to Dover for the benefit of the salt-water, and was enabled to supply the absence of a Preacher in that town for some weeks. I found much life and liberty there, and believe that my labours were not in vain. As you were informed of my proceedings, I received several letters from you, calling me forth to a more public work. But I could not consent. A full conviction of my ignorance, weakness and bashfulness, satisfied me that I was not then called to it. My reasons satisfied you for that time, but you told me, you believed I should by and bye. Soon after this I had an offer, of a different kind, made me by the late Earl of D——r, to be page of the presence to the Queen; but as I feared a post of honour, and at court too, I thankfully declined it in favour of my sister's husband. The reasons I assigned in my journal were, "I am here quiet, unfashionable, unnoticed, except by way of derision. I have also a few souls to

care for, and above all, one of my own: and I choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the favours, honours, and riches of a court. Adieu, vain world! Stand aloof with thy slighted charms. The Lord is my portion for ever. Hallelujah!"

On the first of Jan. 1773, I wrote as follows: "As to my soul, I now enjoy a measure of the fruits of the Spirit. I love the Lord my God above all things here below; but still I have reason to complain, as I do not now enjoy that love that casteth out fear, nor have I that firm persuasion that I shall overcome at the last." I remember sometime ago, through very perplexing trials and temptations, I was led publicly to declare that I had lost the pure love of God. Scarce had I yielded to this, but I became too late sensible that my unbelief, at this juncture, had effected what I before only supposed had been done. The Lord has chastised my yielding to unbelief; for I have never since had a clear testimony that I was saved from sin. However I have enjoyed almost a continued calm, and daily feel a longing for home.

Towards the middle of the year 1774, I was brought into a very weak and low state of body, which lasted for some months. I changed the air for near three months, and it pleased the Lord at last to restore me in some degree, and I returned to the office. It was during this infirmity that I had a remarkable dream, the purport of which I did not then understand; but for which I had afterwards great cause to praise the Lord. I thought I climbed up an exceeding high mountain; so steep that I was obliged to cut steps in some places to get up. However, the journey  
was

was not unpleasant to me. When I was at the top I soon met with a cottage, which I entered, and began to speak to the poor labourer and his family. I thought they received the word with pure affection, and went round the mountain, and called all that they could together. I thought I preached to them and settled a society there, and promised that I would get two of my brethren to supply my lack of service. I left them very happy. As I was returning, I thought, surely there must be some mad bull upon this mountain, which will prevent my going home. Scarcely had this passed my mind, but I espied one in the way. However I went to him and he was not suffered to do me any harm. I got home safe, and was very happy; then I awoke, and beheld it was a dream. I thought within myself, shall I be called to go forth to preach the Gospel? How can this agree with an impression that I have had these several years, that I should die in my thirty-fifth year? It was then explained to me, that I should, in that year, die to all worldly things, and be entirely devoted to the service of God and his Church. Some months after, all this came to pass, as the sequel will shew.

These two or three years past, my employment has been, expounding the scripture three times a week; meeting a Class, and catechising children. I also set up an evening school for instructing the poor, miserable lime-burners' children, and prevailed with three of my Society to take it in turns with me. We taught them reading and writing, &c. and found most of them books, and I instructed them from time to time in the principles of religion. As my income

come was small, Providence raised up friends to bless and favour my design. There was a prospect of much good, and many would have had cause to bless God for the undertaking, had not their wicked parents, in spite of all remonstrance, allowed them to run away to play, and thereby frustrate our design. Another thing I undertook with a good design, which kept me very poor, involved me in debt, and in time hurt my soul. I began to study and practise physic for the good of the poor, hoping thereby to have access to sick beds, and to be instrumental to the good of their souls. I procured an electrical machine, learnt to bleed, and laid in a large assortment of medicines. The Lord most wonderfully prospered my undertaking. The deaf, the halt, the withered, and many others diseased, received a cure under my hands. This success brought me many patients. Their cases required me to study, and the remedies exhausted my pocket, so that I became so perplexed for want of time, and also (notwithstanding many remarkable assisting providences) for want of sufficient recruits to support the undertaking, that my mind was very much hurt. But God, when I was in the very zenith of popular favour, most graciously removed me. Indeed both my mind and body were sorely harassed through much labour of different kinds. However the Lord made me useful to his Church also, for several were convinced and converted, who will, I trust, be the crown of my rejoicing in a future day. I bore this burden for a long time; but at last, as the time drew near for the accomplishment of my dream, the burden became intolerable. My constitution was ruined, chiefly by the unwholesome

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some air of the place where I lived. The physician told me that sitting at a desk would not do for me. Another eminent man told me that I was murdering myself. Riding was proposed to me as the most promising expedient to protract my life, and perhaps the only one. Several letters from friends, after two or three months' sufferings, brought me forth. The pious Mr. Samuel Wells (now in Paradise,) gave me the conquering stroke. "I do not know, says he, but God hath said, Preach or perish." I then came to a resolution to forsake all, and set out with my staff. When I came to this conclusion, satan set upon me for some weeks, with greater violence than ever, in order to stop me. Unknown are the sufferings I went through. Scarce had I two hours sleep in the night, but all was literally weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. I used frequently to flee into a neighbouring wood, and in the most latent part, spend several hours in bitter lamentations and cries to God, for power and courage to give up all. At last, early one morning I arose, and with the best preparation I could, went to London. I there wrote my letter of resignation. When I had done, I fell down on my knees, and with the deepest gratitude praised my God for the power. I said with tears, O my God, I thank thee for having given me this place for so many years; and now thou requirest thine own again: lo! here I present unto thee that which is thine, and cast my soul and body upon thy providence. This I spake with a heart deluged with grateful tears. Scarce had I made this oblation, but satan tempted me to disbelieve the being of a God. I could not have known the  
strength



strength of a fallen angel, had it not been for this fore temptation. I was almost an atheist till I arrived at Leeds, a few days before the Conference. Soon after I got to my quarters there, all my temptations vanished away, and my soul returned to its rest : and never since has it materially suffered from satan. How was the dream verified that I had, when I first began to seek the Lord ? So soon as I stripped the cloathes off satan, he got up in a rage and pursued me. So now being about to strip him of his subjects, he collected all his power and malice to make his last, strong push at me ; but blessed be the Lord my God, I still stand ! None but the great God can tell what I went through, the two last months that preceded my going forth to preach the Gospel. Night and day my soul was upon the rack, and the sleep departed from my eyes. This I can truly say, the Lord has thrust me out ; for never surely did such a concurrence of circumstances meet to manifest the will of God.

A few days before the Conference, Mr. Pawson desired me to preach for him at Leeds, which I did to near five hundred people. I went into the pulpit with much fear and trembling, but was enabled to get through pretty well. All the time I was at Leeds, I was exceedingly happy, and was engaged all day in spiritual exercises, in which I found myself much blessed.

On the 2d August, 1775, I was admitted upon trial, and was sent into Oxfordshire with Samuel Wells, and G. Shorter, both now in Abraham's bosom. As soon as I came to Witney, the first place in my circuit, I found a letter, requiring my presence in London. Here, to my infinite surprise, I found all my relations very cordial

cordial towards me, nor did any of them censure my conduct. It also pleased the Lord while I was here, to make a settlement upon me for life ; for which I have cause indeed to love and bless him for ever. In this Circuit I was two years, and was kindly received by an affectionate people. The Circuit was a very hard one, having long journeys, and a great scarcity of fuel ; but the Lord was my support. Soon after I came into it, being at High Wycomb, a young woman lived some where there, that I had seen, and been acquainted with. I got a guide, and set out one morning to enquire for her. A little while after she took me to see a young person who was very ill. I had a good time with her, and proposed coming at night to preach at that barren place. Consent was given, and the whole neighbourhood was invited : accordingly I preached, and the word was received with pure affection, and a Society was soon formed. As I was going thither, my way lay up a hill, so high and steep, that steps had been cut to accommodate the travellers, agreeable to my dream, previous to my coming forth. This very much strengthened me, and was like the sign given to Moses at Horeb, before he left Egypt. When the word began to be felt, and a Society formed, the Rev. Mr. F. W——s, an Antinomian Preacher, began to roar upon us like a bull ; but, according to my dream, he did us no harm.

The year after I laboured among as loving a people in the Gloucestershire Circuit, and blessed be God ! our labour was not in vain. They would have borne with me another year, but my constitution was so impaired, that I could not bear so much riding, so I was obliged to be removed.

I cannot

I cannot omit making mention of the loving kindness of the Lord to me this year : having been seized with a billious fever, which continued some weeks, my lot was cast at Stroud. Here I met with a tender nurse and kind friend, Mrs. Sc——e, who removed me to her house, and, together with the rest of that loving family, shewed me no little kindness ; so that by the help of a skilful Apothecary, and the blessing of God, I was enabled, in a few weeks, to return to my labour. Two or three nights after I set out, I was put into a damp bed at C—— : this immediately brought on my disorder again, and obliged me to retire to a farm-house near Worcester, where I remained some weeks. But during this, and the whole time I have laboured in the gospel, I have found much peace and comfort in my soul, which have enabled me to bear up under the hardships of an itinerant life.

At the next Leeds Conference, I was appointed for the Bristol Circuit. As soon as I heard my destiny, my soul was in a furnace : I wrote to you, Sir, intreating you to send me any where rather than there. Bristol and Bath appeared so formidable, that I was sorely distressed both in soul and body ; however, in spite of all my remonstrances, you continued in your resolution that I should go there. I continued in much distress for some days ; at last, while I was in prayer one evening, the Lord relieved my soul with these comfortable words, “ Wait thou his time, so shall this night end in joyous day.” Soon after I came to Bristol, I was obliged to retire for some weeks to Norton, where I met with uncommon kindness from those dear friends to the cause of God, Mr. and Mrs. Wait. Here I gave myself  
up

up to prayer, and gathered both bodily and spiritual strength. I spent this year with great satisfaction; having most agreeable fellow-labourers. We saw a blessed work break out, and many souls were added to the Societies. The people in this Circuit were uncommonly affectionate, and I thought I should be glad to finish my course among them. The next year I was appointed for this Circuit again, but had some heavy trials: a circumstance that happened at Bath, greatly distressed my soul, and gave a general wound to the cause of God. However, the few last months that I was there, I enjoyed a heaven upon earth, and left them with great pain of mind. The last place I left was Almonsbury: a place that I had been at for my health for about a fortnight. Here I met with a tender, affectionate friend, that shewed me every kindness for her Master's sake, and I came away with much sorrow.

At the Bristol Conference, 1780, I was appointed for Manchester: when I came there, my soul entered into great sufferings; the thoughts of my dear Bristol people, and the dread that I had upon my mind concerning the office which was laid upon me, as the assistant, quite drank up my spirits: however, by the grace of God, I set my shoulders to the work, and endeavoured to lay out my life and soul in his service. God was pleased to own me and my fellow-labourer, so that between two and three hundred new members were received into the Society, and there was a general revival throughout the Circuit. When I came first into it I was quite a stranger to the complexion of this people, and interpreted their shyness to strangers, as a defect of

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love;

love; but however, I can say, I found them a most affectionate, generous, steady people; and, with tears in my eyes, I can add, they lie near my heart.

Soon after I began my work, I found that my constitution could not bear the journeys, so I was obliged to call for help. You sent me another Preacher, which afforded me the opportunity of being more useful to the Circuit. I should have been very useful about Rochdale, had it not been for two or three members of that Society, who required me to do what I could not, either in point of conscience or equity. They so prejudiced some of the simple people, and so broke my spirits, as well as hurt my body, that the work was entirely stopt; my intended expeditions to the neighbouring villages prevented, and I fear, many precious souls wounded, if not murdered, through their conduct. Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! Their conduct, and the harm that I saw they were likely to do, caused me to groan and weep on my bed; my very heart bled, and I poured out strong cries and tears to God to come to my help. I had very remarkable answers to prayer; and when I had settled this affair to the best of my power, and was on my return from Rochdale, I was conscientiously reviewing my conduct as before God, to see if I had acted amiss in the affair; immediately these words came with a divine unction to my soul:

“ The opening heavens around me shine,  
With beams of sacred bliss.”

On this I greatly rejoiced, and gave glory to God!

Sometime

Sometime in the winter, I went to a neighbouring village, called Clodwick, consisting chiefly of colliers and weavers. I preached to a crowded room full, and with much comfort, and I believe many felt the word: I preached a second time with peace and pleasure. The third time I went, I endeavoured to preach out of doors; but as Satan's kingdom began to suffer, (several being awakened and joined to the Society) he mustered up his forces, who being armed with stones and noisy instruments, attacked us furiously. They gnashed on me with their teeth, and threw large coals and stones at me: I was obliged after a time, to retire into the house, which I did unhurt, and sung and prayed with a few serious people. When I set off for Oldham, with some of my friends, the floods lifted up their voice; they threw stones and dirt amain, yet only one woman was materially hurt; who received a dangerous cut in her head. We were obliged to commence an action against four or five of the rioters, or we must have been murdered, had we gone there again; however, several of the people were received into Society, and were filled with all peace and joy in believing. The lawsuit was compromised, and they now met in peace. I had also very severe trials from another quarter. When the new House was opened at Manchester, and I saw such large congregations, I suffered immensely through my timidity. Standing in that pulpit was to me like standing to be shot; but however, the gracious Lord brought me through the year.

At the Leeds Conference I was appointed for Manchester again; but fearing some extraordinary trials, and disapproving of some late things

which had occurred, I desired you to remove me to Birstal. You consented; but my friends at Manchester were determined not to part with me, till they had received an answer to a petition for my return. During this suspense, I went to Liverpool. Here I remained three weeks, and spent my time much to my profit and comfort, with a loving, generous people; and I believe we were mutually profited by this interview.

When I returned to Manchester I received your letter, fixing me for Birstal. Soon after this, I repaired to my Circuit, and met with much kindness from the people. This encouraged me to undertake some difficult things which my nature shrunk at. However, through the help of my God, I was brought through as well as I could expect. Although this is the most easy and suitable Circuit to me, who cannot bear much riding, yet I find here, enough to convince me, it is through much tribulation we enter the kingdom. But I enjoy vast peace of mind, and can appeal to God, that his glory, the good of the Church, and the eternal welfare of my own soul, are the grand objects I have daily in view.

Through the mercy of God, and the faithful concurrence of my fellow-labourers, good has been done, and I have had the promise of a farther revival sealed on my heart. It was on this wise. After a shower of tears, when in private prayer at Daw-Green, I came down from my chamber, and joined the family in prayer. The power of God fell upon me, and I prayed as the Spirit gave me utterance. I prayed fervently for the Circuit, and had a blessed revival before my eyes. I praised God, by way of anticipation; being assured that he was about to work.

work. The family felt the Divine unction, and I was so exhausted, I could scarce get up from my knees.

I should not omit an unpromising circumstance that happened sometime after I came into the Circuit. Mr. F——r carried away a burning and shining light from Crofs-Hall, and thereby deprived me of a blessed helper. I was invited to be with them on the day of their espousals, and never before knew such a blessed wedding. I now saw indeed that marriage is honourable in all; being instituted by God, in a state of innocence, and in the garden of Paradise. May eternal happiness crown this devoted pair!

I must now draw to a conclusion, praising and blessing my God, whose mercy, love and faithfulness have been so wonderfully manifested in my pilgrimage. I still find my whole soul in the work. But my spirits are far too active for my body. My constitution is very weak, and, like Saul's armour, is a fore clog to my spirit. I hope to live and die in the cause of my dear Redeemer, and his beloved people; and fervently pray that I may end my life in his work. My soul is happy! Divine transport possesses my breast, and Jesus is my daily theme: my all in all for ever and ever! With pleasure and confidence I still declare to all the world.

Ye all may know that God is true,

Ye all may feel that God is love!

In this spirit I hope to remain till the mercy of God, and the sole merits of my adorable Redeemer, shall introduce my blushing spirit into the society of angels and saints, to swell the



found of Jesu's fame and praise my God for ever and ever.

I am, Rev. Sir

Your most affectionate Son in the Gospel

J. V.

P. S. Thus far I wrote before the Conference. Since then I have been appointed for Birſtal again. I have the proſpect of much ſuffering here, through an unfortunate affair. But all is well. My conſcience is undefiled. The Lord is before my eyes, and, by the grace of God, I will hold faſt my integrity unto the end.

We took in above two hundred new members laſt year, and we have a fair proſpect in ſome places this year. In the miſt of great anguiſh of ſpirit (through the troubles of the Church) I had one morning, the moſt gracious viſit from heaven that I have had for ſome years. O how I laboured in familiar prayer with God, that I might then finiſh my work! "O come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly." Even ſo. Amen. Hallelujah!

A SHORT  
ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH.

*By Mr. Atmore.*

**H**IS uncommon piety, his affectionate concern for souls, and his great zeal for the glory of God, rendered him an acceptable Preacher, and a peculiar blessing in all the circuits where he laboured. His ministry was generally attended with a divine unction, and there was a considerable revival, through his instrumentality, in the year 1783, in the West Riding of the county of York.

His constitution was very weak ; but he continued to travel as long as he was able. By long and loud preaching, at the time of the revival referred to above, he had brought himself so very low, that he was not able, for some time, to preach at all, nor hardly to pray in the family. At the Conference 1786, he was appointed for the Bristol Circuit, where he married a lady of considerable piety and fortune. And being no longer able to bear the fatigues and labour of an itinerant life, he became, from the subsequent Conference, a Supernumerary. He resided at St. George's, in Kingswood, near Bristol ; and continued to labour in the neighbourhood as his strength would bear, even to the close of his life.

In

In the month of November 1793, the Lord was pleased to take away his pious and affectionate partner in life. She died remarkably happy in God ; but this stroke was severely felt by Mr. Valton, he did not long survive her. In a few months he fell a prey to a painful disease : his sufferings were very great, but he bore them with Christian fortitude and exemplary patience ; and he closed his holy and useful life in the year 1794, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. He was interred in the Church of St. George, in Kingswood.

His praise, and that justly, is in all the Churches. He was a pattern of holiness, of charity, and of zeal for the glory of God. His ministry was plain, convincing, and powerful ; and he was exceedingly successful in the work of the Lord.

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THE  
EXPERIENCE

OF

*Mr. Thomas Payne.*

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*To the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*

*Waterford, March 16, 1781.*

REV. SIR,

**A**T your request I undertake a work, of which, God knows, I am ashamed. For, when I look back on my past tempers, words, and actions, I am really amazed that I am yet alive: for surely I have deserved the lowest place in hell. I was created to be happy; but I chose the means of misery: and firmly believe myself the most unworthy of all that body of Preachers with whom I am connected.

I was born at Nailsworth, near Stroud, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1741, of very pious and upright parents. They were by profession, Particular Anabaptists: and they lived in the fear  
and

and love of God. My father laboured to train up his children in the same, seconding his precepts by his examples and prayers. He kept up family devotion twice a day, reading a chapter or psalm first. And twice a day, early and late, he spent a considerable time with God in secret. Thus he walked with God himself, and incited his children to follow him. He never spoiled the child by sparing the rod; but always remonstrated, and then corrected. And his well-timed corrections seldom failed to leave some good impressions upon us.

On his death-bed he gave me his dying-charge, with a prayer, which I believe God sealed in heaven. As my mother was weeping, and wishing that God would spare him a little longer, he said, "Would you wish me so much evil, as to be any longer detained from the joys of heaven? Poor Tom (meaning me,) will lose a good friend to-morrow, about two o'clock." The next day, about that time he cried out, "Lord, how long are thy chariot wheels a coming?" And within a few moments after, sweetly fell asleep.

I heartily thank God for a pious education, which laid a foundation for a future reformation. From the earliest period of recollection, I found the strivings of God's Spirit. I formed many good resolutions, from time to time; but quickly broke through them all; although when I was ten years old, I prayed much, and desired to be truly religious. I was left under the care of a currier and leather-dresser, who carried on the shoe-making business. But being under little restraint, and continually exposed to bad company, I gave way to youthful follies, till I left my place, without asking leave; and till my friends sent me

me to London. Being now among religious people who belonged to Mr. Whitfield, my good desires revived, and produced a considerable amendment in the whole tenor of my actions.

But I did not at all know myself. And having an inclination to see the world, I enlisted in the year 1759, in General Burgoyne's light regiment of dragoons. But, upon examination, I was found not quite tall enough, and so was discharged from them. Being ashamed to return to my friends, I enlisted in the service of the East-India Company: and was soon sent out in the Triton store-ship, for the Island of St. Helena, on the south of Africk. I saw the Island in a dream just before I enlisted. We sailed from Gravesend in December 1759, under convoy of the Rippon man of war, and in company with the Anslow East-India-man, who afterward parted from us in a gale of wind. A French frigate bore down upon us in the Bay of Biscay, doubtless taking us for merchant-men. When we were preparing to engage, I was troubled at first, knowing I was not fit to die: but I soon comforted myself with the unchangeable decree. After firing a few shot, the frigate bore away. The Rippon chased and took her. But we saw our convoy no more, till some time after she came to St. Helena.

We had now a week's calm. It then blew a hurricane for three weeks without intermission. All our masts were loosened, and several set of sails torn in a thousand pieces. Both our chain and hand pumps were kept going for a month, without any intermission. During this time one poor man fell over-board, and cried out, "a boat for God's sake," and sunk. A second fell down  
from

from the mast on the quarter-deck, and dashed out his brains. A third going up to furl the main-sail, must have shared the same fate, but that as he was falling, he caught and hung by his hands and feet, to the clue-garling of the sail. But he did not give God the glory. Afterwards as we were sailing near the Equator, on a calm sea, he was scraping the ship-side, standing on one of the half-parts, and as usual, damning his own eyes and limbs. The Captain hearing him, said, "You should not curse and swear in that manner. The half-part may turn with you, and you may be drowned with an oath in your mouth." But he swore on. In less than five minutes the half-part did turn. He fell and rose no more. The Captain instantly put the ship about: but it was all in vain! This alarmed me a little: but then I thought, "It was decreed," and was easy again.

The day we arrived at St. Helena, I had another shock. Two men were swimming near our ship. A very large shark (which I verily believe had followed our ship four hundred miles) bit at one of them and missed him. He cried out, "A shark!" but too late; for his comrade was immediately bit in two. Indeed we had men killed continually. Some getting drunk, rolled down precipices; others fell into the sea. And I verily think, half of the army, and half of the other inhabitants of the island, did not live out half their days, which often gave me very serious thoughts of the uncertainty of human life.

My seriousness was increased by an extraordinary occurrence, which I simply relate just as it was. One night, as I was standing sentinel at Mr. M——'s door, I heard a dreadful rattling,  
as

as if the house was all shaking to pieces, and tumbling down about my ears. Looking towards it, I saw an appearance, about the size of a fix-week's calf, lying at the door. It rose, came towards me, looked me in the face, passed by, returned again, and went to the door. The house shook as before, and it disappeared. A few days after, our head inn-keeper, Mr. M—, told the officer of the guard, That the same night, Mrs. M— died, he, with eight persons more sitting up, observed the house shake exceedingly : that they were greatly surprized, and searched every room : but to no purpose : that not long after, there was a second shaking, as violent as the former. That a while after, the house shook a third time ; and just then Mrs. M—e died.

I now really desired to serve God. But I had none to help me forward. I longed for some religious acquaintance : and every year, when the store-ship came from England, I diligently enquired, whether any good men came in it ? At length one arrived who had been educated at the Foundry-school in London. And he was once serious, but had turned again to folly. However he was now desirous to return to God. I found likewise another young man, who had an earnest desire to save his soul : and we three agreed to serve God together. I now fasted, and prayed, and having a little larger income, endeavoured to help my neighbours. But this quickly puffed me up with pride, till I was suffered to fall into outward sin. God now humbled me indeed : I abhorred myself, and saw the necessity of a deeper work, in order to my being happy, either in this world or in the world to come.



My companions and I were greatly strengthened, by an uncommon trial that befel us soon after. We frequently went out at night, to pray by the side of a mountain. One night, as we were walking together, and talking of the things of God, I heard a noise, and saw something in the form of a large bear pursuing me closely. My hair stood on end, and as we were walking arm in arm, I suddenly pulled both my companions round with me. They both saw him, and one of them fainted away. It then reared up itself upon its hind legs into the air. I said, "Satan we are come hither to serve God: and we will do it, in spite of thee, and all the devils in hell." Instantly it sunk into the earth: we then prayed upon the very spot: and soon found ourselves strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

In about a week after, I spoke unadvisedly with my lips. It cut me to the heart. I went to a quarry at the foot of the mountain, fell prostrate on the earth, and cried out "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the guilt and power of sin?" But I was a strong Calvinist, and that kept me from the blessing a long time, waiting for the irresistible call, and thought it horrid presumption to venture upon Christ, till God compelled me by his almighty arm. Thus I waited, till I met with a German Author, who convinced me of the absolute necessity, of "striving to enter in at the strait gate; of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence, of laying hold of God's strength," in order to make peace with him: of venturing my spirit, soul, and body, with all my sins, sorrows, cares, and all my wants on the absolute mercy of God in Christ Jesus. With

With a full purpose of doing this, I called my companions to the old spot to prayer. And while I was praying, and wrestling for Christian liberty,

“Panting for everlasting rest,  
And struggling into God!”

I cried out, with an uncommon extasy of joy and astonishment, “O God, my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise!” Being divinely assisted, I believed with my heart unto righteousness: on which, God shed abroad his love therein, and gave me the spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father; which Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was a child of God. I then could not refrain from declaring what God had done for my soul. I cried out to those about me, “Why cannot you praise God with me and for me? I am so filled with the love of God, methinks, I am just ready to fly up to heaven, with my very body.”

But I had a Calvinian library, which I often read. And hence I imbibed that miserable notion, That it was absolutely necessary, every believer should come down from the mount. Hence I was persuaded that I must lose my first love; that I must doubt of my justification, which those wretched Casuists lay down, as one great mark of sincerity. For want of knowing better, I listened to these, till I lost the witness of the Spirit. I then fell into doubts concerning my justification; nay, and concerning the being of a God. I sunk deeper and deeper, till I got to my old German Author again. I then found that I must strive, not only to gain, but to hold fast, the witness of the Spirit, and the hope of the

Gospel : yea; that I must dispute every inch of ground, with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Thus convinced, I went with renewed repentance, to the throne of grace. And I found the fountain open. At two several times, it pleased God to give so strong a discovery of his love to my soul, that it was then impossible to admit the least shadow of a doubt.

I now thought I never could be moved ; God had made my hill so strong. I hired a little dwelling. I got a large library of books. I gathered more and more of the soldiers to join with me, in fasting, praying, reading, singing, and every other means whereby we might edify each other. I began to exhort, and many were convinced of sin ; some were justified, some English backsliders were restored, who died happy in God. But soon after I was preferred to a higher rank, which was a means of my forsaking God. To please man, I did violence to my conscience and grieved the holy Spirit of God. But I found no peace herein. Conviction returned, and I was on the brink of despair. Many times in a day I threw myself on the bed, in unspeakable anguish of mind, seeing no door of hope, but taking it for granted; I should breathe my last in horrible fear. For about a year, I could not believe even the being of a God. I thought if there was such a God as the scripture speaks of, he would either have saved or damned me before now. I do not know that I slept one whole night, for thirteen months together : nor indeed one whole hour, without some dreadful dream presaging the wrath to come. To complete my distress, and make me perfectly miserable, the ungodly who denied, and the Pharisees who despised all heart religion, were continually laughing

ing me to scorn: crying, "Ha! ha! So would we have it. Where is our Reprover now?"

One man on the parade (to provoke me) called upon the devil to d—n his Maker. Immediately a horror fell upon him, and from that hour he had no rest, day or night, till he made an open confession to a magistrate, That seven years before he had murdered a soldier, whose apparition followed him wherever he was. Upon this confession judicially repeated, he was condemned to die. When under sentence, he sent for me, and begged I would converse and pray with him, which (with the leave both of the governor and chaplain) I did, till the day of his execution. He then declared, "This is the best day I ever saw. This is my wedding day. I am married to Christ, and I am going to heaven, to praise him to all eternity."

I was now promoted again. I had five different offices, and a large revenue therefrom. But as business increased, religion wore off; till (to avoid running into more sin) I married. My wife's mother was one of the most pious women in the island. But my wife's religion consisted in going to church, and then running a continual round of pleasure, of eating and drinking, dressing, playing, dancing, singing. Indeed we both swam down the stream together; for I was afraid to think; I did not dare to meet my own conscience: and endeavoured to stifle my own convictions, with business, and with frantic mirth. Yet sometimes I could not help thinking. And my convictions were then so keen, that I was many times under strong temptation to put an end to my life. Perhaps I should have done it, but for a dream which I had a little before. I

thought I saw myself standing on the summit of a frightful precipice: whence I was suddenly hurled down head-long through the air, expecting every moment to be dashed in pieces; when I was turned into a white dove, and flew up again.

About this time I saw, at a friend's house, two volumes extracted from Mr. Law's Works, and a volume of your Sermons. Hence my convictions returned stronger than ever. I sincerely and deeply lamented my grievous fall: my heart was broken in pieces, for my repeated and aggravated sins against so good a God. And I sincerely prayed, that he would send me any kind of affliction, which would bring me back to himself. I saw; prosperity had ruined me, and cared not what I suffered, so I might once again love and serve God. And I referred it wholly to him, to use whatever means he saw fit, in his adorable Providence. At the same time I had a vehement desire, to hear once more, the genuine Gospel of Christ.

One night I started up in my sleep, and waked my wife, saying, "Peggy, I shall be obliged to leave you, and to go to England." She said, "It is only a foolish dream: go to sleep again." I endeavoured so to do, but could not, this being so strongly impressed on my mind. Not long after, I disobliged some of my superiors, by the just discharge of my duty. In consequence of this, I received orders to return to England: the man I saw in my dream pushing me off the precipice, being the very man who bore false witness against me, out of fear of the governor, who cursed, and drove away those that came to give evidence in my favour. I saw the hand of God herein, and acquiesced in his Providence.

I came

I came to England, and preferred a petition to the honourable East-India Company. But they did not answer it; as indeed I had not with me the proper evidences to support it. I left my wife and child behind, and she in a state of pregnancy. She did not desire to come with me: nor did I then desire that she should. I remained in London, waiting for the arrival of some of my evidences, till I had spent almost all my money, having only a few shillings left. I could not now tell what to do, as I had not one friend in London; till hearing of you, Sir, I found a desire to have some conversation with you. I went to the Foundery, but instead of you met I with Mr. Jaco. I told him my situation and circumstances. He said, "I can do nothing for you." I asked, if he knew of any under-clerk's place, that I could get till Providence cleared my way? He said, "No." I left him; but was not humbled enough yet, for God to lift me up.

I said to myself, I have been a soldier, and I will be so again. I could not murmur nor repine; having a deep sense of my backsliding from God, and being fully convinced that although his ways are often past finding out, yet he does all things well, and for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness. I enlisted in the fifteenth regiment of foot, and was immediately made clerk of the regiment. I should have been farther preferred; but I was too religious: I was not like other men. Indeed I do not know, that we had three men in the whole regiment, who pretended to any religion at all. I had now again a few opportunities of calling sinners to repentance. I went home to Nailsworth upon a furlow, and began exhorting the people to turn to God. I did the same

at

at Stroud; then at Cirencester, and afterwards at other places. Here my former sentiments were shaken, and I began to halt between two opinions. At length the gracious Providence of God brought me to Leeds, in Yorkshire. Here I found such a large body of affectionate people as I never saw before. And some of them desired me to preach; but my officers threatened me, that if I did, I should be tried by a court-martial. And I still doubted my call to preach. So I determined to take this method, never to preach unless invited to it: and then to observe, whether there was any fruit?

Soon after, one of our soldiers told Mrs. Walshe, that they had a Preacher in their regiment. She sent for me, and desired me to give an exhortation. I did so, and contrary to my expectation, my officers were so far from punishing me, that they gave me all the liberty I could desire. And it pleased God to employ me as an instrument of awakening and converting several souls. I preached many times in the streets of Leeds. Mr. Mitchell then sent for me and asked me, "For whom do you preach?" I said, "For Christ, in order to convert sinners to him." He invited me to preach in your Preaching-house, which I did many times. And I frequently went into the Circuit for him, and for Mr. Robert Roberts, who were glad to have sinners converted to God, whatever instruments he was pleased to make use of. And it was here, that by reading and considering your's, Mr. Fletcher's, and Mr. Sellon's Works, I was entirely delivered from the whole Hypothesis of Absolute Predestination. And so, I am firmly persuaded, will every sensible man be, who has a real desire to know the whole truth of God, and then gives  
them

them a fair reading, with frequent and fervent prayer.

It was now, that the thought of my wife and children lay upon my mind. And I saw no way, either for me to escape from the army, or them from St. Helena. But nothing is too hard for God. He first made a way for me. My colonel demanding thirty guineas for my discharge, it was soon raised and paid. Being now once more a free man, I desired to join with the people called Methodists. I saw (to begin with smaller things) that wherever they came, they promoted, 1. Cleanliness, Industry, Frugality, and Economy: 2. Loyalty, conscientious subjection to the King, and all that are in authority: and 3. Real, vital religion, which was well nigh banished from the earth.

I was received upon trial at the Leeds Conference, in the year 1772. Thence I was sent to London, where the sensible Methodists were so kind as to bear with my weaknesses, and they were not a few. I bless God that I was stationed here for my improvement. And even here, it pleased God, that my labour was not in vain, You was then pleased to send me to Ireland, to take off my rough military edge; and to break me thoroughly to the work, on the rough mountains of the north. The damp, dirty, smoaky cabins of Ulster, were a good trial for me for the present. But what makes double amends for all these inconveniences, to any Preacher who loves the work of God, is, that our people here are in general the most zealous, lively, affectionate Christians we have in the kingdom.

When I had been a little above a year in Ireland, my wife, who was before unwilling to leave



leave home, as well as afraid of a sea-voyage, and of venturing into the Northern climate; wrote me word that her father and mother were dead, and that she was willing to leave St. Helena, and not afraid, either of a sea-voyage, or of a cold climate. I informed you of this: and you was pleased to make application to the East-India Company, who generously ordered my family to be brought to England, with every needful accommodation, at their own charge. By the blessing of God, they arrived safe. You was pleased to send my little boy to Kingswood School, and my little girl to Publow, and to send me word, not to take thought or care about them. After a while you sent over my wife to me. This has proved an unspeakable blessing to her. She has been convinced of sin, converted to God, and I trust, made pure in heart.

As to myself, I have been many times so unfaithful to the grace and gifts wherewith God has entrusted me, that I abhor myself in dust and ashes, as an unprofitable servant. Yet this I can say from the ground of my heart, I am not at all careful, where or how long I live in this world, so I may answer the end of my being; so I may have the testimony of my conscience, that I do all to the glory of God. For I know, that to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I fear God, and uniformly endeavour to work righteousness. I believe that God is both able and willing to cleanse me from all unrighteousness: and I lie before him as clay in the hands of the potter, to be just what he would have me to be: as holy and as happy as my nature and state can bear. I am not afraid of being too holy; but I believe it is my privilege to be all  
holy,

holy, in the very complexion of my soul, in all my tempers, words, thoughts and actions. I am convinced that grace is stronger than sin, and that Christ is stronger than the devil: and that gospel liberty implies a deliverance from the guilt, power and nature of sin; into peace, life, love, and holiness. I can say farther, that though I do not yet fully enjoy these inestimable blessings, yet God is pleased to own my weak labours, so that more and more sinners are converted to God, every time I go my Circuit.

And now, what shall I render to the Lord, for all the benefits that he has done unto me? I can only praise him as long as I live, and be telling of all his wonderous works. Praise the Lord, then, O my soul! and let all within me praise his holy Name!

Dear Sir, blot out or keep in just what you please of this Narrative. And in so doing you will oblige

Your Son in the Gospel,  
THOMAS PAYNE.

AN

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH,

*By Mr. Boone.*

**H**E continued to labour faithfully for the good of souls till the year 1783, when it pleased the Lord to take him to his great reward.

In the beginning of his illness, he had deep impressions on his mind, that this affliction would be unto death: the thought of which, he often said, was a reviving cordial to him. As his  
bodily

Bodily weakness increased, his desire after full sanctification increased also ; for which his soul was deeply engaged in constant, mighty prayer.

About two months before his death, the enemy was permitted to assault him many ways ; but one temptation in particular was very severe for the time it lasted ; which was to doubt the being of a God ! But he was soon delivered from it ; after which he enjoyed much communion with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ.

About a fortnight before he died, he was led to such a discovery of himself, as he never had before : even all the sins he had ever committed were presented to him, attended with such a deep sense of his weakness, and blindness, as made him exceedingly tremble. What gave him the greatest pain was, that he had done the work of the Lord in many instances, so much in his own warm spirit ; and not in the meekness and gentleness of Christ. This was attended with such a view of the Majesty and Holiness of God, and the excellency of his glory, as excited a vehement cry in his heart for the coming of Jesus, to make him fully meet for the enjoyment of himself. Our Lord soon heard him : his faith beheld the Great Atonement, on which he received a whole Saviour, who applied the all-cleansing blood to his soul. He was now filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory ; and experienced that complete salvation he had so long preached to others.

From this time his conversation was truly in heaven : his exhortations and persuasions to all that came near him, to devote themselves entirely to God, were delivered in such a powerful manner as made deep impressions on every heart.

The

The day before his death, when Mr. Rankin called to see him, his soul was truly comfortable, and after some conversation concerning the goodness of God to him, he said, " You are going to preach : tell the People, tell the Societies, I die a witness of the truth I have preached to others. And I now solemnly declare, I believe the doctrine taught by the Methodists, and the discipline they enforce, is above all others, the best calculated to bring sinners to God, and to keep them close to him."

During the night he frequently spoke of the love and power of God to his soul ; waiting patiently for the coming of his Lord. About an hour before he departed, Mrs. Payne, seeing him in an agony, said, " My dear, you seem as if your heart was breaking." He replied, " Let it break ! Let it break ! but it is hard work to die !" After this he was very calm, and appeared to possess great serenity of mind. But now the hour of his release came ; when he turned his eyes to Mrs. Payne, and with a piercing, yet pleasing look, said, " Lord have mercy ! Jesus saves to the uttermost—to the very uttermost !" And soon after, while we were commending his soul to God, he fell asleep in Jesus, January 6th, 1783, in the city of Bristol.

He was a bold soldier for Jesus Christ. His natural temper was uncommonly vehement, but before he went hence all that vehemence was gone, and the lion was become a lamb. Such are the wonderful effects of divine grace ! He fought the good fight of faith, and has now laid hold on eternal life. Servant of God well done !

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AN  
ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE  
OF  
*Mr. Thomas Walsh.\**

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THIS eminently holy and useful young man, was a native of Ireland, and was brought up in the bosom of the Church of Rome. He was born about the year 1730. He was savingly converted to God in the days of his youth; and in the year 1750, when only twenty years of age, he began to preach the everlasting Gospel. He was a man of uncommon talents for the Ministry, and of very extensive learning. Mr. Wesley says, he was the best Hebrew scholar he ever met with. "I never," says Mr. Wesley, "asked him the meaning of a Hebrew word, but he immediately told me how often it occurred in the Bible, and what it meant in each place."

After

\* This work might be thought incomplete if some mention was not made of this very holy man; the following sketch of his Life is therefore given from Atmore's Methodist Memorial. The full account being too large for insertion here, may be had at the Book Room.

After he engaged in the work of the Ministry, he was indefatigable in his studies and labours ; which, as he was of a weak constitution, proved too much for him ; and, in a short time, brought down his frail tabernacle.—His diary, which has been published to the world, proves him to have been a man of deep piety, and close walking with God.

The illness which terminated in his removal from this world to a better, may be dated from February 24th, 1758, a few days after his arrival at Bristol, on his way to Ireland. After preaching twice as usual, and studying hard all day, he was seized with violent pains in his head, and in all his bones. He, however, rose the next morning at his usual time and preached, retiring afterwards to his accustomed exercises ; but still feeling the pressure of the disorder, he said, “ My body trembles with weakness, but my soul is happy in God.”

March 4th, the day he took to his bed, he wrote in his diary as follows : “ Good is thy will O God ! Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth. Thou reignest in righteousness ; though no man can know either love or hatred, by all that is before him. Thou givest account of thy ways to none, but assurest the righteous that it shall be well with him ; and that thy corrections are with this design, that we may partake of thy holiness. I am in thy hands, O my God ! Work thy perfect will in me, and sustain me in this trial. I call upon thee in the day of trouble ; and that I shall glorify thee, and praise thee yet more and more.”

At another time, he makes the following remarks on his state.

“ I had a constant witness from the Holy Ghost that I was a child of God ; however, the sins of my whole life were brought to my remembrance, particularly those of my heart. For though God preserved me from falling even once into those sins, in which I lived in the days of my ignorance; nevertheless, I saw my pride, desire, self-will, self-indulgence, levity, and mispending time ;— my want of love to God, charity to my neighbour, and more serious concern for my own soul, &c.”

So severe a judge was this good man of himself, while, in the judgment of all that knew his manner of life, he was exemplary in every respect, and remarkable for the contrary of what he thus lamented. “ The more holy and eminently religious we are,” says the pious Bishop Taylor, “ the more full of awfulness and fear, and modesty, and humility we shall be : and it is a sure rule, that whatsoever heights of piety, union, or familiarity with God, any man pretends to, it is of the devil, unless the greater also be the humility of the man.”

Mr. Walsli left Bristol, and embarked for Ireland, April 13th. The passage was extremely dangerous, insomuch that the mariners themselves expected to perish, and cried out vehemently, We are not fit to die ! While God gave him, he says, more faith, and patience, and joy, than he ever had before. He prayed, and praised God incessantly.—See the blessedness of believing on the Son of God !

He, however, arrived safe at Cork, on the Sunday following —His biographer, Mr. Morgan, observes, “ Hearing of his arrival, I hastened to see him, and can never forget the idea which the first

first sight of him gave me, of a man in deep fellowship with God. We embraced each other with tears; after which, kneeling down, he prayed as to a present God indeed! With such melting and moving expressions, and reverential confidence, as surpassed all that I had known and admired in him before: and plainly discovered his having entered, since we parted, much farther into the Holiest of all, by the blood of Jesus."

He had the judgment and advice of the best physicians wherever he came; who on the slightest intimation, offered their assistance with all cheerfulness, neither expecting nor desiring any other gratuity, than (as one of them once expressed) the prayers of Mr. Walsh. They generally agreed, that his disorder was brought on through excessive labour,—frequent and loud preaching, and intense application to study.

For the benefit of the air, he was taken to Limerick, but being nothing benefited by it, they according to his own inclination and desire, removed him to Dublin; from whence he removed to the palace of the Great King—the Paradise of God.

For some time previous to his departure hence, his state was not indeed joyous, but grievous. He drank of his Lord's cup of sorrow, and was in truth deeply baptized with his baptism. He was immersed in affliction's furnace, and plunged in the deepest waters.

" His flesh chastised, with torturing pain  
His soul, and sickness clave his bones;  
Keen anguish dwelt in every vein,  
And sadly turn'd his breath to moans.



Sorrow was all his soul; he scarce perceiv'd,  
But by the pains he suffer'd, that he liv'd."

He was tempted, and sorely buffeted by the devil. The nature of his disorder expos'd him to a degree of precipitancy and discomposure, which he was more than superior to while in better health. In short, so did the wisdom of God permit, that through the malice of satan, the extreme violence of his disorder, and the concurrence of several other circumstances, this servant of God was brought to the utmost extremity of spiritual distress and anguish, consistently with keeping the faith: inasmuch, that it was but a few degrees removed from despair.

" His agonizing soul sweat blood,  
With Christ he fainted on the tree,  
And cry'd in death, My God, my God,  
Ah! Why hast thou forsaken me."

His great soul lay thus as it were in ruins for some considerable time; and he poured out many a heavy groan from an oppressed heart. This continued till a little time before his complete and eternal deliverance: when the Lord once more shone upon the face of his soul; the beams of heavenly brightness dispersed the clouds, and the smiles of the divine countenance, more than compensated for this night of sorrow. Just as Mr. Walsh was departing, he burst out in transport, and pronounced, in a dying voice, but with the joy of angels! "He is come!—He is come!—My Beloved is mine, and I am his, his for ever!" And thus he sweetly breathed out his soul into the hands of his beloved Saviour, on the 8th of April, 1759, and in the twenty-eighth year of his age.



AN  
ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE  
OF

*Mr. William Thompson.*



HE was born in the county of Fermanagh, in Ireland, in the year 1733; and at a very early period of his life was made a partaker of the saving grace of God. He remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; and in the year 1757, he commenced an Itinerant Methodist Preacher. How long he had preached before he came out to travel I am not able to say; but I presume, from his youth, it was but a short time. He, however, at that time, manifested himself to be possessed of considerable abilities for the work of the Ministry. His soul burned with holy zeal for the honour of God, and the salvation of souls; and his labours were attended with an universal blessing.

It

It appears from the following letter, that Mr. Thompson had left his native land, and was preaching the Gospel in England in the year 1758. It was written to a friend in Ireland, and dated,

Colchester, Dec. 15, 1758.

“ Dear Sir,

“ My voyage was not long, but very troublesome, being exceedingly sick, and exposed to a dangerous storm ; together with an ungodly company : but it pleased God to bring me safe on English ground, on Thursday evening about seven o'clock. In my way to London, I called at a place called Burslem (in Staffordshire), where it pleased God to use me, in uniting twenty-eight persons to the Society ; three or four of whom received the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins : my stay there was only four days. I came to London on Saturday, Nov. 13th, and was kindly received by Mr. Wesley, and my London friends. My soul was greatly blest amongst the people there: surely they are some of the brightest Christians I ever saw : who seem to keep up a close and constant walk with God.”— He adds, “ I have had my Irish friends much upon my mind, both in public and private. May the God of Jacob be your eternal refuge, to your everlasting satisfaction. I hope you and Mrs. T. are going hand in hand to the kingdom of heaven : nothing is so good for you (and indeed for all mankind), as constant attendance upon the ministry of the pure word of God : but this, Sir, without much private prayer, reading, and holy meditation, will not do. They that will go to heaven must be obstinately good, contrary to the desire of the devil, the world, and

and their own hearts. 'Tis wise in us, Moses like, to choose to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season: inasmuch as there is a reward for the righteous, and everlasting peace from the God of their salvation.

I am, dear, Sir, your's,

W. THOMPSON."

About the same time, Mr. Thompson was called to share in the general persecution, which at that time prevailed against the Methodists. England was then engaged in the grand Germanic war:—One time, while Mr. Thompson was preaching, an unruly mob arose, (instigated by the Minister of the parish) and cruelly assaulted him, and several of the principal Methodists; carrying them off in triumph; and taking the people, without any kind of trial, on board a transport, which then lay ready to sail with a fleet of men of war. Mr. Thompson was confined in prison, expecting every hour to be sent on board the transport also, and he was not permitted to see any of his friends. The Parson, and the noble Justice of the Peace, (who, I presume, resided in the same parish) sometimes deigned to visit him, in order to dispute with him on religious subjects.

This outrage, committed against all law and order, coming to the ears of the late Countess of Huntingdon, (of noble and pious memory) she, with some others of considerable respectability, made application to government; by which means Mr. Thompson and the people, were soon set at liberty. An action also was brought against the worthy clergyman, who had like to have paid  
dear

dear for his zeal: for had not Mr. Thompson himself used his utmost endeavours to stop the process, it would probably have proved the ruin of him and his family.

In the year 1760, he laboured in Scotland; and in a letter to a friend, he complains of the little success which attended his ministry in that country.

In the beginning of the year 1764, in Lancashire, he caught a violent cold, by sleeping in a damp bed: (a deadly evil; and yet I fear not sufficiently guarded against, by some who occasionally receive the Preachers, to this day.) This laid the foundation, and was the principal cause of those dreadful spasms in his stomach, which he laboured under for many years; and which in the judgment of some of his friends, occasioned his death.

In 1769, he married, in the city of Edinburgh, but from the indisposition of her mother, Mrs. Thompson could not then travel with him; on which account his labours, for several years, were confined to that kingdom, and the North of England. In the year 1782, the old lady died, and Mr. Thompson from that time laboured mostly in Leeds, Wakefield, Halifax, Manchester, London, and Birmingham.

Mr. Thompson was a man of remarkably strong sense, a fertile genius, a clear understanding, a quick discernment, a retentive memory, and a sound judgment. His mind, naturally endowed with strong parts, was greatly improved by reading and close thinking; so that as a Minister, he was a workman who needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

He

He was supposed by many, to be one of the closest reasoners, and most able speakers that ever sat in the Methodist Conference.

After the death of Mr. Wesley, he took a very active part in the affairs of the connexion ; and the outlines of the present form of government originated principally with him. The Conference shewed in what light they viewed him, by choosing him for their first President, after the decease of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, in the year 1791.

Mr. Thompson, as has been hinted, was for several years afflicted with severe spasms in his stomach ; which increased with his years, and greatly debilitated his whole frame ; and eventually rendered him incapable of fulfilling the duties of his station. He continued, however, to preach, till within a few weeks of his death.

His last appointment was to Manchester, where he laboured as long as he was able ; but at last was constrained to yield. In the month of April 1799, he left his Circuit, and retired to Birmingham, where his eldest daughter had married a person of considerable respectability. There he had the best medical aid which could be procured, and the utmost attention paid him, that filial affection and gratitude could inspire ; but the disease so far prevailed, as to render all exertions fruitless.

He was immediately confined to his room, and, from the nature of his complaint, for some time, he could not lie down in bed. Many of his old friends now visited him, and were witnesses of his extreme sufferings ; and also of the Christian fortitude and patience, with which he bore them. He often said, when exercised with strong pain,

“ O Lord,

“ O Lord, if it be thy will release me from this state of sorrow and affliction ; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.”

One time, Mr. Lacey, (to whom I am indebted for this account) said to him, “ Sir, you will soon go to enjoy the fruit of your many years’ toil and labour, which I trust you have already a foretaste of ?” To which he instantly replied, “ O yes, O yes, blessed be God, I have no fear of dying ; I long to depart, that I may be with Christ : but I must wait his time.” Immediately his poor, feeble frame, seemed quite overcome with the Divine goodness ; and when he had a little recovered himself, he prayed in a most fervent and powerful manner for the whole family.

When his pain subsided a little, he often repeated the following lines :

“ Heaven already is begun,  
Open’d in each believer ;  
Only believe, and still sing on,  
Heaven is ours for ever !”

The last words he was heard to utter were,

“ Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.”

And thus, in full confidence, and a joyful expectation of future glory, he closed his useful life, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and in the forty-second of his itinerant ministry, on the first day of May, in the year 1799.

On the day of his interment, his body was carried into the chapel in Cherry-street, Birmingham, and solemnly laid before the pulpit during the time of service. Mr. Bradburn addressed a  
crowded

crowded audience on the occasion, from the words of David respecting Abner, 2 Sam. iii. 38. "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel." The Preachers in the Birmingham district were the supporters of the pall; and the funeral was attended by the greatest number of people ever remembered, on such an occasion, in Birmingham before. His body was interred in a vault in Saint Mary's Chapel, and a plain tablet erected to his memory on the outside wall of the chapel, with the following laconic inscription.

Sacred  
To the Memory  
of the  
REV. WILLIAM THOMPSON,  
Who departed this life,  
May 1st, 1799,  
Aged 66 years.



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AN

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

OF THE

*Rev. Vincent Perronet.*

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THIS very venerable man was the vicar of Shoreham, in Kent, and is certainly entitled, on various accounts, to a conspicuous place amongst the brightest ornaments of the Christian Church in the last century. For though he was possessed of talents and accomplishments, which would have qualified him to have filled any station with dignity; and his connexions in life were such, that he had good reason to expect considerable preferment; yet as soon as the glorious light of the Gospel visited his mind, he instantly renounced every prospect of temporal advantage, counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. And from that moment he unreservedly devoted himself to the glory of his Redeemer, and the interests of the Church militant.

Many

Many will recollect the manly and exalted nature of his piety, his Christian courtesy, and the cheerfulness and sweetness of his disposition and deportment. And as he was one of the most aged Ministers of Christ in this kingdom, so he was inferior to none, either in the fervor of his spirit, the simplicity of his manners, or the ancient hospitality of the Gospel. At the same time, those who were favored with his friendship, can never forget the delicacy and refinement of his sentiments, and the frankness and generosity of his temper. Qualities which are not to be expected but from great and liberal minds.

If it be inquired, why I presume to class this very excellent man among those who are recorded in these memoirs? I answer, because Mr. Perronet, though not an Itinerant Preacher, was in the closest connexion with the Methodists. He believed, embraced, and defended their doctrines and discipline, both from the pulpit and the press: he entertained the Preachers in his own house, and a room was set apart, where they expounded the scriptures, and called sinners to repentance. An indissoluble union subsisted between him and the Mr. Wesleys, which remained inviolate to the end of their lives.

Mr. Perronet was born in London, Dec. 11th 1693. He was remarkably studious from his infancy, and very early in life desired to devote himself to God in the Ministry. Before he went to the University at Oxford, he spent some time at an academy in the North of England, in a very retired situation, that he might pursue his studies without interruption.

When he was twenty-four years of age, he entered into holy orders, and was appointed to the

curacy of Sundrich, in the county of Kent, which he served about nine years. He was then presented to the vicarage of Shoreham, in the same county, of which place he continued the faithful and laborious Minister upwards of fifty years.

It appears that the Spirit of God had very early visited his mind, and by powerful impressions and awful dreams, had convinced him of sin, righteousness, and of judgment. At that time the light of the Gospel shone very dimly in this country; there were a few secret ones who experienced the power of religion; but in general, these were like the gleanings when the vintage is past: and it does not appear that Mr. Perronet was for many years in the way of those who could direct his views, with respect to the great doctrines of the Gospel.

In the year 1746, he became acquainted with the people called Methodists: he had heard some of the vague reports that were busily circulated to their disadvantage, and had imbibed some degree of prejudice against them; but his prejudices were greatly removed by conversing with a Mr. Watkins (who was in the Methodist connexion), by whom he sent a very friendly invitation to Mr. Wesley and his brother, to visit him.

It pleased God not long before this interview, in the month of May, to call Mr. Perronet to a very severe trial by the death of one of his sons. He died with his heart full of prayer and love, at the age of twenty-two. He was unspeakably happy, and his evidences were bright for heaven. He told his honoured and beloved father on his death-bed, "I have seen glorious things! I cannot tell you now, but I shall hereafter! I am afraid, (said he) that I gave you uneasiness when you saw me in that agony, but I had all the powers

powers of darkness let loose upon me, and you might fear that I did not understand what you said to me in my distress, but I did, and it was a great comfort to me. I have seen my brother Daniel, and my two little sisters, and they are high in glory, and mighty in power! He died crying, Come Lord Jesus, Come quickly!"

The family being thus prepared, in September following, the Lord sent the Methodists to Shoreham.

From the first interview Mr. Perronet had with Mr. Wesley and his brother, all his prejudices vanished away, and he determined "This people shall be my people, and their God my God."

The more Mr. Perronet became acquainted with Mr. Wesley, and his proceedings, and the whole œconomy of the Methodists, the more his admiration was increased, and the more ardently he set himself to promote and defend a plan, so benevolent and useful in its nature, and so manifestly calculated to promote the happiness of mankind, to revive genuine Christianity in the land, and to restore the simplicity and piety of the primitive times.

The influence of those evangelical principles which he had now received, began soon to appear; and his concern for the salvation of his people, was manifested by repeated and earnest exhortations to secure their eternal interests; which he pressed upon them with the utmost fervor and importunity.

Having received the Gospel in its power and purity, he began to think it to be his duty to bear witness to the truth, and to make an open profession of it before the whole world. With this view he published some reflections on the nature of original sin, baptism, regeneration, re-

penitance, the new-birth, faith, justification, christian perfection, (or universal holiness,) and the inspiration of the spirit. These were inscribed to the arch-bishops and bishops of England.

In the year 1763, a regular Society was formed at Shoreham, according to the Methodist plan; the Preachers from that time attended every week, and Mr. Perronet gladly gave them the right hand of fellowship, and afforded them every encouragement.

About the year 1770, the work of God began to revive at Shoreham, and it continued in a prosperous state the remainder of Mr. Perronet's life. The Society, which consisted of sixty or seventy persons, was formed into three Classes, which all met at the same hour in Mr. Perronet's house. He greatly rejoiced in their prosperity, and was indeed gentle among them as a nurse cherisheth her children, tenderly ministering to their spiritual necessities, and supplying their temporal wants to the uttermost of his power.

He continued for many years an example to all around him, of patient diligence in his Master's work, and affectionate zeal for the good of souls. He often said, that he considered it as a singular honor conferred upon him, to be a daily labourer in the Lord's vineyard: Referring, I presume, to his custom of explaining part of the scriptures every morning at five o'clock, (afterwards at seven) to as many as would attend; which he continued to do as long as he was able, to the great comfort of many souls.

He suffered much from increasing age and infirmities; yet he never declined any part of his public work, till the latter end of the year 1778; and from that time till his death, which was upwards of six years, he was never out of his house.

house. During the last five years of his life, he continued to preach a weekly lecture every Sunday evening in his own house, and a peculiar unction commonly attended his word at those seasons.

He was obliged entirely to give up preaching for many months before his death ; and during that time, he was only able to move from his study, to his bed-chamber ; which he continued to do to the last day of his life.

Mr. Wesley mentions the last visit he paid him, in his journal for 1784.

“ Thursday, Dec. 9. At Shoreham we found that venerable man, Mr. Perronet, ninety-one years of age, calmly waiting for the conclusion of a good warfare. His bodily strength is gone, but his understanding is little impaired, and he appears to have more love than ever.”

The winter of 1785, is thought by some to have been one of the severest ever known in England. The severity of the weather very sensibly affected Mr. Perronet, and he began visibly to decline.

Towards the latter end of April, there appeared some reason to hope that he would, in some degree, recover his strength. He seemed better in every respect, and began to resume his studies on the prophetic parts of scripture, which, for some months he had been unable to pursue. During this period, the joy of the Lord was indeed his strength ; and every moment seemed employed in praise and prayer.

On Saturday May 7, 1785, he appeared remarkably cheerful. In the afternoon he desired his grand-daughter to leave him alone. When she returned, she observed an inexpressible sweetness, and animation in his countenance ; he smiled, as she entered the room, while at the same

same time, tears of joy ran down his venerable face! He desired her to peruse the three last chapters of the prophet Isaiah, which he told her he had been reading;—and that he had such a glorious view from them, of the great things the Lord was going to do upon the earth, as had filled him with joy and wonder.

The next day was a Sabbath much to be remembered: the souls of many were particularly watered under the word, and refreshed in the ordinances. Mr. Perronet continued in the same heavenly disposition as on the preceding day. He saw and conversed with several of the people, who came to attend upon the public worship. His bodily pain was gone, and his spirits were unusually lively; so that a general hope prevailed, that his valuable life would have been considerably lengthened. But the Lord's thoughts and designs were far otherwise! That evening when his grand-daughter attended him, as usual, and went to take leave of him for the night, after he was in bed, he began to bless her, in a manner that can never be forgotten, in words nearly as follow:—"The Lord bless you, my dear—and all that belong to you—Yes, he will! I know he will!" These words he repeated many times, and even after she left the room, she heard him continue distinctly to repeat the same words.

Thus was he parted from her in the act of blessing! For the next morning, May 9th, when she entered his chamber, she found the immortal spirit was flown to the Paradise of God.

His remains were interred the Saturday following, May 14th, in the same grave with his beloved wife and daughter, by Mr. Charles Wesley, in the parish church of Shoreham. Mr. Wesley preached his funeral sermon the next day, from Psalm xxxvii. 37. "Mark the perfect man, and behold

behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace."

After Mr. Perronet's decease, some that had no good-will to Zion, began to predict that now the shepherd was gone, the sheep would be scattered : but the Lord has been mindful of them. A pious young man resides there as curate, a small Methodist Society still continues, and the travelling Preachers regularly visit them.

Mr. Perronet (says his biographer) was of a warm and generous disposition, and possessed much cheerfulness and vivacity : after he became experimentally acquainted with the power of the Gospel, he devoted every talent with which he was entrusted, to the service of God, in the most unreserved manner. Simplicity and godly sincerity were the leading traits in his character. He excelled in uncommon resignation to the divine will, which appeared on the most trying occasions. This was the principle which enabled him to persevere in doing all in his power to promote the honor and glory of God, through many and great discouragements ; he well knew that duty belongs to man, and that the event should be left with God. And though the success he ardently wished for, did not follow his labours, yet he continued unwearied in the patience of hope, and confidently believed, that the seed sown, would in due season spring up ; and that the bread cast upon the water, would be found after many days. He was a man of much prayer, and daily continued in supplications and intercessions. He made it a rule to remember great numbers before the throne of grace, as well as the Church of Christ, the nation, and the world at large.

For the last twenty years of his life, he enjoyed deep communion with God ; and such a degree  
of



of fellowship with the Father and the Son, as few christians are favoured with. He lived chiefly in his study, for he loved retirement, and was given to application. His favourite study was the fulfilment of the prophecies, and the coming of Christ's kingdom upon earth. He had large and animating views of the glorious millennium; and believed that it would not be many years before the kingdoms of this world, would indeed become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. —He used frequently to say to those about him, "I shall see those great things out of Paradise; you may live to see them upon earth!" All awful events he heard of, all fresh proofs of the power and mercy of God, he considered as signs of the times, as tokens that the coming of the Lord drew near.

As long as his health permitted, he watched like a faithful shepherd over his flock, warning the careless, visiting the sick, and instructing the ignorant. In the pulpit he was fervent and faithful, and always used great plainness of speech, for he had one end in view, to win souls to Christ. As he had a great command of scripture language, so it was ever the joy of his heart to be publishing the salvation of the Lord to others. To a soul who was thus employed on earth for so many years, the transition to heaven, where Saints are uninterruptedly employed in the service of God, must have been glorious indeed.

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AN

ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

OF

*Mr. Charles Perronet.*

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HE was the son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham. His father was a most affectionate parent to all his children; but the subject of this memoir, is said to have been his favorite son: probably, because of his early piety, uncommon seriousness, and entire devotedness to God.

I am sorry that I am not able to present my readers with a more accurate account of this very extraordinary man: (for such he undoubtedly was.) It is, however, observed, that of his father's numerous family, Mr. Charles Perronet was most distinguished for strength of understanding, feebleness of constitution, and a deep acquaintance with the mysteries pertaining to the  
kingdom

kingdom of God. His experience in the divine life, was of a very extraordinary kind. He drank very deeply into the spirit of holiness, and for some years enjoyed uninterrupted communion with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

I am not able to ascertain the time of his beginning to handle the word of life, and to preach eternal truths to men; but he was a workman that needed not be ashamed; and was greatly owned of God in the work of the Ministry.

In the year 1770, (as has been already noticed in the life of his venerable father) there was a considerable revival of genuine religion at Shoreham; and Mr. Charles Perronet was made a particular instrument of this revival. Some account of which, though imperfect, he has left, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.

As he intended to have published it, had he lived to finish it, he has prefixed a short preface, which I shall make no apology for inserting; also the letter, as they will tend to elucidate the character of this excellent man.

"Those who know," says he, "what Shoreham was, and that consider the nature of the account, will view it as a rich cluster of grapes from a barren wilderness, and glorify the power, that hath done all these things.

"I cannot but consider this narrative as a most remarkable display of the power of God's Spirit; and what is calculated to do much good. To me it appears most eminently, to shew forth his goodness to the children of men.

"In particular, it tends to encourage sinners to return to God; to animate the righteous by the experience of others; to excite labourers to perseverance, though they see no fruit of their labours;

labours ; and to explain one great cause, why the word preached is often unprofitable : even the want of affection, condescension, and private assiduity, which are such indispensable requisites to be joined with public preaching. We who are by office, the chief, are to remember we are last and servants of all, and to be patterns to the flock, of following Jesus, in all meekness and lowliness of heart.

“ It also tends much to the raising our expectation of an outpouring of the Holy Spirit ; that grace which is the promise of the Gospel-day, not for one only, but for all that call upon the name of the Lord.

“ Most earnestly recommending it to the Divine blessing, may all that behold what the Lord hath done, be made partakers of the same mercy, for the sake of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

The letter is dated October 15, 1772.

“ I shall now relate a more particular account of our affairs than you have had before.

“ Our family settled here about five and forty years ago, and have been ever since oppressed by an unjust people. About four and thirty years we were an offence to the place, on account of Religion ; and during the last twenty-six, have been their derision for the sake of Methodism. For this we glorify God. Let them cast out our name as evil. The wicked can profit the righteous only by persecution ! It will make our reward great,—if we are faithful to the end.

“ The plainness and simplicity of the people had been corrupted before our time, by two families that introduced dress and other luxuries.

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“ The first seventeen years of Methodist preaching here, the smallness of the congregation, and the want of the life of religion, made us the derision them that hated us.

“ Things had long borne an unpromising appearance, and all labour seemed to be lost. Then the work revived; and still more so three years afterwards. But the chief increase has been the last three years: and now, every day is bringing greater things to pass.

“ A year ago the offence of the Gospel began to cease, and religion to be honorable: Labour, and supplication, and sorrow, and reproach for Christ's sake, are seed for a Gospel harvest, and spring up when hope fails.

“ Our place contains above an hundred and fifty families, out of these about an hundred and fifty persons attend the word, including a few from other parts, and so intent are they upon hearing, that such as cannot get within, will bear the severity of all weathers without.

“ The heads of the parish begin to come, and others that were the most inveterate; and one and all bear such plainness of speech, that gives hope of fruit in due season. Some that had sat long under the word to no profit, are awakened; backsliders return to the Society, and a low degree of benevolence to the poor begins to appear. Vice hides its head with shame, and those that before made us their derision, now fly at the sight of us.

“ Shoreham has long been the aversion and desire of the neighbouring parishes. Such as loved righteousness thought, that to live in Shoreham was all that could be desired, and  
would

would take any pains to spend, if but a day with us : but the haters of religion shunned it, and cried, " You will make us mad."

" The reformation seen in some of the most notorious is talked of by many. The wicked begin to own that our design must be good, and that the place ought to profit more by the pains that is taken with it. If any seem near their end, their ungodly friends inquire if they are fit to die, and advise them to turn Methodists, as the best thing for dying well : and some who came into great trouble, sent with tears to beg our prayers. Such is the saving efficacy of Jesus; that where his name is preached; it diffuses grace to those who are far from God ; and they that seem not to regard, yet shew they honor righteousness, and learn to be afraid to die in sin.

" Out of three public-houses, two receive us to pray in their families ! Many young children delight in hearing the word, and being privately instructed. The schools, one of boys, the other of girls, have begun prayer, singing hymns, and religious instruction. Instead of their former rudeness to us, the children are in great awe ; and those that can scarce walk, delight to pay respect."—Here the letter abruptly breaks off, which was doubtless intended to have contained other interesting and important intelligence. But it contains enough to evince, that there was a great work of God in Shoreham ; that Mr. Charles Perronet's heart was wholly engaged in that work, while at the same time it demonstrates his great humility, who, though he was the principal instrument, gives not the most distant hint of it throughout the whole

narrative. Suffice it for a good man, that his record is on high, and that his works are known to God!

It pleased the Lord for a long time to exercise this blessed man with affliction, which rendered him incapable of public labour in the vineyard. Mr. Wesley remarks in his journal for 1775. "Thursday, Dec. 14, I returned to Canterbury, and had a long conversation with that extraordinary man, Charles Perronet.—What a mystery of Providence! Why is such a Saint as this, buried alive by continual sickness?"

But though his bodily strength was much weakened by long affliction, yet his soul waxed stronger and stronger in the Lord; and his communion and fellowship with the adorable Trinity increased to such a degree, as it is believed very few had attained to in his day. The following letter, as it describes his walk with God at this season, will, it is believed, be highly pleasing, and truly profitable to the pious reader.

"1. THE answer I gave you before was too concise for the importance of the subject. It is worthy of all our thoughts, demands all our time, and should be the whole pursuit of life, "To know the only true God, and Jesus Christ, is eternal life. He that redeemed us, hath purchased the most perfect grace for all that believe: and with every other gift bestows himself.

"2 Gifts, Graces, Manifestations, are small things without God dwelling in us, and making all we receive to center in himself. The image of God is too divine for less than God to satisfy its wants, or employ its large capacities. Our fall is too great to be repaired by any thing short of indwelling Deity. Nothing can restore

restore the soul, but Jesus descending as Lord of the soul, and actuating the graces he bestows.

“ 3. Our creation was the act of three Divine persons in one undivided Jehovah. So is our Redemption : each undertakes a particular part ; each bestows his gifts and vouchsafes distinct manifestations of the Godhead. Man had at first free admission to God ; yet not without a mediator of Access. All we receive now, is through a mediator of Atonement. Sin separated from God : only by a Mediator could favour be restored. There is no Mediator without equality : Restoration implies that equality ; and equality proves the possibility of restoration. We are sent to the Lord Jesus : the Father gives us to the Son. Thus we draw nigh to God through Jesus Christ. The Son reveals the Father : thus we know God, enjoy his favour, have free access, and become One in the beginning. The whole is by the Father giving the Son to us, and bringing us to the Son. Jesus transacts all with God. And whatever he did on earth, or doth in heaven, is brought into the soul ; we die, rise, live with him, and his Spirit prays in us.

“ 4. The same will it be in Glory. But we are first with Christ in Paradise. Then the Son presents us to the throne of his Father, where we shall behold his face for ever.

“ Our fellowship is with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. We equally adore the Eternal Spirit ; apply to him, with the Father and Son, for Grace, and receive peculiar manifestations from him. He blesses, sanctifies and reveals himself, in them that come unto God through Jesus Christ.



“ 5. Each Divine Person vouchsafes to bear a peculiar relation to us, assumes a peculiar character, and acts a distinct part in our redemption. God is undivided in his Essence, but distinct in Personality: and what in one part of Scripture is inscribed to the undivided Godhead, is in other parts ascribed separately to each person. The Son sends forth Grace, which implies the whole of our Redemption, Pardon, and Holiness; all purchased favour. The Father sheds abroad his Love, opposite to the wrath which is due to disobedience. The Spirit vouchsafes Communion, which through his agency we receive with the Father and Son. And this Communion is opposed to separation from God.

“ 6. So in future Glory, God is eternally One; but each Person will communicate a peculiar part of our joy. Yet, whether in this or the world to come, whatever is the act of one, is the act of the whole Trinity. The Son can do nothing of himself, because of his perfect unity with the Father: and the Father and Spirit do whatever the Son doth, because of an undivided essence.

“ 7. Under the old Covenant, God appeared distant and more severe: in the new he draws nigh, and is more benign. In the Old, God is most spoken of: in the new Christ. In the former dispensation, Christ is peculiarly considered as a Governor: in the latter, as an Advocate and Atonement. This the apostle has an eye to, when he ranges the General Assembly. First, and remotest from God, are the myriads of Angels; then the Church of the first-born, the Old Testament saints who are nearer. These he places before God as a Judge; last the spirits of just men made perfect, by the bringing in of  
a better

a better hope, the Gospel-dispensation. These he gives to Jesus, as a Saviour, Mediator, and Sacrifice. Thus the order of the united host is preserved, and the climax raised as high as it can go, God dying to redeem.

“8. It is undeniable, there is One spoken of in the Old and New Testament, called Jehovah of Sabbaoth; and all that the most High God is or doth is ascribed to him. It is certain he is described as acting subordinately, and at the will of another. And it is as certain there can be but one Jehovah, and that Jehovah can be no less than himself. Infinity admits of no degrees or multiplicity. It is One: it is Equality: the least inferiority makes the distance infinite. But he that ascended, first descended. He descended into the lower parts of the earth (a term for human conception) he came down from heaven: yet, as God, he was in heaven while on earth. He came not to do his own will. But the Divine Nature could do no other will: nor be sent; nor serve; nor be other than equal, undivided Jehovah. Therefore the nature spoken of is the created existence of him who is Jehovah, “the beginning of the creation of God; by whom God created all things; who appeared to the fathers; led Israel through the wilderness; was manifested in the flesh,” died, ascended, and will judge the world.

“9. When I first sought the Lord, I found no intercourse open with him, though his Spirit daily changed my heart, and drew me from all outward things, to seek my all in Uncreated Good. The first six months I was refreshed by various influences of grace, which drew me after heavenly things, but discovered nothing of him from whom they came. I was all desire,  
all

all fervour ; and on the stretch for divine communications, as one dead to all below. Outward things could not allure me, because I had renounced them, and devoted myself to the Love of Christ. But it was not till after much joy and sorrow, that I knew the mighty All, for whose sake all was and is, the first eternal spring of all things, in whom they begin and end.

“ 10. After this, I was three months in deep distress, through the loss of those meltings of heart, of that light and joy, and power to approach God in prayer. Then Christ restored the graces I had possessed with double increase, and the revelation of himself. The grace I received came now with Jesus Christ himself in so clear a manifestation, that from what I daily experienced, I could have preached him to all the world. If I had never heard the name of Christ, I could have declared him to be God and Man, and the Mediator between both.

“ 11. Now I sought Grace ; but Jesus above Grace, and all that could be imparted. Whatever help or strength I obtained, it seemed a small thing if he came not with what he bestowed. The Son of God was now my refuge from every storm ; my friend, my hiding place on all occasions. I talked with him ; he seemed to look upon me with precious smiles ; became my delightful abode ; gave me promises, and made all my existence glory in himself, fixing all my desires upon his Love, and the glorious display of his own person. I could relish only Jesus : to have been a moment with him, I would have given up all besides. I was so engaged with Christ, that the thought how he had been despised while on earth, drowned

drowned my eyes in tears: and the thought, that now he possessed all fulness, so satisfied my largest desires, that I had no choice, whether to exist or not: whatever was myself, was no more. It seemed to make no part of my Happiness. All centered in Jesus, and him alone.

“12. Before I experienced this, I had never known that prayer was offered up to Christ, but only in his name. But now all my cry was to him, as he was the only person of the Godhead I beheld. At first he discovered himself as the Holy Lord, and Ruler over his Redeemed: then as a Father of his adopted Children, a Friend, an intimate and condescending Companion: last of all, as the Spouse of his Church, of all Believers; which character exceeded every other. Every manifestation more abundantly knit my heart to himself, his word, and commandments. I could truly say, “How dear are thy counsels to me, oh God! All my study is in thy commandments.”

“The Scripture displays the relation God stands in to his people, in a multitude of sacred characters. Some of these relate to this world; some to the other: but all prove diversity of experience; and that one star differeth from another, both in grace and glory.

“13. Just after my uniting with the Methodists, the Father was revealed to me; and soon after, the whole Trinity: I beheld the distinct Persons of the Godhead; and worshipped one undivided Jehovah, and each person separately. After this, I often had equal intercourse with Christ and with the Father: afterward, with the Spirit also. But after four years, my usual Communion

munion was with Christ only : though at times, with the Father likewise ; and not wholly without the Spirit. Of late I have found the same access to the Triune God. When I approach Jesus, the Father and Spirit commune with me ; but not in the degree as before. Whatever I receive now, centers in taking leave of Earth, and hastening to another place. I am as one that is no more. I stand and look back on what God has done ; his calls, helps, mercies, deliverances ; and adore and devote myself with new ardour.

“ 14. In speaking of these things, it is hard to find utterance. And human weakness, intermixing much of Imagination, causes the Truth to be rejected. If it be asked, “ In what manner I beheld the triune God ? ” I answer, It is above all description : it differs so much from what is human. Who can describe light, so as to make him understand that has never seen it ? And he that has thus seen God, can no more describe what he has seen, than he that hath not. In two of these Divine Interviews, the Father spake, while I was in agony of prayer for perfect conformity to himself ; twice more, when I was in the depth of sorrow ; and each time, in scripture words.

“ 15. The manifestations of the Patriarchs were Outward, and therefore admitted of being described. But what I relate was not Outward : it was not any External Vision : it was not what we commonly call Faith : it was not an impression upon my mind, but different from all. While the soul is under the power of Faith, the person of Christ is often presented to the imagination. But what I speak was not this ; rather I suppose, it was a similitude of what is seen in Eternity. But still only a similitude : for while we are in the

the body, all the operations of God's Spirit are wrought upon our body and spirit inseparably conjoined. We are now composed of a material and immaterial part: and nothing can possibly act upon one, without affecting both. But by and by we shall be, for a season, pure Spirit: afterwards joined to a spiritual body, so totally different from this corruptible body, that what we then perceive will be different from all we perceive now.

"16. It may be asked, "Was the Appearance glorious?" It was all divine: it was glory, I had no conception of: it was God. The first time the Glory of him I saw, reached even to me: I was overwhelmed with it, body and soul, penetrated through with the rays of Deity.

"But was it light?" It was not brightness, more than darkness. Our common acceptation of Glory above, is that of something glittering, and something that is our own. But here are two mistakes: 1. We do not consider the difference between this and the other world. To us, That is excellent which is bright and shining: but what is excellent to them, is of a kind, which hitherto we have no conception of. 2. We imagine Glory to be something that is our own; whereas it is all things centering in God. Separate from him, there is nothing glorious: spotless souls would loath themselves, and their grace and glory, could it be possessed out of God. But there, he is the first and the last, the mighty All. All things are by him, and all things are to him; flowing back to their first rise, and resting in him as their eternal Center. There the clamour of self-seeking and self-complacency ceases,  
or

or it would not be Heaven. We only know, that God is : and he, being what he is, is our All.

“ 17. In consequence of this, I could never rest in Grace absent from God. After I had beheld him, nothing but his presence could suffice. This wrought in me much thankfulness, that the darkness of the Mosaic Dispensation is past ; that the true light shines on us, and we are admitted within the veil, to see what many prophets and righteous men could not. The feeble now exceed in communion with God, the chief under the old covenant : and the least in the Gospel State enjoy more of the Divine Nature, than the greatest before Christ came. It also caused me to give up all thoughts of an Heaven, that was not God himself above all things, and all things in him : his presence making the blessedness of the outward Mansion prepared for us.

“ 18. Though it doth not appear what we shall be, yet the things of earth are patterns of things, above. Whatever is now, will be hereafter, only existing in a different mode. And that which we were in our first creation, the same will remain for ever. Man is compounded of body and soul ; and will be so to eternity. He has now many faculties and capacities ; and so he will have hereafter. And this diversity of powers, requires diversity of employment. The outward man was formed for the outward things, which God displayed in the creation. But all blessedness lies in union with his Spirit : here is the rise and center of all Enjoyment, the Channel through which all descends, and what alone constitutes Heaven. Whether on Earth or in Heaven, we derive nothing from God separate from

from himself : but by being one Spirit with him, we receive the Gift through union with the Giver.

“ 19. Our Understanding rises higher than the senses, contemplating the Works and the Attributes of God. But the soul has capacities higher than this ; Capacities of admitting an immediate intercourse with God. Here, indeed, human language fails. But, if I may be allowed the expression, this Part of the Soul cannot stoop to any thing less than Union with God. The Understanding, meantime, can rise no higher, than to contemplate his perfections : and the Senses can rise no higher than to be employed in remote, indirect participations of God, through those outward things which are so many vehicles to convey the knowledge of God, by the manifestation of his power, wisdom, and goodness in these his lowest works.

“ 20. Let it not be conceived from any thing which has been said, That the soul possesses God’s incommunicable Essence, or enters into that Union, by which the Three are One Jehovah : or that through the grace of the Lord Jesus, we partake of the Divine Nature in the same manner that God exists in himself. The former is the error of Jacob Behmen, and Mr. Law ; the latter of such spiritual writers as Arndt. All that God is, is incommunicable and incomprehensible. Therefore, we cannot partake of the least degree : no, nor conceive what it is. Only it is something divine, which bears a correspondence with the perfection of the divine nature. And our Redemption is a restoration by being united to Christ, not as the Father and Son are united, but as branches in a vine.

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“ 21. But



“ 21. But as we were made for externals as well as internals, and for intercourse with creatures as well as the Creator, one alone does not complete our happiness, without both : only this difference : Immediate participation with God exceeds what is received through the medium of creatures ; and himself dwelling in us is more than all outward displays of his Divinity.

“ 22. When Adam was formed, it was in the likeness of God. First, A divine resemblance of God in his natural and moral Perfections. His similitude in the natural is the ground of it in his moral Perfections. Whatever Wisdom and Power is in God, we have something correspondent therewith in ourselves. Again : as Truth, Justice, and Mercy are in God, so there is the similitude of them in us. What God really is, we have no direct perception of, and can receive no real communication of. But by looking into ourselves, we know the same must be in God, only in a manner suitable to his infinite nature, and infinitely differing from ourselves, in kind as well as in degree.

“ Secondly, The Divine Image we were formed in, was the nature of the created existence of Christ ; as he is the beginning of the creation of God. We are not of the nature of angels ; but of Christ in his finite existence. This made the Church capable of being his Spouse.

“ This image consisted, thirdly in man's being the Vice-God, or head of the creation. Let them have dominion, said God, over all the Earth.

“ 23. Paradise was an early resemblance of the glorious place of God's abode. Adam took possession of it, and was set to dress and keep the garden

garden. But as Paradise must have been a large place, and as God's Vice-gerent must have had no employ unfit for a divine station, his office must have promoted, not hindered the design, of his being created in the likeness of God. To keep the garden was to preserve it in the order wherein God had planted it. To have made this the work of his hands : would have been sinking him into earth : something like the toil allotted to him, after his transgression. Neither could the hands of one man have dressed such a garden : nor does it seem to have been a work, that hands could have any part in.

" 24. Adam was endued with intuitive discernment. Reason was beneath him, and was the serpent's prerogative ; bearing the same proportion to Adam's knowledge, as groping in the dark does to walking in the clear light. By his authority he gave names to all creatures, and, by his intuitive discernment, he suited the name to something peculiar in the nature of each.

" 25. The Creation seems to be hieroglyphical, portraying the Creator. All that which affected the outward senses, was emblematic of some attribute of God, and a vehicle to convey a delightful communication of it : so that through the creatures the Creator was conveyed, and man made to center in God.

" 26. His supreme joy consisted in direct intercourse with God : the next in contemplating his Excellencies : the lowest, in what he beheld of the outward manifestation of God, or tasted in the hieroglyphic garden in converse with Eve, and exercising his office of ruling over the creation. These completed his joy, and were the type of what he was to enjoy more perfectly above.

“ 27. Hereafter the soul is to enjoy the fulness of God, and to dwell in his immediate presence, having abilities to contemplate his excellencies, and by means of the resurrection-body, to enjoy the local Heaven, and the fellowship of the Saints. These conjointly will complete the joy, which no one of them alone would do.

“ 28. What the resurrection-body is, and what its capacities are, we know not. But we know its powers will be amazing: and these employments equal and suitable to them. And both the body and all its offices are subservient to the soul's receiving its full happiness.

“ The house not made with hands is all divine. The City “ has the glory of God, and her light is like a jasper stone, clear as chrystal. The wall is of jasper, the city of pure gold.” The gates have angels for ever and ever attending on the favoured inhabitants: and each is said to be made of one pearl, to shew that the work was beyond estimation. God and the Lamb dwell in the city, and are the light and temple thereof. The light and walls are jasper, to which he that sitteth on the throne is compared. The light of the city enters not in, but flows out on those that are not holy enough to enter. Nevertheless, they walk in the light of it, as the inhabitants of its suburbs.

“ 29. The same may be said of grace as of glory. Many are so engaged with outward things, that though they are spiritually employed, yet their dwelling is not within the city, but in the distant light of it. I long for better things for you: and with you to be engaged in securing to yourself a place, where God and the Lamb dwell for ever!

“ 30. In

"30. In the internal heaven is God the Spirit, under the emblem of pure water; termed a river, for its abundance; proceeding out of the Throne: The experiences of grace below, are from the Father and the Son. And the enjoyment of glory will be from God and the Lamb, and from the Throne. A throne is the highest glory of kings: and to reign is the highest office, and the most active part of kingly greatness. This we shall possess with Jesus, as co-heirs of his kingdom. For as one experience of grace, so does one manifestation of glory differ from another. And that which proceeds from the throne is the highest that is communicable. This is from the Father and the Son, in glorious, eternal fellowship, through the Spirit of one undivided Jehovah. There is no curse, but all is now as if God had never been offended: no sin, sorrow, grave; but the beatific vision, and immediate access to it.

"31. The Throne of God and the Lamb is in the city. So the place out of which the living waters issue, is itself their abode. They see his face; which implies access, and a nature capable of knowledge, fellowship, and union, with him we behold. His name is on their foreheads; his nature in their essence, and appearing in their countenance. On this is founded the possession of all they enjoy.

"32. In our state of probation, God was our center: yet not so fully, but there were appetites as well as capacities for other things. In heaven he is so our center, that there remains no appetite, no capacity for any thing but God; therefore no possibility of falling: not that the place makes us immutable, neither our holiness: but

when God engages his omnipotence on our behalf, that is our immutability.

“33. Many are the hinderances of our communion, at least of our full communion with the Father and Son; unobserved sloth, secret unfaithfulness to the grace we have received: not perhaps doing what God forbids, but omitting to do what he requires. Hereby a dying insensibility steals upon us, and our garment is destroyed before we find it is hurt. It is hurt by our not pressing near, but being content to live at a distance from God: by our ceasing to watch; or to strive by our thrusting away the cross, or neglecting to bring forth fruit meet for repentance. If we fall we do not rise instantly, and fly to be reconciled to the Son. When his wrath is kindled but a little, then we might draw near; but we keep off, till our heart is hardened.

“34. Some lose all their communion with God at once; but most by slow degrees. They do not add the graces of the gospel to faith, and so gradually lose their spiritual sight, forgetting that the design of grace is to purify nature, and that all is vanity but the love of Jesus. Hence they indulge themselves in the common things of life, as food and dress. They allow themselves all they like, add only sacrifice the offals to God. Can these retain communion with him? How few will make themselves poor with Christ, and share poverty with his members? So God cannot deal bountifully with them, because they are straitened in their own bowels.

“35. Other hinderances are: we do not humble ourselves as little children. We do not bear, yea, in a sense, submit to the froward, giving place

place unto wrath. We do not study to improve by the daily cross: we do not see the need and the use of it.

“ We do not behave to those under us with proper mildness, and as considering the greatest among us is to be least. We do not see the good of being of no reputation, of being despised and rejected of men. Nay, perhaps there is a grosser hinderance. We are not exactly temperate. Even in the advanced stages of grace, this may be the case. When nature is decayed by age or trials, then we endeavour to repair it by drink. Nay, let Christ be our cordial. Be content with him, and let him do what seemeth him good.

“ 36. In the beginning of my conversion, I was much led by divine impressions in sleep. Some warned me of temptation or sin; some of approaching affliction: others quickened me in the way, or comforted me through hope of seeing the promises fulfilled. When my experience was least, I had most of these; but they were never wholly withdrawn.

“ I seemed in my sleep to be often with Christ. I carried him an infant in my arms. I heard him speak. I walked with him, and saw him work miracles. I helped to support him in his agony: saw him crucified, and was crucified with him. I saw the approaches of the last day, and waited the trumpet's sound. Another time we all stood before Jesus. I cried in an agony to be made fit. I was made so, and rejoiced.

“ 37. In September, 1761, I returned from the West to Brentford. One for whom I had been sorrowing for years, had greatly sinned in that place;

place ; and I knew it not. I dreamed, and saw a glorious building. None might enter into it that were not holy. At my first going in, I saw many looking one way, and attending to one thing. I looked the same way, and saw our Lord surrounded by a smaller company. I went near ; but there was a partition that encircled them, and none might go in that had not on white robes. Christ Jesus was speaking. I got near him, and asked, " Where I was to be ? " He pointed near to his feet. Immediately a door opened, and a white robe covered me. I went in and fell at his feet ; and in an agony of prayer for that man, awoke.

" 38. Now seek ye the Lord ! And all ye that love him, see that ye hate the thing that is evil. All that have communion with him, follow righteousness : ye that are Jesus's sheep, hear his voice ! He calls you to die with him, to rise, and to live for ever ! O, let us devote body and soul to him ! And let us part from all that is unlike the Resurrection-life of both the outward and inward man ! Be willing to suffer, that ye may reign ; and patiently overcome, that ye may inherit all things.

" CHARLES PERRONET."

Shoreham, May 1772.

We shall not wonder to hear that a man of such deep acquaintance with God, and of such entire devotedness to his service, should make a glorious and triumphant end. " Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace."

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The Rev. Mr. Perronet, his venerable father, says, "My dear Charles, after wearing out a weakly constitution, in the most unwearied endeavours to bring many to Christ, breathed out his pious soul in those remarkable words of his dear Lord, "Father, into thy hands I commend "my spirit." May all he has left behind, follow on through grace to glory!"

But the following account of the death of this good man (though as he calls it, imperfect) is given by Mr. Charles Boone. He says, "I arrived here (Canterbury) just time enough to attend the funeral of our dear friend, Mr. Charles Perronet, who died on Monday, August 12, 1776, about seven o'clock in the morning.

"It may afford matter of joy to many, to give a little account of his experience some time before his departure. It is well known that he had been long subject to great affliction; but his afflictions increased with his years. In April last, God laid his hand sorely upon him, and caused him to pass through the fire of a burning fever. This left him very little use of his limbs, and in a very weak state of body. But the strength and vigour of his soul, were such as I never saw before. All his expressions were those of a soul lost and swallowed up in God. Oft have I sat with pleasure and astonishment to hear him repeat what God had done for his soul. He often told me, 'This affliction is the best I ever had. God has revealed to me his power, his love, and excellence, in so great a measure, that no tongue is able to express it.' He then broke out into such glorious descriptions of the worth, the merit, the preciousness of Christ, as I never heard before. He frequently repeated,



repeated, 'I have uninterrupted fellowship with God; and Christ is all, and in all, to me.' A variety of equally strong expressions were continually dropping from his lips. He was a living and dying witness of the blessed doctrine he always defended, I mean, entire Sanctification. About a week before he died, he told several friends, (and among the rest his brother, Mr. Edward Perronet) that God had given him an entire new nature; that he felt nothing contrary to the will of God, nothing contrary to holiness. 'God (said he) has purged me from all my dross, —all is done away: I am all love!'

A particular friend asked him, "How was this work wrought in you?" He replied, 'You know God has long been at work with me in a peculiar way, but the work I am now speaking of was wrought in one moment. I was pouring out my soul to God, that he would give me a full meetness for himself. He answered my request, and gave what I desired.'" From that moment he lived, he spoke, he appeared as in eternity. And it was remarkable that though he suffered much in life, he suffered nothing in death. As he was easy the day before he died, so he was the morning before he departed. He changed in a moment, and had just time to say, 'I am dying: into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.'

### HIS EPITAPH.

Here lies, who late a living emblem lay  
Of human greatness in a tent of clay;  
A pilgrim, wandering through this desert, wild;  
Weak as a reed, and helpless as a child:  
Whose strengthen'd arm by faith untaught to yield,  
Oft foil'd the tempter, and maintain'd the field.

In wars without, in warring fears within,  
He conquer'd terror, as he conquer'd sin ;  
Look'd from himself to Him, whose potent breath  
Can light up darkness, or extinguish death :  
Dart from his eye destruction on the foe,  
And make hell tremble as she hears the blow  
He look'd, and found what all who look receive,  
Strength to resist and virtue to believe ;  
Meek to endure and suffer from his God  
The tender chast'nings of a Father's rod :  
While thus corrected, as by pain refin'd,  
His spirit groan'd to leave its dross behind :  
The dross is left—no more his spirit mourns,  
But spreads her wings and to her Ark returns :  
Great Ark of rest—the sufferer's bright abode ;  
The Arms of Jesus, and the Ark of God.

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THE  
EXPERIENCE  
OF  
*Mr. Thomas Olivers.*

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*In a Letter to the Rev. Mr. John Wesley.*

I WAS born at a village, called Tregonan, in Montgomeryshire, in 1725. My father died in December 1729. My mother was so afflicted on account of his death, that she died of a broken heart in March following; leaving me and another son, not two years old, behind her. My mother's father, Mr. Richard Humphries, took care of my brother, and, when he died, left him to the care of his eldest son.

My father's uncle, a man of property, took care of me while he lived; and when he died, left me a small fortune; ordering in his will, that the interest of it should be employed in bringing me up, and that I should receive the principal when I came of age.

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The person to whose care he left me, was, Mrs. Elizabeth Tudor, eldest daughter to his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Tudor, an eminent farmer, in the parish of Fordon, in the same county. And as she was unmarried, she committed me to her father's care, in whose house I was boarded till I was eighteen years of age.

As soon as I was capable, I was sent to school, where I received such learning as was thought necessary. And as to religion, I was taught to say my prayers, morning and evening; to repeat my catechism; to sing psalms; and to go to church, in general, twice every sabbath-day.

But my carnal mind soon discovered itself, by prompting me, not only to a great variety of childish follies, but also to a multitude of heinous sins; particularly lying, and taking the name of God in vain. In these I was confirmed by the examples of all about me: for, with grief I mention it, I knew not so much as a single person, (except an old man or two, whom we all supposed to be crazy) who made any scruple of these, or of various other acts of wickedness. There was one man in the parish who exceeded all the rest in cursing, swearing, and horrid blasphemies. This hellish art he studied with all his might. His custom was to compound twenty or thirty different expressions, to make one long and horrid oath! I never heard of any telling him he did wrong; but many laughed at him, and admired his cleverness: and some even strove to imitate him. Among the rest, I was one; and so apt a scholar was I, in these diabolical practices, that, before I was fifteen years of age, I vied with my infernal instructor. So that on this, and on various other accounts, I was ge-

nerally reckoned the worst boy who had been in those parts, for the last twenty or thirty years.

At eighteen years of age I was bound apprentice : but by this time I was become so idle, that I did not half learn my business. Dancing and keeping company, engrossed my whole soul ; and was it not for some small restraints, they would have employed my whole time. Accordingly, the very first day I was at full liberty, I gave scope to my inclinations to such a degree, that, out of sixteen nights and days, I was fifteen of them without ever being in bed.

For four or five years, I was greatly entangled with a farmer's daughter, whose sister was married to Sir I. P. of N—wt—n, in the county. What

“ Strange reverse of human fates ! ”

For one sister was wooed by, and married to a baronet, who was esteemed one of the finest men in the country. When she died, Sir I. was almost distracted. Presently after her funeral, he published an elegy on her of a thousand verses ! For some time he daily visited her in her vault, and at last took her up, and kept her in his bed-chamber for several years.

On the other hand, her sister, who was but little inferior in person, fell into the hands of a most insignificant young man, who was a means of driving her almost to an untimely end. I cannot omit giving some intimation of this particular, seeing it is that which lay heaviest on my mind, both before and after my conversion ; and which, to this day, I remember with peculiar shame and sorrow. However, God, who often  
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brings good out of evil, made it a means (though a remote one) of my conversion.

For such was the clamour of the people, and the uneasiness of my own mind, that I determined to leave the country. Accordingly I set off for Shrewsbury. Here I continued for some time; and among various things which I have much reason to be ashamed of, I went one night to the Methodist meeting, and, out of mere wantonness, made use of some very indecent language as I came out. From Shrewsbury, I went into a country village, about three miles from the town. Here I was greatly reduced in my circumstances: my conscience also stared me dreadfully in the face, as it had frequently done on many former occasions. I thought, I live a most wretched life! If I do not repent and forsake my sins, I shall certainly be damned: I wish I could repent and forsake them: If I could but hate them, as well as I love them, I should then be able to lay them aside; but till then I despair of doing it. For I have always gone to church; I have frequently prayed and resolved against my evil practices; and yet I cannot leave them. I then thought, I will receive the sacrament, and try what that will do. Accordingly, I borrowed a Week's Preparation, and went through it regularly, reading on my knees the meditations and prayers for each day. On Sunday I went to the Lord's table, and spent the following week in going over the second part of the book, in the same manner I had done the first. For this fortnight I kept tolerably clear of sin: but when it was over, I returned the book with many thanks, and then returned to my former practices.

From hence I went to Wrexham. I had not been here long, before I was taken ill of a violent fever, of which most people expected me to die. As it was known, that I had little or no money, a Methodist (Mr. John Memis, now Dr. Memis of Aberdeen, who was then a journeyman to an apothecary in the town) visited me without fee or reward; and I believe, under God, saved my life.

When I was got out of danger, I found great thankfulness to God for sparing me. And as soon as I was able I went to church twice every day, and read books of devotion at home; and frequently wept bitterly over what I read or heard: for I saw very clearly, that if I had died at that time, I should certainly have gone to hell. I therefore again resolved to forsake my sins, and to become a new man.

But before I was fully recovered, my resolutions vanished away, and I returned to my former practices. Accordingly, being one day at the house of one Mr. Jones, who was then a Methodist, I swore by my Maker! Mr. J. said, "Young man, what pity is it that you, who are so lately brought back from the borders of the grave, should already curse and swear!" I bowed, and thanked him for his seasonable reproof, and esteemed him ever after. Several times I followed him to and from the church; listening, with great attention, to what passed about religion between him and others. At last I got him by himself, and asked him many questions concerning the way to heaven. When we came near his house, I asked, How do you intend to spend the remainder of this sabbath? He answered, "In reading, meditation, prayer,  
" and

“ and singing of hymns and psalms.” When he was gone a little way from me, I turned about to look at him, and thought, This is an odd man indeed ! However, I wish I was like him ; but, at present, I cannot spend my sabbaths without mirth and pleasure. I therefore gave up my acquaintance with him, and soon became as wicked as ever.

Not long after, a young man and I, after committing an act of arch-villainy, agreed to leave the country together. Accordingly, we set off about one in the morning ; he leaving his apprenticeship, and I several debts, behind us. About one o'clock the next day we got to Shrewsbury. While we were in the public-house, my companion began to curse and swear at a Welch Methodist, who sat quietly in the chimney-corner. On this I cursed my companion, and said, What is that to you, suppose he be a Methodist ? The poor man is quiet, and does not affront us ; therefore you are a scoundrel for affronting him.

The next day we got to Bridgenorth, and put up at a public-house, the landlady of which was a Methodist ; which we soon discovered by her conversation. We winked at each other, put on very grave looks, and asked, if there were any more Methodists in that town ? She answered, “ I thank God there are a few.” We continued our affected gravity all that evening, and the next morning, while we were in her house. But when we were got a little way out of town, we laughed, and held our sides, and cursed and swore till we were quite weary ; because she thanked God, that there were such wretches in the town !



After some days we got to Bristol. I had not been long in that city, before I went to lodge with one who had been a Methodist; but was now, at times, a slave to drunkenness. His wife too had once been a religious woman; but was now eaten up with the cares of the world. There was also a lukewarm Moravian in the house. With these I had various disputes, particularly about election; which I could never believe. One day the Moravian and I quarrelled so highly, that he struck me; and as he was a tall, lusty man, I knew I should have no chance in fighting him. However, for a whole hour, I cursed and swore in such a manner as I never heard before or since. Indeed, such a habit of horrid swearing had I acquired, that though I saw it was dreadfully wrong, and, at times, wished and laboured to break it off; yet, on the smallest occasion, I was carried away, as by a mighty torrent: yea, I daily and hourly did it without any provocation at all; and frequently not knowing what I did. The poor, drunken apostate was often so shocked, that one time he said, "I wish you were out of my house; for you are such a horrid swearer, I cannot bear you."

As I was going along one night, I met a multitude of people, and asked one of them, where they had been. She answered, "To hear Mr. Whitefield." She also told me, He was to preach the next night. I thought, I have often heard of Mr. Whitefield, and have sung songs about him; I will go and hear what he has to say. Accordingly, I went the next evening, but was too late. The following evening I was determined to be in time; accordingly I went near three hours before

before the time. When the service began, I did little but look about me ; but on seeing the tears trickle down the cheeks of some who stood near me, I became more attentive.

The text was, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" When this sermon began, I was certainly a dreadful enemy to God, and to all that is good ; and one of the most profligate and abandoned young men living : but by the time it was ended, I was become a new creature : for, in the first place, I was deeply convinced of the great goodness of God towards me all my life ; particularly, in that he had given his Son to die for me. I had also a far clearer view of all my sins ; particularly, my base ingratitude towards him. These discoveries quite broke my heart, and caused showers of tears to trickle down my cheeks. I was likewise filled with an utter abhorrence of my evil ways, and was much ashamed that ever I had walked in them. And as my heart was thus turned from all evil, so it was powerfully inclined to all that is good. It is not easy to express what strong desires I had for God and his service ; and what resolutions I had to seek and serve him in future ; in consequence of which, I broke off all my evil practices, and forsook all my wicked and foolish companions, without delay ; and gave myself up to God and his service with my whole heart. O, what reason have I to say, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

When I returned to my lodgings, the people saw that something had befallen me, but could not imagine what it was. They were greatly astonished the following days, on seeing me weep almost incessantly. They first judged that I had  
lost

lost some near relation : but when I told them I had not, they judged it to be some disappointment in love. At last they found, it was a concern for religion which so deeply affected me. When they put it to me, I frankly told them the whole matter : and, though the best of them was but half-hearted in religion, yet they all rejoiced at the mighty change they saw in me.

The first Sunday after I was awakened, I went to the cathedral at six in the morning. When the *Te Deum* was read, I felt as if I had done with earth, and was praising God before his throne ! No words can set forth the joy, the rapture, the awe and reverence I felt. At eight I went to hear Mr. Whitefield : at ten I went to Christ-Church. When the invitation to the Lord's Supper, which was to be administered the next Sunday, was read, it pierced my very heart, and caused me to weep bitterly : at the same time I determined, at all events, to partake of it. I went to church again at two in the afternoon : at five I again heard Mr. Whitefield, and concluded the public Worship of that day at an Anabaptist-meeting. Thus though I had spent the whole Friday before in the works of the devil ; now, partly by hearing the word, and partly by reading, meditation, and abundance of private prayer, I spent the whole of this day in acts of most fervent devotion.

The next day I bought a Week's preparation, which for a long time I read on my knees, both by day and by night. This and the Bible were far more precious to me than rubies ; and God only knows how often I bedewed them with my tears : especially those parts of them which spake of the love or sufferings of Christ.

As to secret prayer I was for some time, almost continually on my knees. By this means I soon grew lame on one knee, and went about limping: in a short time my other knee failed, so that it was with difficulty I walked at all. And so earnest was I, that I used by the hour together, to wrestle, with all the might of my body and soul, till I almost expected to die on the spot. What, with bitter cries (unheard by any but God and myself) together with torrents of tears, which were almost continually trickling down my cheeks, my throat was often dried up, as David says, and my eyes literally failed, while I waited for God.

As I had just before been so notoriously abandoned, none of my carnal acquaintance had much objection to my reformation: only some of them thought I carried matters too far. One said, "You may repent of your sins, without so much weeping, and without walking the streets with your hat slouched about your ears." The young man who came with me from Wrexham, lay near my heart. Whenever he came in my way, I used to reason with him about the necessity of repentance. I would entreat him with all the love and tenderness my soul was capable of: and while I was doing it, I sometimes seemed as if I could weep my life away over him: but though he took it in good part, I could not prevail on him to leave his sins, and to walk with me in the way to heaven.

The love I had for Mr. Whitefield was inexpressible. I used to follow him as he walked the streets, and could scarce refrain from kissing the very prints of his feet. And as to the  
people

people of God, I dearly loved to be with them, and wished to be a member of their society ; but knew not how to accomplish it : at last I ventured to mention it to one of Mr. Whitefield's preachers ; but he discouraged me ; and therefore I was obliged to give it up.

After three or four months I left Bristol, and went to Bradford in Wiltshire. As I went, I fell in company with some who were going thither, and asked if there were any Methodists in Bradford ? and on their telling me there were, I rejoiced exceedingly. When I had got to Bradford, I soon found out the place of preaching, and embraced the first opportunity of hearing the word ; and so constant was I therein, that for two years, I believe, I did not omit a single sermon, either late or early. I also heard with deep attention ; and, in general, with many tears. And this I did, wherever I heard the word preached, whether at church, or elsewhere.

As to the people of God in this place, I loved them as dearly as I did those I had left in Bristol ; and longed to be united with them in Christian fellowship, but knew not how. When the public preaching was over on a Sunday evening, and I, along with the multitude, was shut out from the Society, I used to go into the field at the back of the preaching-house, and listen while they sang the praises of God. I would then weep bitterly at the thought, That God's people were there, praising his name together, while I, a poor and wretched fugitive, was not permitted to be among them. I would then look upon the house and think, Under that blessed roof, the servants of God are now assembled : but I alas, a foolish virgin, am shut out ! and then I would  
weep

weep again, as if my heart would burst within me. When they came out, I have often followed at a small distance, those of them I thought most in earnest; particularly the preacher and his company, that I might hear something further concerning the ways of God. I often followed them near two miles, and then returned praising God, and meditating on what I had heard.

After some time, I was taken notice of by some of the principal members of the society, who desired some young men to enquire who I was. They did so; and also asked me if I desired to join the society. My heart leaped for joy on hearing that; and I told them I should be exceeding glad to do it. They then took me to the preacher, who gave me a note of admittance, which I received with great thankfulness. As I returned home, just as I came to the bottom of the hill, at the entrance of the town, a ray of light, resembling the shining of a star, descended through a small opening in the heavens, and instantaneously shone upon me. In that instant my burden fell off, and I was so elevated, that I felt as if I could literally fly away to heaven. This was the more surprising to me, as I had always been (what I still am) so prejudiced in favour of rational religion, as not to regard visions or revelations, perhaps, so much as I ought to do. But this light was so clear, and the sweetness and other effects attending it were so great, that though it happened about twenty-seven years ago, the several circumstances thereof are as fresh on my remembrance, as if they had happened but yesterday.

I now thought myself happy, as I had got among the people of God, and had received such  
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a token of his favour. But these things were so far from making me secure or careless, that they stirred me up to greater diligence in all the works of God. For now, partly by the public preaching, partly by the various exhortations I received in the Society, and partly by conversing with the people in private, I received more light, and my conscience grew more abundantly tender. Therefore, in my actions, I could not do an act of injustice, no, not to the value of a pin! or in any instance do to another, what I would not he should do unto me. In my words, I could not mention the name of God, but when it was necessary; nor even then, but with deep awe and reverence: and as to jesting and foolish talking, mentioning the faults of an absent person, talking of worldly things on the Lord's Day, these I abstained from with all my might. As to my thoughts, intentions, and desires, my constant enquiry was, Is this thought, intention, or desire, to the glory of God? If I found it was not, I durst not indulge it. In eating and drinking, I took care to do it to the glory of God: to this end I received my daily food, nearly in the same manner as I did the body and blood of Christ. As to mental prayer, I used it daily and hourly: and for one while, my rule was, to employ five minutes out of every quarter of an hour therein. I also made it matter of conscience to examine myself daily; and to humble myself before God, for every thing I saw or feared had been amiss; upon the whole, I truly lived by faith. I saw God in every thing: the heavens, the earth, and all therein, shewed me something of him; yea, even from a drop of water, a blade of grass or a grain of sand, I often received instruction.

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As a member of the Society, I was careful not only to receive strength from them, but also to stir them up to greater diligence. Among other things, I used to run over a great part of the town, to call them up to the morning preaching. If I found any of them guilty of evil-speaking, or of mentioning news, or worldly business on the sabbath, or of useless conversation, I always gave them a very serious and loving reproof; at the same time advising them to be more watchful for the time to come. If I heard the people of the world swear, or take the name of God in vain, I always made it matter of conscience to reprove them lovingly and earnestly, and in the most unexceptionable language I could use.

But notwithstanding what God had done for me, on the one hand, and all that I had done on the other, I was still liable to doubt of the favour of God. Early one morning, as I read in the Pilgrim's Progress concerning the happy death of Christian, I wept more bitterly, for fear my latter-end would not be like his. I continued weeping for six or seven hours. At last my doubt turned into despair: I imagined that there was no mercy for me! That Christ died for all but me. I then wept more bitterly, and wished, "O, that I had been any body else, then there would have been mercy for me!" At last I began to murmur against God; and I was tempted to speak and think blasphemously of him, and to resolve to pray no more. But going into my chamber, and seeing a New Testament lie in the window, "I thought, I will open it, and perhaps I shall see something that will do me good." I took it up, but instantly threw

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it down again, for fear of meeting with something that would aggravate, rather than remove, my despair. However I at last ventured to take it up; and on opening it, cast my eyes on those words of St. Paul, "Who will have ALL men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator—who gave himself a ransom for ALL, to be testified in due time." This struck me exceedingly; on which I reasoned thus: "Will God have all men to be saved? then I am not excluded. Did Christ give himself for ALL? then he gave himself for me. And is he to be testified in due time? then I believe that in due time he will again reveal himself to me." But what struck me most of all were those words in the following verse: "I will, therefore, that men pray every where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath or doubting." These words tore up by the roots, my temptation to pray no more; to be wrathful against God; and to doubt of his mercy. I therefore fell on my knees before him, and prayed and wept in earnest, and rose up much ashamed of my unbelief, and greatly encouraged to hope in his mercy. Some time after, when I was got into doubts and fears, I opened my Testament on these words: "Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end, for the grace which is to be brought in unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." I laid fast hold on those words—"the grace which is to be brought in." From this time I fully believed, that all the grace I wanted would be brought in unto me. It was not long after this, that I heard Mr. William Roberts preach, when he strongly exhorted us to believe,  
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and to venture on the mercy of God. In that instant I did lay hold ; I did venture to believe more fully than ever I had done before, and fear and sorrow fled away,

From my first awakening, I had a great desire to tell the world, what God had done for my soul. And as I grew more experienced, this desire grew stronger and stronger. At last, I thought I was called to preach : this I communicated to the young men that met in the band with me. They proposed a day of solemn fasting on the occasion : which we accordingly kept. They then advised me to make a trial : I did so ; and many approved my gifts ; but others thought I ought to be more established. Indeed, it was often said, that I was too earnest to hold it long : and instances were produced, of some who had been exceeding earnest for a season, but afterwards fell away. At the time I began to preach, my custom was, to get all my worldly business done, myself cleaned, and all my Sunday's apparel put out on Saturday night ; which, sometimes, I could not accomplish before twelve o'clock. After this I frequently sat up till one or two in the morning, reading, praying, and examining myself ; and have often rose at four, but never later than five o'clock, and gone two miles into the country, through all weathers, to meet a few poor people, from six to seven. By eight I returned to hear the preaching. I have then gone seven miles, on foot, to preach at one : then three or four miles further to preach at five ; and, after all, have had five or six miles more to walk, before I got home. And, as in every thing I did, I put forth all my strength, I have been often so wearied, that I could scarce

get over a stile; or, when I got home, go up into my chamber, to ask a blessing on the labours of the day: indeed, before I began to preach, I was so earnest in all acts of public and private worship, that, on a Sunday night, I was commonly more wearied, than on any other night in the week.

For some time after I began to preach, I had frequent doubts concerning my call. One time as I was going to preach at Coleford, I was tempted to believe, that I was running before I was sent. As I went on, the temptation grew stronger and stronger. At last I resolved to turn back. I had not gone back above thirty or forty yards, before I began to think, this may be a temptation of the devil. On that I took out my Testament, and, on opening it, the words I cast my eyes on were, "He that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven." I could not help looking on this, as the voice of God to me; therefore, I took courage to turn about, and pursue my journey to Coleford.

When I had been a local preacher about twelve months, the small-pox made dreadful havock in and about Bradford. So universal was the infection, that in all that populous town, and the neighbouring villages, scarce a single person escaped, who had not had it before. It was also so mortal, that six or seven were buried in a night, in Bradford only. As I had never had it, it was often suggested to me, to leave those parts: but I thought, I am in the hands of a wise and gracious God; and also, in the place where his Providence has fixed me; and, therefore, whether I live or die, I will continue

tinue where I am, and commit myself to his wife disposal.

About a week after Michaelmas, I was taken ill, and in the beginning was very comfortable in my soul. It was soon discovered, that I should have a vast quantity, occasioned, as it was supposed, by the ill-management of an ignorant old woman, who gave me heating things. I had not been ill above a day or two, before that pattern of practical Christianity, Mr. Richard Pearce, came to see me: among other things, he asked me, What money I had? I said, But little: he then encouraged me not to fear, telling me that as I was far from my own country, he would take care I had all things necessary. Accordingly, he turned away the old woman, and sent me one of the best nurses in town. He next sent the chief apothecary the place afforded; and lastly, Dr. Clark, who was the most experienced physician in all that country. But notwithstanding all these helps, I was soon one of the most deplorable objects ever seen. I was stone blind for five weeks; my head was swelled to such an enormous size, that many thought it would drop from my shoulders; my whole body was covered with one scab, a great part of an inch thick: and though the room I lay in was large and airy, the stench was so great, that though the town was full of this disorder, neither the doctor nor apothecary could come near me for a few moments, without stopping their mouths and noses as close as they were able. Many others who came to see me ran down stairs vomiting; and some declared, they never smelt a carrion in a ditch, which was so offensive. Mrs. Antill at whose house I lodged, told me and

my family, a day or two ago, that though she came only occasionally into my room, yet, when she went out into the town of an errand, the smell of her clothes was so offensive, that the people could scarce bear to meet her; and that, when she returned, such a stream of noxious effluvia met her in the front door, that she was scarce able to enter her house. It is therefore no wonder, that all who saw or heard of me, judged that I was, by many degrees, the most afflicted of any who lived or died, either in town or country. Dr. Clark declared, "Though I have been fifty years in practice, I never saw any one so ill of this disorder."

The first time I got up to have my bed made, was on new-year's-day; but I was not near recovered on lady-day. Yet all this time, though I was so extremely afflicted, I was never known to give one groan, and but once, (Mrs. Antill says not once) to say I was ill, from first to last: my constant answer to all who asked me how I did, was, "I am indifferent." This made a great noise both in town and country; for the doctor, apothecary, and others, often mentioned this circumstance, when others complained. Yea, Mrs. Antill told us, a few days ago, that long after I was recovered, and had left the country, Dr. Clark often mentioned, with astonishment, how quiet I lay, and what answers I constantly gave, though I was so dreadfully afflicted.

From this account we learn, first, That none ought to give or take any thing heating, in the beginning of this disorder. Secondly, that while there is life, none ought to despair of recovering, however ill they are. And, thirdly,  
that

that no degree of affliction is too great for the grace of God to enable us to bear, with resignation, meekness, and quietness.

Before my conversion, I had contracted a great number of debts ; and, by means of this illness, they were greatly multiplied : this was a cause of great uneasiness to me. As soon, therefore, as I was able, I set out for my own country, to receive my fortune, which had so long lain in Mr. Tudor's hands. As I passed through the country, I preached in most of the societies which lay in my way ; and, I believe it was not altogether in vain.

When I got home, my old acquaintance got about me ; but when they saw such an alteration in me, they were astonished ; and the more so, because they had never seen the like before. As soon as I had received my money, I bought a horse, and rode far and near, paying all I owed in my own country : this made a great noise, and confirmed the people in their opinion, that the change they saw in me, was of God. My uncle Tudor, indeed, attributed it to another cause. He said, " Thou hast been so wicked, that thou hast seen the devil ; and that has occasioned so great a change in thee." At last, my aunt Tudor, and others desired me to preach the next sabbath-day ; to which I consented. On Saturday, I fell in company with Lord H—re—rd, who had heard, that I was turned Methodist, and was going to preach in the parish. He damned me, and swore, if there was a pool of water near, he would throw me in : I was going to reply, but he would not suffer me. As we were going the same way, I followed at a distance ; and every now and then he turned about, swearing

swearing that he would put me in the stocks, and send me to prison. When we came near a pinfold, where there was a pair of stocks, I turned over a stile to a neighbour's house: on this, my Lord swore, that if they took me in, he would drive the country of them. I, therefore, judged it prudent to turn another way.

The next day I went with my uncle Tudor to church and sacrament: I went with him also to evening prayers. Just as the minister was concluding, his Lordship came to church. As soon as the people were got out, my Lord said, "Mr. Tudor, why do you harbour that fellow about your house?" My uncle answered, "Where should he be, my Lord, but at home?" He then desired my uncle to send me out of the parish; but my uncle said, "He is in his own parish, my Lord, and about his own business." On this I stepped forward. When my Lord saw me, he said, "Wh—wh—wh—wh—why dost thou dress like a parson?" (for I was dressed in blue). I said, "What I wear, my Lord, is my own, and not your Lordship's." He said, "If thou dost not leave the country, I will send thee to the stocks." I answered, "I regard not the stocks, my Lord; your Lordship may send me to Montgomery, if you please. But before I go, I must tell your Lordship, that I was shocked exceedingly yesterday, on hearing a person of your rank, who is also a magistrate, curse and swear as your Lordship did, when you saw me on the common." As this conversation passed in the presence of almost the whole parish, many were well-pleased to hear my Lord so plainly dealt with: but my Lord himself was enraged exceedingly, and called for one and another to come  
and

and take me to the stocks ; but several of those he called, ran away. At last, he said to his footman, " Go you, and take him away ;" and then called one of his tenants, " John Parry ! John Parry ! I say, John Parry, come you and take him to the stocks." I smiled, and said, " My Lord, you need not call these lusty men ; for if you send a child, it will do as well ; seeing, I shall make no resistance." When we were gone a little way, the footman swore, " He had much rather carry his master to the devil, than me to the stocks ;" and Mr. Parry swore the same. I said, pray do not curse and swear, or you will be as bad as my Lord. But, though, such a multitude of young and old were present, so universally was my Lord's conduct disapproved of, that not one of them went with us, but my aunt Tudor : nor did any one come after us, but another uncle.

When we came to the stocks, my aunt said, " What do you now intend to do ?" Mr. Parry said, " We must put him in or run the country." She said, " You and I have lived in friendship for many years, and I shall be sorry now to hurt you. Go you, therefore, and ask my Lord, if he will indemnify you : for if he is put in somebody shall pay for it." Mr. Parry went, and found my Lord had taken the parson, and my uncle Tudor into the public-house ; where the parson, who had administered the sacrament that day, tarried, drinking with my Lord, from four in the afternoon till eleven at night ; and my uncle, who had received it till seven the next morning. This I mention, as a sad specimen of the religion of my native country. When Mr. Parry came to my Lord, he asked, " Have you put him in ?" Mr. Parry answered, " No, my Lord, for I am threatened."



threatened." On this my Lord jumped up, and drew his sword; and away ran the farmer, and my Lord after him, both cursing and swearing like devils. When Mr. Parry returned, my aunt asked, "Well! what are you to do?" He cursed my Lord, and said, "Do! we must put him in." The footman swore, "I will never put him in;" and the Farmer did the same. And, as I was quite passive and cheerful, my aunt said, "Thou shalt not put thyself in." I answered, "This is very hard! I am to go into the stocks; and you both swear you will not put me in, and my aunt says, I shall not put myself in. Well then, I will tell you how it shall be: one of you shall hold up the stocks, and the other shall take hold of my leg; and by so doing, you shall both put me in." After scratching their heads, they consented: accordingly, one of them lifted up the stocks, and the other put his hand under the calf of my leg, and just put it in, and then bid me take it out again: however we stood near the stocks the whole time, which was two hours, talking about religion. Among other things, Mr. Parry said, "It is pity you did not tell the people, you would preach in the stocks." I said, "It is very true; and I am sorry, I did not think of it."

The next morning, through my aunt's persuasion, I rode to Montgomery, to an attorney; but he not being at home, my uncle advised me to let the matter drop; and indeed, I was easily persuaded to this, as I found so little of the spirit of resentment.

A few years ago, Mrs. G——n, of Shrewsbury told me, that Lord H. told her the affair; and added, "That if any more of them came into his parish he would serve them in the same manner."

ner." She said, " My Lord, you judge of this people according to the idle reports you hear of them ; But I know them to be the servants of the living God, Therefore, my Lord, beware what you do to them, or God will punish you one time or other." He paused a while, and then said, " Cousin G. if I had known this before, I would not have done what I did ; but for the time to come I will have nothing to do with them."

After I had paid what I owed in my own country, I went to Shrewsbury to do the same. But many at that place had quite forgot me, as well as what I owed them. Those I had defrauded by any unlucky trick, I told them of it, paid the full value, and offered them interest, if it was only for a few shillings. One instance of this was, a companion of mine had defrauded a quaker of a shilling ; and because I was concerned in laying the scheme, I thought I ought to pay him. When I went to enquire for him, I found him in jail, and told him the whole affair. He then asked me, " Art thou the young man that preached in the Methodist meeting, concerning whom there is so much noise ?" I said, " I am." He said, " Wilt thou come the next first-day, and preach to the prisoners ?" I said, " I will." Accordingly, I went and preached in the prison-chapel, and many were glad to hear what God had done for my soul. Indeed, I found that going to a place, and paying every one what I owed him, was frequently a means of great good: especially, as I was always careful, when people thanked me, to commend the grace of God ; telling them, " You ought to thank God ; for if he had not converted me, I never should have thought of paying you."

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From Shrewsbury I went to Whitechurch, on purpose to pay six-pence. I then went to Wrexham, and satisfied every one there. Next I rode to Chester and Liverpool, and preached often in both places. In the first of them, many were turned from the evil of their way. I then went to Manchester, and from thence to Birmingham, and thence on to Bristol. When I had paid all I owed in this city, I returned to Bradford. I went to Mr. Pearce immediately, and told him all I had done. I then asked him for his account; but he bid me go and satisfy every other creditor. I did so; but when I came again, he told me he had no account against me. I saw the hand of God in this; for I had already paid above seventy debts, which I could not accomplish till I had sold my horse, bridle, and saddle. However, I was at last clear of the world; and, by that means, was delivered from a burthen which had cost me many prayers and tears.

With the small remains of my money, and with a little credit, I set up in my business. But before I was half settled in it, Mr. Wesley desired I would give it up, and go immediately into Cornwall. I was glad of the opportunity, as believing it to be the will of God concerning me. I therefore disposed of my effects, and paid the few debts I had again contracted. But I was not able to buy another horse; and, therefore, with my boots on my legs, my great coat on my back, and my saddle-bags, with my books and linen, across my shoulder, I set out in October, 1753.

From Bradford I went to Coleford, and from thence to Tiverton. I had not been many weeks there, before Mr. Bidgood asked me, why I had  
not

not a horse? I told him frankly the truth of the matter. He then desired me to buy one, and he would pay for him. I begged to be excused from accepting such an offer: but he still urged me. I then told him I would consult a friend: I did so; and was advised to accept the offer. A few days after, I went with a farmer into his field. In a few minutes a colt, about two years and a half old, came to me, and put his nose on my shoulder. I stroked him, and asked the farmer, what he would take for him? He said, "Five pounds." We struck a bargain at once; and in a few days I mounted my horse, and have kept him to this day: which is about twenty-five years! On him I have travelled, comfortably, not less than an hundred thousand miles in preaching the gospel. In this also, I see the hand of God: for I parted with one horse, rather than bring a reproach on the gospel; and, as a reward, he provided me such another, as, in many respects, none of my brethren could ever boast of.

While I was at dinner once at Collumpton, I was dreadfully tempted to believe, that I was not called to preach. I then thought, this food does not belong to me; and, therefore, I am a thief and a robber in eating it. I then burst into tears, and could eat no more. As I was to preach at one o'clock, I went to the preaching-house weeping all the way. I also went weeping into the pulpit, and wept sore while I gave out the hymn, when I was at prayer, and while I preached. The congregation was soon as deeply affected as I was myself, and many of them roared aloud for the disquietness of their souls: so that I have reason to believe, God brought much good out of that temptation.

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From Devonshire I went into Cornwall, where I laboured hard : and though I cannot boast of abundant success, yet some were both convinced and converted.

While I was in this circuit, I dreamed one night, that Christ was come in the clouds to judge the world ; and also that he looked exceedingly black at me. When I awoke, I was much alarmed. I, therefore, humbled myself exceedingly, with fastings and prayer : and I was determined never to give over, till my evidence of the love of Christ was made quite clear. One day, as I was at prayer in my room, with my eyes shut, the Lord, as it were, appeared to the eye of my mind, as standing just before me, while ten thousand small streams of blood seemed to issue from every part of his body. This sight was so unexpected, and at the same time so seasonable, that, for once, I wept aloud ; yea, and almost fainted away. I now more fully believed his love to me, and that, if he was then to come to judgment, he would not frown, but rather smile on me ; therefore I loved and praised him with all my heart.

From Cornwall I was sent to Norwich. While I was here, I went one sabbath-day to Yarmouth. As I went along, my companion every now and then cried out, " I shall be murdered and go to hell this day : for I know not the Lord ! " (For the people of Yarmouth had often said, " That if any Methodist came there, he should never return alive. ") When we got to town, we went to church. I then went into the market-place, and gave out a hymn. While I sung and prayed, the multitude was tolerably quiet ; but as soon as I had taken my text, they began to be very rude.

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In a short time a friend pulled me down. After staying another while at a friend's house, I sent for my horse. The mob followed him, and filled the alley where he was brought. As soon as I was mounted, he drove the mob before him; but the women stood in their doors, some with both hands full of dirt, and others with bowls of water, which they threw at me as I passed by. When we got into the open streets, we had such a shower of stones, sticks, apples, turnips, potatoes, &c. as I never saw before or since. My fellow-traveller galloped out of town as fast as he was able; but I watched the motions of the sticks and stones which were like to hit me, so as to preserve a regular retreat. When I overtook my companion, we were thankful that we escaped with our lives; as were our friends in Norwich, on seeing us return.

My next remove was to London, where I continued till August. What service I was of here, I cannot tell; only I remember, that under a sermon I preached in the Foundery, that good man, and useful preacher, Mr. Joseph Guilford, was awakened.

At our conference in 1756, I was appointed for Ireland. I spent the year in and about Limerick, Waterford, and Cork. In the first of these places, God was pleased to own my labours much. Many of the soldiers, as well as others, were converted to God.

At the next conference I was again stationed for London. In my way thither, I stopt at Whitehaven. Here I was greatly tried from a particular quarter; but I was more than conqueror through him who had loved me; and was fre-

quently refreshed in my soul, and in some measure, blessed in my labours.

From Whitehaven I went to Leeds, where the people detained me about six weeks. All that time I was very much followed; yet I cannot say, that the word was more, if so much blest, as it had been at many other places. At last I reached London; but my Leeds friends wrote to Mr. Wesley to send me back. When he proposed it to me, I consented. But as I was appointed to do several things which were very disagreeable to some in power, this lost me many of my kindest friends; and was a source of great uneasiness to me for many years.

From my first awakening, I was almost singular in my notions of marriage. I thought, that young people did not consult reason, and the will of God, so much as their own foolish inclinations. When I mentioned these things to my young acquaintance, they thought my notions were romantic and chimerical. However I determined, if ever I married, to act according to the rules I had so often laid down for others. My first enquiry therefore, was, Am I called to marry at this time? Here I weighed the reasons on both sides, and then concluded in the affirmative. I then enquired, What sort of a person ought I to marry? To this I answered in general, To such a one as Christ would choose for me, suppose he was on earth, and was to undertake that business. I then asked, but what sort of a person have I reason to believe he would choose for me? Here I fixed on the following properties, and ranged them in the following order. The first was grace. I was quite certain, that no preacher of God's word ought, on  
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any consideration, to marry one who is not eminently gracious. Secondly, she ought to have tolerable good common sense. A Methodist preacher in particular, who travels into all parts, and sees such a variety of company, ought not to take a fool with him. Thirdly, as I knew the natural warmth of my own temper, I concluded, that a wise and gracious God would not choose a companion for me, who would throw oil, but rather water upon the fire. Fourthly, I judged that, as I was connected with a poor people, the will of God was, that whoever I married should have a small competency, to prevent her being chargeable to any.

Having proceeded thus far, my next enquiry was, But who is the person, in whom these properties are thus found? I immediately turned my eyes on Miss Green, a person of a good family, and noted for her extraordinary piety. I therefore opened my mind to her; and, after consulting Mr. Wesley, we were married. As in this affair I consulted reason and the will of God so impartially, I have had abundant reason to be thankful ever since.

As soon as I was married, I went into Lancashire, where I laboured about a year. The greatest outward trial I had here, was the decay of my health. Though I have not much to say concerning my usefulness this year; yet some were awakened and brought to God, who stand to this day.

From hence I went into the York circuit, in 1760. At that time I was thought to be near the last stage of a consumption. And as I had about three hundred miles to ride every six weeks, and about sixty societies to take care of,



few thought I should be able to go once round. But I said, I am determined to go as far as I can; and when I can go no further, I will turn back. Accordingly, I entered upon my work, which was enough to try the strongest constitution. By the time I got about half way round, I found that violent labour got me a little appetite, yea, and caused me to sleep better: so that I began to gather flesh before I got to the end of my circuit. But my recovery was exceeding gradual. For as I had been declining from the time I had the small pox, which was about eight years; so I was about twelve more, before I was quite recovered.

My next remove was to Newcastle upon Tyne. Here I had many mercies and comforts, and a few trials. In one place I was obliged to put thirty-five members out of the society: and if I had not laboured hard, and exercised great patience, we should have lost about two hundred in that one place. But though I had the express order of Mr. Wesley for what I did, and acted with great integrity on the one hand, and tenderness on the other; I lost many of my dearest friends, who from that time became my bitterest enemies. But I must say (in honour of the grace of God) that friends and enemies have always been alike to me, when I thought the glory of God was concerned.

From Newcastle I went home to Leeds, where I laboured a whole year. But as several persons still retained their old prejudices against me, my labour here was now rather uncomfortable. However, though I cannot say I was of any great service this year, yet I had some fruit in several places.

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The year following I was stationed in Bristol. I believe I was never so likely to do good as at this time : but I was removed, and spent the remainder of the year at Leeds. In 1760, I buried my first child here ; and this year I buried the other. The next year I spent in London and Colchester.

At the Manchester conference, I was appointed for Scotland. The two years I tarried here, I spent in and about Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Dundee. While I was in Edinburgh, I was remarkably earnest in private prayer one night. The next morning I awoke about four o'clock, and said to myself, I will lie here no longer ; but rise and call upon God. In an instant I was filled with such sweetness, as I had not tasted for a long time. I hastened to put on my clothes, and fell on my knees before God ; and, with tears of gratitude, thanked him with my whole heart. The effect of this visitation lasted a considerable time, and was of great use to me, both in preaching and living. Some time after, as I was preaching on the barren fig-tree, a few words proceeded from me in such a manner, as I can scarce describe. The congregation seemed as if they had been electrified. One who had long been bowed down, cried out amain ; and said afterwards, that under those words, she felt as if she was just dropping into hell ! I have since thought that if the word was always attended with such power, very few would stand before it. While I was in this circuit, I spent two or three nights in Glasgow ; and one person, at least, was converted to God in that time.

From Scotland I went over to Dublin. Here the Lord began to bless my labours almost as soon

soon as I arrived. In a very few weeks, a considerable number were awakened, and others received a sense of the favour of God. But my fellow-labourer and I were grieved to see so much levity among many of our friends, and determined to oppose it. Accordingly, we preached against it with all our might. We determined also to shew, by our example how Christians ought to be serious, and to take up their cross daily. But J. M. opposed us, by softening the awful truths we delivered : this was very agreeable to the delicate part of our hearers. At last, I spoke my mind very freely : the consequence was, he and his friends rose up against me, and quite bore me down.

The next year I went over to Chester, where I was stationed for a year. From hence I went to pay a visit to my own country ; and preached in Montgomery, Newtown, Llanidlos, and many other places. In Tregonan, where I was born, I preached once, and had most of the village to hear me. But when Mr. B—n—y, who owned most of the parish heard of it, he told my uncle (who with my grand-father had lived in that house near an hundred years) that if he encouraged me to preach in the village, he would turn him out immediately : he also sent a servant to a cousin of mine, who lived in another parish, and told her the same.

Soon after I returned to Chester, my wife was taken ill of a fever. For eight weeks, the physician told me every day, that there was no hope of her recovery ; and she thought herself, for many weeks that every day would be her last. But this was so far from being matter of sorrow to her, that she rejoiced at the prospect of being  
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so soon at her Father's house : and told me frequently, that she had much rather die than live : and though, from beginning to end, she was ill fifteen weeks, in all that time, I never heard her once complain about the state of her soul.

The next year I went to Liverpool. Here I enjoyed many mercies and comforts : but I cannot say much of my usefulness. From Liverpool I went to the London conference, and was appointed for the Derby circuit. But, before I left London, I fell into great dejection of spirit ; and was, for many weeks, on the brink of despair. But I cried unto God night and day ; and in due time, he shewed me the light of his countenance once more : for which I hope to praise him to all eternity. I have also great occasion to be thankful to his people, who sympathized with me, and encouraged me on every side. When my soul was again revived, I went into my circuit, and was kindly received. Here I continued for two years, among a loving happy people : and I have some reason to believe that my labours here were not altogether in vain.

From hence I came once more to London, where I continued two years. In the first of these, Mr. Toplady paid me a visit at the Foundry, and staid about three hours. We soon entered on a debate about our different sentiments : which we carried on, from first to last, without one unkind or uncivil expression. I told him several reasons why I could not be a Predestinarian. And as I am still of the same mind, I shall here repeat the substance of them, as some of my present objections to that hypothesis.

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The first principle of predestination, I said, is, That God's sovereignty is, in every sense, absolute, and unlimited. Now, I undertake to demonstrate the contrary. For instance, it is undeniable, that his sovereignty is so limited, by his wisdom, holiness, justice, truth, and love, that he cannot possibly be either an unwise, unholy, unjust, untrue, or an unloving sovereign: which would absolutely be the case, if, by his sovereignty, he decreed sin, reprobation, &c.

The next fundamental of predestination is, That God, as a meer and an unlimited sovereign, has decreed whatsoever comes to pass. Now the Bible, which we all believe to be the word of God, forbids a great number of these things. For instance: idolatry, sabbath-breaking, murder, and adultery, all come to pass. Now it is certain, that these are all forbidden in the word of God; and, therefore, if he has decreed them, he has both decreed and forbid the same things. Now, before I can receive the hypothesis, which supposes this, I must fairly and clearly see how it is consistent with the wisdom, holiness, justice, and truth of God.

Thirdly, Because the absolute sovereignty of God has thus decreed every thing, predestination represents all man-kind as not having any of their actions or volitions in their own power; but as being acted upon like mere machines. But God, by giving them instructions, commands, promises, and threatenings, treats them as if they were free and voluntary agents. Now, before I can be a Predestinarian, I must see how it agrees with the aforesaid attributes of God, for his sovereignty to decree, that men should be  
created

created involuntary beings, and then to deal with them as if they were free.

As Mr. Toplady did not offer any solid answer to these reasonings, I told him, that, as an honest man, I could not be of his opinion, till these difficulties were fully removed. We then parted; as good friends, at least as we met; and, I was told after, that he spoke well of me in several places; but, in his next publication, I was almost all that is bad!

The next year, I went with Mr. Wesley to visit my friends in Wiltshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. This was a very agreeable journey; and I hope it was a profitable one to many of my old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for many years. After this, I spent a year in visiting my friends in various parts of the kingdom; and, I believe, this labour of love was not in vain. The conference following, I undertook the care of Mr. Wesley's printing. From that time I have been in London; and between preaching, and writing, and the care of the press, I never laboured harder in all my life. But I find it good both for body and soul; and, therefore, I hope to be fully employed as long as I live.

Upon the whole. When I consider how the providence of God provided for me in my infancy—Brought me up to the state of man—Preserved me from those evils which brought others to an untimely end—Directed my wandering steps to the means of my conversion—cast my lot among his people—Called me to preach his word Owned my preaching, to the conversion of others—Stood by me in many trials—Brought me back, so often, from the brink of the grave—Healed my manifold backslidings—Provided me a suitable

able companion—And put me in possession of all the necessaries of life.—When I consider these things, I must say, Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and I hope to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

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## A SHORT

## ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH,

*By Mr. Charles Atmore.*

HE was a very sensible, well-read man, and a remarkable good Preacher. His natural temper was very quick and warm, and sometimes he had not the proper government of it: this occasioned him some trouble in some places where he laboured. But in general he was both acceptable and useful.

He continued to travel till about the year 1775, when he was appointed the corrector of Mr. Wesley's Press, which office he filled for several years.

He wrote and published several small pamphlets, which shew him to have been a man of considerable genius and parts. His discourse on Heb. ii. 3. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation," is justly esteemed an admirable performance, and is supposed by many to be, what he asserts in the title-page, "A full Refutation of the doctrine of Unconditional Perseverance."

ance." He also composed that admirable hymn, "The God of Abraham praise," which proves him to have been an excellent poet; and was also a considerable proficient in music.

Mr. Olivers, for several years before his death, had a small sum allowed him by the Conference for his past services; and he acted as a Local-preacher, as his strength would bear, till within a short time of his death.

He died rather suddenly in the month of March, 1799, and was interred in the Rev. Mr. Wesley's vault, in the New Chapel Burying-ground, City-road, London.

The character given of him by the Conference in the Annual Minutes, fully corroborates the above.

"He died advanced in years. In his younger days he was a zealous, able, and useful Travelling Preacher; but for a considerable part of his latter days, he was employed by Mr. Wesley as the corrector of his press. His talents were very considerable, and his attachment to Mr. Wesley, and the cause of Methodism, was fully evinced by several masterly publications."



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AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF  
*Mr. Richard Boardman.*

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AS the late Mr. Boardman was well known and much esteemed by the people of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and other parts of this kingdom, we think it will be acceptable, to close this volume with the following interesting sketch of his character, and last moments.

He was a man of great piety, of an amiable disposition, and possessed of a strong understanding. He was one of the first regular Methodist Preachers, who went to preach the Gospel on the continent of America. He went thither with Mr. Pilmore, in the year 1779. Mr. Boardman was greatly beloved, and universally respected by the people wherever his lot was cast. His  
Sunday,

ministerial labours were much owned of God, both in Europe and America. He finished his course, by an apoplectic fit, in the city of Cork. The following are the circumstances which attended the death of this man of God.

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1782, Mr. Boardman having been eleven days in Cork, was going out to dinner; as he was walking, he was suddenly struck blind, so that he could not find his way, till one of our friends met him, and took him by the hand. Soon after he seemed to recover himself, and sat down to dinner. But quickly after he had a fit, which deprived him both of his speech and understanding. A physician was called in, who apprehended there was no immediate danger. Monday, he seemed to be perfectly well, and preached both that and the following evenings. His mind was calm and serene, and no way anxious about either life or death. On Friday morning he was present at the Intercession, and was observed to pray with an uncommon degree of freedom and power. At three o'clock he went out to dine, but as soon as he came into the house, he sunk down insensible. He was then conducted back in a carriage to his own house, and about nine o'clock in the evening, he expired in the arms of two of his brethren, and in the presence of many of his friends, who commended him to God with sorrowful hearts, and streaming eyes.

The Sunday before his death, he preached from, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." It was a very solemn meeting; and a reverential awe filled the hearts of the congregation. In his last prayer, at the Intercession on Friday, he prayed fervently for the people, and begged, that if  
this,

this was to be their last meeting on earth, they might have a happy meeting in the realms of light. It is remarkable, that when he was leaving Limerick, he told Mrs. Boardman, that he should die in Cork ! But this was no concern to him, as he knew, "for him to live was Christ, and to die eternal gain." To him sudden death, was sudden glory ! But how necessary for us to have our loins girded, and our lamps burning, that, if the Bridegroom should come at midnight, or at cock-crowing we may be found ready !

The following remarkable interposition of Divine Providence in favour of this man of God, is certainly worthy a place in these memoirs. It comes from a person of respectability and veracity, and was related to him by Mr. Boardman himself.

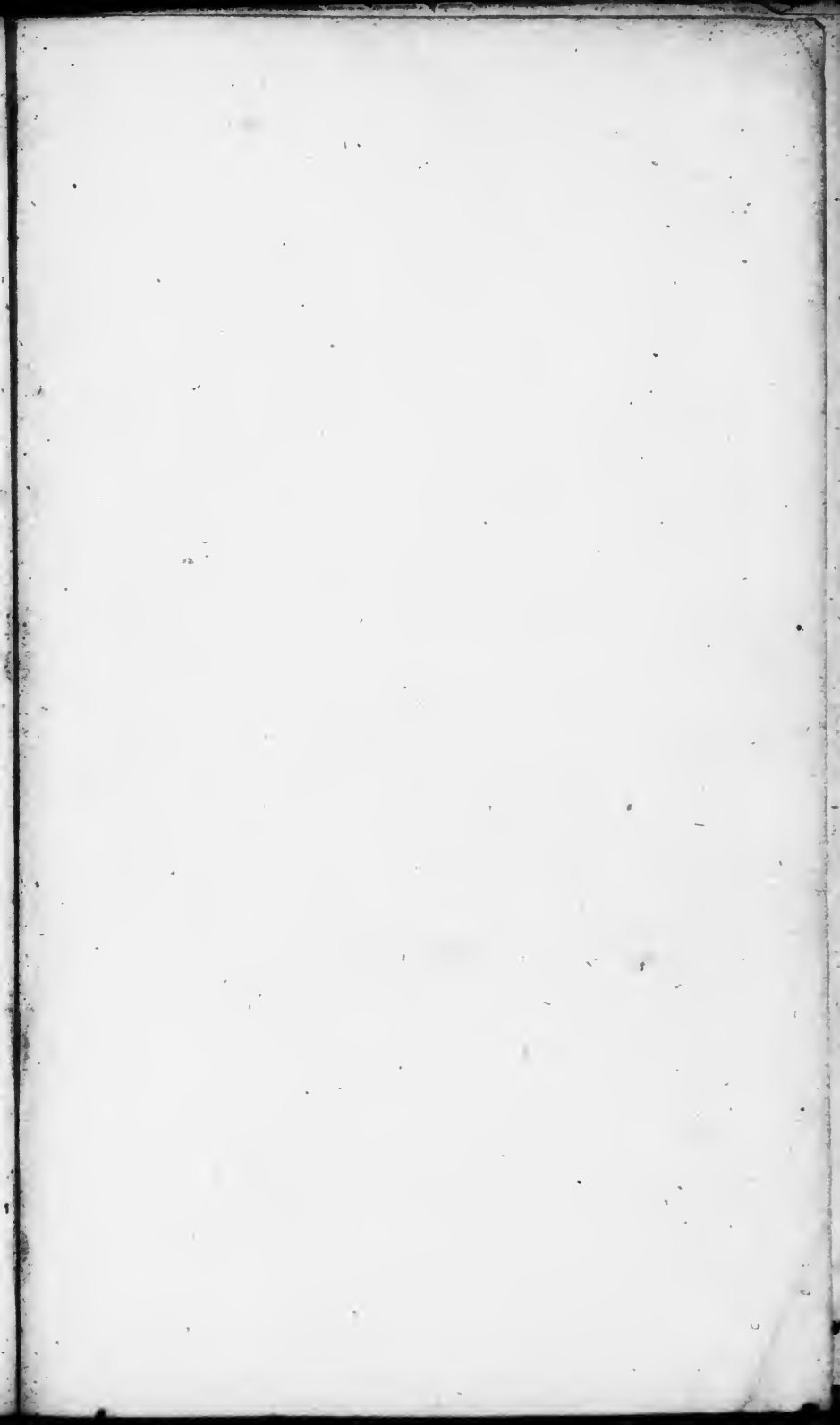
I preached (says Mr. Boardman) one evening at Mould, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Park-Gate. After riding some miles, I asked a man if I was on my road to that place : he answered, " Yes, but you will have some sands to go over, and unless you ride very fast, you will be in danger of being enclosed by the tide." It then began to snow to such a degree, that I could scarcely see a step of my way ; and my mare being with foal, prevented my riding so fast as I otherwise should have done. I got to the sands, and pursued my journey over them for some time ; but the tide then came in and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed nor return ; and to ascend the perpendicular rocks was impossible. In this situation I commended my soul to God, not having the least expectation

pectation of escaping death. In a little time however, I perceived two men running down a hill at the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat, and came to my relief, just as the sea had reached my knees as I sat on the saddle ! They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side till we reached the land. While we were in the boat, one of the men said, " Surely, Sir, God is with you ! " I answered, " I trust he is : " the man replied, " I know he is ; " and then related the following circumstance. " Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke, the dream made such an impression on my mind that I could not rest. I therefore went and called upon this my friend to accompany me. When we came to the place, we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged of him to go with me to another hill at a small distance, and then we saw your distressing situation." When we got ashore, I went with my two friends to a public-house, not far from the place where we landed, and as we were relating the wonderful providence, the landlady said, " This day month, we saw a gentleman just in your situation, but before we could hasten to his relief, he plunged into the sea, supposing (as we conjectured) that his horse would swim with him to the shore : but they both sunk and were drowned together ! " .

I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think was eighteen pence, and tarried all night at the public-house. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning. I therefore apologised to the Landlord for want of cash, and begged he would keep a pair of silver spurs, till I should send to redeem them

them. But he answered, "The Lord blefs you, Sir, I would not take a farthing from you for the world." After some ferious conversation with the friendly people of the houfe, I bid them farewel, and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praifing him for his great falvation.

*FINIS.*





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